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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

WITH A MEMOIR.

FOURTH EDITION, GREATLY ENLARGED.

NEW YORK:
JAMES MILLER, PUBLISHER,
779 BROADWAY.

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LINES

WRITTEN AFTER A VISIT TO THE GRAVE OF MY FRIEND,

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL,

NOVEMBER, 1847.

PLACE we a stone at his head and his feet;
Sprinkle his sward with the small flowers sweet;
Piously hallow the Poet's retreat!
Ever approvingly,
Ever most lovingly,
Turned he to Nature, a worshipper meet.

Harm not the thorn which grows at his head;
Odorous honors its blossoms will shed,
Grateful to him, early summoned, who sped
Hence, not unwillingly—
For he felt thrillingly—
To rest his poor heart 'mong the low-lying dead.

Dearer to him than the deep Minster bell,
Winds of sad cadence, at midnight, will swell,
Vocal with sorrows he knoweth too well,
Who, for the early day,
Plaining this roundelay,
Might his own fate from a brother's foretell.

Worldly ones treading this terrace of graves,
Grudge not the minstrel the little he craves,
When o'er the snow-mound the winter-blast raves—
Tears—which devotedly,
Though all unnotedly,
Flow from their spring, in the soul's silent caves.

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ENGLISH

Dreamers of noble thoughts, raise him a shrine,
Graced with the beauty which lives in his line;
Strew with pale flow'rets, when pensive moons shine,
His grassy covering,
Where spirits hovering,
Chant, for his requiem, music divine.

Not as a record he lacketh a stone!
Pay a light debt to the singer we've known—
Proof that our love for his name hath not flown
With the frame perishing—
That we are cherishing
Feelings akin to the lost Poet's own.

WILLIAM KENNEDY.

TO

LADY CAMPBELL,

THIS NEW AND ENLARGED EDITION

OF THE POEMS OF HER KINSMAN,

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL,

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.

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MEMOIR

OF

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

MEMOIR.

William Motherwell was born at Glasgow, on the 13th day of October, 1797.* He was the third son of William Motherwell, a native of Stirlingshire, who settled in that city about the year 1792, where he followed the business of an ironmonger.† His mother's name was Elizabeth Barnet, the daughter of William Barnet, a respectable farmer in the parish of Auchterarder, in Perthshire, who, at her father's death, inherited a little fortune of two thousand pounds. Early in the present century, his father removed with his family to Edinburgh, where his son was placed under the charge of Mr. William Lennie, an eminent teacher of English in that city, and the author of several useful and popular school-books; and it was while attending this school that the boy met "Jeanie Morrison," a mild and bashful girl, whose name he afterwards immortalized, and of whose gentle nature he retained through life the most pleasing recollections. The first draught of his poem is said to have been made at fourteen years of age, and, as he has himself recorded, they never met

* The house in which this event took place was situated at the south corner of College Street, fronting High Street.

† Mr. Motherwell's family consisted of three sons,—David, John and William,—and three daughters,—Margaret, Amelia, and Elizabeth,—of whom his eldest daughter, Margaret, alone survives.

after leaving school.* As the reader cannot fail to be gratified by an account of the poet's juvenile history, I transcribe the following details, which have been obligingly communicated to the publisher by Mr. Lennie himself:—

"William Motherwell entered my school, then kept at No. 8 Crichton Street, in the neighborhood of George Square on the 24th of April, 1805, and left it for the High School here on the 1st day of October, 1808. He was between seven and eight years old when he joined, an open-faced, firm, and cheerful-looking boy. He began at the alphabet, and though he did not at first display any uncommon ability, his mind soon opened up, and as he advanced in his education he speedily manifested a superior capacity, and ultimately became the best scholar in the school; yet he never showed any of that petulant or supercilious bearing which some children discover who see themselves taken notice of for the quickness of their parts; he was, on the contrary, kind and accommodating, always ready to help those who applied to him for assistance, and a first-rate hand at carrying on sport during the hours of recreation. Besides acquiring a fair knowledge of geography, which was taught in the higher classes, and becoming well acquainted with the principles of English grammar, he, during the last twelve or eighteen months of his attendance at my school, devoted two separate hours daily to arithmetic and writing, in the latter of which especially he excelled. In the course of a single year, he wrote an excellent small, distinct hand; so good, indeed, was it, that few are able to do any thing like it, even after several years' practice. He also filled up skeleton maps so neatly, that at first

* O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Since we were sindered young,
I've never seen your face, nor heard
The music o' your tongue.

sight they might have been mistaken for copper-plate engravings. During the last year he was with me, 'Wilson's Sentimental Scenes' were introduced into the upper classes. The reading of these sketches delighted him exceedingly; and he entered so completely into the spirit of the pieces, that he made the characters his own, and appeared to be a Roscius in miniature, a thing I have never found a boy to do but himself.

"Jane (Jeanie) Morrison was the daughter of one of the most respectable brewers and corn-factors then in Alloa. She came to Edinburgh to finish her education, and was in my school with William Motherwell during the last year of his course. She was about the same age with himself, a pretty girl, and of good capacity. Her hair was of a lightish brown, approaching to fair; her eyes were dark, and had a sweet and gentle expression; her temper was mild, and her manners unassuming. Her dress was also neat and tidy. In winter, she wore a pale-blue pelisse, then the fashionable color, and a light-colored beaver with a feather. She made a great impression on young Motherwell, and that it was permanent his beautiful ballad shows. At the end of the season she returned to her parents at Alloa, with whom she resided till the time of her marriage. She is now a widow, with a family of three children, all of whom are grown up, and, I believe, doing well." *

It would appear from this, that Motherwell was entered in the High School of Edinburgh as early

* I had the pleasure of a slight acquaintance with this lady in after life, as Mrs. Murdoch. Her husband was a respectable merchant in this city, and died about the year 1828. She was, when I knew her, a very elegant woman in her personal appearance, and seemed to have preserved those gentle and agreeable manners for which she had been distinguished in girlhood; but it is proper to remark, that she was wholly unconscious of the ardent interest which she had excited in the mind of her boyish admirer.

as the year 1808; but his attendance at that excellent institution could not have exceeded a few months, as I find that he was placed early in 1809 at the Grammar School of Paisley, then superintended by the late Mr. John Peddie. His father had not prospered in Edinburgh, and, in consequence of the embarrassed state of his affairs, his son William was consigned to the care of his brother, Mr. John Motherwell, a respectable iron-founder in Paisley. The curriculum at the Paisley Grammar School extended over five years, and if William Motherwell completed it, he must have enjoyed the full measure of elementary classical instruction, including, in the fifth year, the rudiments of Greek, which it was then customary to give to boys in Scotland. One of his surviving school companions * informs me that, in conjunction with the late Mr. William Bain, advocate, and a Mr. Lymburn, also deceased, he was a *dux* boy, and there seems to be no reason to doubt, that he exhibited the same quickness of apprehension and readiness of parts in the Paisley Academy which he had displayed in other schools; but as his tastes were never scholastic, and as his knowledge of the dead tongues was always limited, the presumption is, that he followed the prominent bias of his mind, and devoted to works of imagination the hours that should have been given to school exercises. I am fortified in this belief by the recollections of Mr. Crawford, who says, "What Motherwell was most remarkable for, was his gift of spinning long yarns about castles, and robbers, and strange, out-of-the-way adventures, with which, while Mr. Peddie imagined he was assisting his class-fellows with their lessons, he would entertain them for hours, day after day, like some of the famous story-tellers in the Arabian Nights; and these stories were re-

* Mr. John Crawford, writer in Paisley.

tailed at second-hand, by his class-fellows, to those who had not the privilege of hearing them from the author himself."

In the year 1811, his mother died at Edinburgh, and after that melancholy event, his father, accompanied by his daughter, Amelia, retired to the village of Kilsyth, in Stirlingshire, where he dwelt till his death, which occurred in February, 1827.

The history of his ancestors possesses considerable interest. In a letter with which I have been favored by my venerable and accomplished friend, Mr. Sheriff Campbell, of Paisley, they are thus spoken of:—

"Of his family I had occasion to learn something, in the course of a judicial inquiry concerning the succession of David Motherwell, his uncle, upwards of thirty years ago. That David Motherwell died possessed of a small estate on the banks of the Carron, in the Barony of Dundaff, in Stirlingshire, which, according to what I found to be the tradition of the neighborhood, supported, to a certain extent, by the title-deeds of the property, which I saw, had been in the possession of thirteen generations of the same family, all bearing the same name of David, with the surname variously spelled; being at one time Moderville, at another Moderell, and latterly Motherwell. His uncle, Alexander, set aside David's deed of settlement, and sold the property to his younger brother John, an extensive iron-monger in Paisley, who left it to trustees for behoof of his daughter."

The estate here spoken of was called Muirmill, and the name at once indicates the calling of the proprietors. They were the hereditary millers of Dundaff, and are so designated in a confirmatory charter granted in favor of the then possessor by James Graham, the celebrated Marquis of Montrose, in 1642, as will be seen by the following short extract from that document. It is to be

observed, that this extract has reference to "an instrument of seisin," dated 29th June, 1629, in favor of "David Moderell, in Spittal,* and Isabella Small, his wife, proceeding on a charter granted by James, Earl of Montrose, Lord Graham and Mugdock, of the lands of all and whole, that pendicle of land called Spittal," &c. The deed of 1642, then, confirms the previous grant of 1629 to "William Modrell, miller, at Dundaff, callit the Muir Mill, ,† his spouse, and David Modrell, their son, on the other part, (of date at Drumphad, 25th April, 1629 years,) whereby, with consent aforesaid, set in feu farm to the said William Modrell, and his spouse above named, and the langest liver of them twa, in life-rent; and to David Modrell, their son, all and haill, the said mill, mill lands, and multures, &c., and pasturage for eight ky, all lying within the barony of Dundaff, and shire of Stirling."‡

Upon what conditions the lands in question were held before the year 1629, my ignorance of feudal law disables me from saying; but it is plain, both from the tradition mentioned by Mr. Campbell, and the charters at present in my possession, that this family of Motherwells had been settled in that locality, and probably on this very spot, for at least four hundred years,—the land and the occupation descending in regular succession from father to son. The name itself is obviously a local surname; but it belongs to the county of Lanark, in the middle ward of which, and in the parish of Dalziel, there is a considerable village called Motherwell. The

* An abbreviation of Hospital, and a common designation of small farms in certain parts of Scotland. Lands so called had formed portions of the extensive possessions of the military order of KNIGHTS HOSPITALLERS.

† Blank in the original.

‡ I am indebted for the transcription of this passage to my friend Dr. John Smith, the well-known Secretary to the Maitland Club.

statistical accounts speak of a well or spring as still existing there, from which the inhabitants are supplied with water, and which, in the olden time, was called the "Well of our Ladye." It was probably believed to possess medicinal virtues, and was, therefore, placed under the immediate protection of the "Virgin Mother,"—whence the name Motherwell.* Its antiquity as a surname must be considerable, since it appears in the Ragman Rolls† for 1296, and also in the index to a cartulary of the Monastery of Paisley, in 1490; and, from what has been already stated, it will be seen that that branch of the race from which the poet sprang had been planted in Stirlingshire as far back as the beginning of the fifteenth century. The name, however, is an uncommon one.‡

* Few towns, where there has been an ecclesiastical establishment, such as Glasgow, for instance, want a LADY WELL.

† The title given to the list of names of those who swore fealty to Edward I., which has now something of the character and interest of a "Domesday Book."

‡ In illustration of the history of the poet's family, it may be mentioned, that there is extant a deed of "assignation and disposition," by his grandfather, David Motherwell, wherein he bequeathes to each of his "younger sons" (the number is not mentioned) £100 sterling; and to each of his daughters, Elizabeth, Janet, and Amelia, 1,000 merks Scots, or about £55 sterling.

Janet married	. .	Henry Bannerman.
Elizabeth "	. .	David Whyte.
Amelia "	. .	John Barnet.

The latter was probably the poet's uncle. The descendants of Janet are now eminent merchants in Manchester, and the line of Motherwell is represented by the poet's nephew, the son of his elder brother David, Mr. Charles McArthur Motherwell, who is a purser's clerk in the navy. The name of William Motherwell's grandmother was Amelia Monteath, the daughter of an old and respectable family settled at Dunblane in Stirlingshire. A sister of his mother's married a Mr. Ogilvie, who left a son, Major Ogilvie, now resident in Edinburgh.

John de Moderwell, chaplain, appears, in a deed of 1460, as one of the Procurators of Henry of Livingston, Knight, Commander of the Temple of St. John; which Sir Henry was son of William, Lord of Kilsyth, and Preceptor of Torphichen. He died in 1463. Edward, his elder brother, was the direct ancestor of the Viscount Kilsyth, who was attainted in 1715. There is no evidence of any relationship between this ancient priest and the poet's family;

It having been resolved, I know not why, to devote this wayward and dreamy boy to the legal profession, he was placed, at the age of fifteen, in the office of the Sheriff-Clerk of Paisley, where he remained for many years; but, as may be readily conceived, the duties of such a situation were but little congenial to his tastes. Notwithstanding his dislike to the duties of a writer's clerk, he contrived to turn his new position so far to account by bestowing great pains on the deciphering of ancient legal documents; an art in which he latterly excelled. I am indebted to Mr. Sheriff Campbell for the following interesting particulars concerning Motherwell at this time:—

"When I first knew William Motherwell, he was a very little boy in the Sheriff-Clerk's office here. I had observed his talent for sketching figures of men, in armor and otherwise, and, amongst the rest, one of myself, upon a blotter, which I had occasion to use when sitting in the Sheriff-Court. I gave him a few ancient documents to copy for me, and, in place of an ordinary transcript, I received from him, with surprise and satisfaction, a *fac-simile* so perfect, that, except for the color and texture of the paper, it would have been difficult to distinguish it from the original manuscript. Finding him a smart and intelligent boy, I asked him to give me a statement, in writing, of certain occurrences to which he had been a witness, at a period when the peace of the district was threatened. This account was not confined to facts, but was

but his connection with Kilsyth, where a branch of the Motherwells has been planted for many centuries, might justify the suspicion, that he was of the same lineage. This mention of him in so old a document is satisfactory evidence of the antiquity of the surname, whatever opinion we may form as to his probable affinity to the ancestors of the subject of this memoir.

For these details I am indebted chiefly to the diligence and antiquarian skill of my late amiable and lamented friend, Mr. Philip Ramsay, of Edinburgh, S. S. C., who had collected some materials for a life of William Motherwell.

interspersed with observations and reflections of his own, of a nature so unexpected and so curious, that I wished to preserve it; but I am sorry that, in a search made for it some years ago, I was unable to find it. The notions of the boy were then what would now be called *extremely* liberal. In process of time, however, his views changed, and I used to joke him upon the ground that his conversion had been beaten into him by a party of lads (radicals), with whom he happened to get into conflict. On that occasion he was thrown down and trampled upon in the street, and received injuries so severe, that his life was thought in imminent danger. This, I believe, was in 1818 or 1819, during a time of political excitement. He was appointed to the office of Sheriff-Clerk Depute, of the county of Renfrew, under the late Robert Walkinshaw, of Parkhouse, the principal clerk, in May, 1819, and held that situation with credit till November, 1829.

"His talent for poetry was accompanied by a strong taste for the *antique*, and I cannot help thinking that the last may have its origin in the copying of the ancient manuscript for me. While in office here, he contributed articles to the Paisley Advertiser, and ultimately became its editor. He had also a chief hand in commencing and conducting a Paisley Monthly Magazine, which lived to attain to the size of a goodly volume. It contained many contributions from his pen, besides a number of curious extracts from documents which his researches among the records of the Sheriff-Clerk's office brought to light. At a recent sale of the library of a deceased Paisley gentleman, this Magazine, though poorly bound, brought the respectable price of 22*s.* 6*d.* His temperament was enthusiastic, kind, and convivial. . . . . I had a great regard for him."

Upon this outline of Motherwell's history, from

the age of fifteen to thirty-two, I would remark, in the first place, that we learn from it, that eighteen of the most valuable years of his life were passed in an occupation which presented the fewest possible attractions for a man of his habits and pursuits; and in the second place, that if he attained to a certain measure of excellency in poetical composition, in circumstances so unfavorable to the growth of a poetical temper, his merit was all the higher on that account. The incident to which Mr. Campbell refers, and which he supposes determined his future political creed, Motherwell always spoke of with the strongest indignation. It occurred during the time of what was called the Radical War in the west country (1818), and when, as Sheriff-Clerk Depute, he was obliged, in obedience to the orders of his superiors, to perform many duties which rendered him unpopular. A deliberate attempt was made to murder him, by throwing him over the bridge into the Cart, and he has often assured me, that he was actually raised to the top of the parapet wall by the infuriated mob before he was rescued. That he should have abandoned liberalism, after such treatment would not be surprising; but the truth is, that his political belief was a part of his nature, and was very slightly modified by external considerations. His ideas of the constitution of civil society were chivalric, not philosophical; and if others undervalued the virtues of the Middle Ages, he certainly overrated them. It was not his custom to analyze his emotions too nicely at any period of his life; and I can perfectly understand how he may have been captivated as a boy with those showy notions, which are more or less prevalent in all imperfectly instructed societies, and which have so many charms for youthful imaginations. But Motherwell was instinctively a Tory,—all the tendencies of his mind gravitated towards the creed of that old and respectable party,—and I am satis-

fied that his monarchical principles would have been just as high after he escaped from mere nonage, had he never handled a truncheon in defence of the public peace on the streets of Paisley. His political convictions might be extreme, but they were honest. He firmly believed that his opinions were founded in truth, and that their vindication was essential to the well-being of his country; nor have I ever known a man who had more thoroughly identified himself with the doctrines which he maintained and promulgated.

There is another point noticed by Mr. Campbell, namely, his power of sketching. This was a faculty which he possessed in the highest perfection, so much so, that, had he not been a poet, he might have been an artist. Many of his manuscripts are illustrated at the beginning, after the manner of old black-letter volumes and illuminated missals, and numerous scraps of paper attest his accurate perception of the ludicrous and the horrible, by all sorts of queer and grotesque delineations. A few strokes of his pen were sufficient for this, and it is impossible not to admire the ease which attaches to these figures. His handwriting likewise partook of this peculiarity. It was formal and square, and, particularly in the capital letters, resembled the Chaldee character, constituting, in fact, a variety of painting.*

The winter session of 1818–19 he spent at Glasgow College, where he attended the Latin class, under the late Mr. Walker, and the Greek class, under the late Mr. Young; but, as I have already stated, he never attained to ordinary proficiency

* This seems to have been a very early habit. Mr. Crawford speaks of it in these terms: "He was also remarkable for his talent for sketching figures of mailed knights, on foot and mounted, and all manner of caricatures, which were sketched with great life and spirit. The boards of his class-fellows' school books were covered with Motherwell's sketches, and it was considered a great favor when he gave them one."

in either language, and with the modern tongues he was wholly unacquainted. He manifested at this time a strong desire to repair the defects of his early education; and in a letter to his friend, the late Mr. Robert Walkinshaw, in March, 1818, he expresses a hope that, should he succeed to the office of Sheriff-Clerk Depute, then held by Mr. Walkinshaw, he might be able "to save some little money, sufficient to re-launch his frail skiff once more on the *dead* sea of the languages."

As the office of Sheriff-Clerk Depute brought him a considerable income, he spent the greater part of it in the purchase of books, and long before his removal to Glasgow he had collected a large and miscellaneous library. Like most book-fanciers, he sometimes sacrificed usefulness to the indulgence of a spirit of curiosity; but in that province of literature to which he was chiefly devoted,—poetry and the historical romance,—his library was rich. Its chief wants were in the department of modern history, and moral and philosophical science, in none of which subjects can it be said that he took much pleasure. His knowledge of them was, consequently, defective, and this was both felt and seen when politics became his profession.

It may be naturally supposed of the man who at fourteen sketched the outline of Jeanie Morrison, that, if he did not actually lisp in numbers, the art of versification must have been at least an irresistible habit, and that *sponte sua carmen numeros veniebat ad aptos;* but when he first committed himself publicly to the dangers and allurements of rhyme, or where, I have been unable satisfactorily to ascertain. In 1818 he contributed some little things to a small work published at Greenock, called the "Visitor," and for several years afterwards he continued to furnish with pieces of original poetry such of his literary friends in Paisley and Glasgow as applied to him for assistance. In

this respect his liberality was exemplary, if not prodigal; but he afterwards collected the best of these fugitive productions, and embodied them in that volume upon which his reputation as a poet must ultimately rest. In 1819, the "Harp of Renfrewshire," * of which he was the editor, appeared at Paisley. This work is anonymous; but it is well known to have been brought out under Motherwell's care, who supplied the introductory essay, which was his first attempt at serious criticism. In it he gives a rapid sketch of the poets of Renfrewshire, beginning with Sir Hugh Montgomerie, who died at a very advanced age in 1545, and ending with Robert Tannahill, whom he could not have known personally, but with whose melancholy history he had ample means of becoming acquainted. The notes are likewise by him, and are both numerous and valuable; and this little volume, which is now scarce, may be regarded as a favorable specimen of his zeal and diligence. Its chief merit, however, is, that it was the herald to a work of much larger pretensions, and with which his fame is now closely identified.—"Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern," † which was published at Glasgow, in 1827, and which instantly secured for its author an honorable place among the commentators on our national poetry. The "Historical Introduction" is elaborate and full, but I must leave it to those who have made such subjects as it discusses a study to decide upon its merits; it is enough to state here, that this work brought him into direct communication with some men of high distinction in the world of letters, and

* The Harp of Renfrewshire: a Collection of Songs and other Poetical Pieces, many of which are Original; accompanied with Notes, Explanatory, Critical, and Biographical: and a Short Essay on the Poets of Renfrewshire. 1 vol. Paisley, 1819.

† Minstrelsy: Ancient and Modern: with an Historical Introduction, and Notes. By William Motherwell. John Wylie. Glasgow, 1827.

amongst others with Sir Walter Scott. The ancient ballad of "Gil Morrice" seems to have attracted much of Motherwell's attention. It was the foundation of Home's celebrated tragedy of "Douglas," and the scene of the melancholy adventure which it relates was "Carronside," the home of his ancestors. He tells us, moreover, that "the green wood" of the ballad was the ancient forest of Dundaff, in Stirlingshire, and that "Lord Barnard's castle is said to have occupied a precipitous cliff overhanging the water of Carron, on the lands of Halbertshire."* Earlsburn, a favorite name with him, is also a small stream in that locality, which falls into the Carron, and derives its appellation, according to him, from the Earl's son, who is the hero of this legendary poem. There is internal evidence in his writings to show, that he had carefully inquired into this matter while residing with his uncle at Muirmill; but it was from an old woman at Paisley, who sang the verses to him, that he obtained that copy of the ballad which he considered the true one, and which led to his correspondence with Sir Walter. His idea was, that GIL should have been written CHILD, and that MORRICE was an obvious corruption of NORYCE, the old English word for foster-child. Willie, the page, is called in one of the versions, (Mr. Jamieson's,) his "foster-brither"; and Motherwell's object would appear to have been, to show that between the "child's" messenger and himself there existed a stronger bond of union than mere feudalism could create. In this way, it is to be presumed, he proposed to account for "Willie's" undertaking, though reluctantly, to deliver the message to Lady Barnard from her son, the ill-fated Gil, of whose relationship to that noble person the lad was ignorant.

* "Minstrelsy," p. 258

He accordingly wrote to Sir Walter Scott upon the subject, as early as April, 1825, two years before the "Minstrelsy" appeared, and received from that eminent man the following reply :—

"Abbotsford, 3d May, 1825.

"Sir,

"I am honored with your letter covering the curious old version of the ballad of 'Gil Morrice,' which seems, according to your copy, to be a corruption of Child Norrice, or Child Nursling, as we would say. As I presume the ballad to be genuine, and, indeed, see no reason to suspect the contrary, the style being simple and ancient, I think you should print it exactly as you have taken it down, and with a reference to the person by whom it is preserved so special as to enable any one to ascertain its authenticity who may think it worth while. I have asked at different times, the late Mr. John Home, concerning the ballad on which he was supposed to have founded 'Douglas,' but his memory was too imperfect, when I knew him, to admit of his giving me any information. I have heard my mother, who was fond of the ballad, say that when 'Douglas' was in its height of popularity, 'Gil Morrice' was, to a certain extent, rewritten, which renovated copy, of course, includes all the new stanzas about 'Minerva's loom,' and so forth. Yet there are so many fine old verses in the common set, that I cannot agree to have them mixed up even with your set, though more ancient, but would like to see them kept quite separate, like different sets of the same melody. In fact, I think I did wrong myself, in endeavoring to make the best possible set of an ancient ballad out of several copies obtained from different quarters, and that, in many respects, if I improved the poetry, I spoiled the simplicity of the old song. There is no wonder this should be the

case, when one considers that the singers or reciters by whom these ballads were preserved and handed down must, in general, have had a facility, from memory at least, if not from genius, (which they might often possess,) of filling up verses which they had forgotten, or altering such as they might think they could improve. Passing through this process in different parts of the country, the ballads, admitting that they had one common poetical original, (which is not to be inferred merely from the similitude of the story,) became, in progress of time, totally different productions, so far as the tone and spirit of each is concerned. In such cases, perhaps, it is as well to keep them separate, as giving in their original state a more accurate idea of our ancient poetry, which is the point most important in such collections. There is room for a very curious essay on the relation which the popular poetry of the North of Europe bears to that of the South, and even to that of Asia; and the varieties of some of our ballads might be accounted for by showing that one edition had been derived from the French or Norman, another from the Danish, and so on, so that, though the substance of the dish be the same, the cookery is that of foreign and distant *cuisiniers*. This reasoning certainly does not apply to mere brief alterations and corruptions, which do not, as it were, change the tone and form of the original.

"You will observe that I have no information to give respecting 'Gil Morrice,' so I might as well, perhaps, have saved you the trouble of this long letter.

"I am, Sir,

"Your obliged, humble servt.,

"WALTER SCOTT."

Sir Walter and Motherwell never met, but after the death of that great man he performed a pil-

grimage to Abbotsford; and, as I am informed, was wont to say that "nothing in that splendid mansion had affected him so much as Sir Walter's staff, with the bit dibble at the end of it."* Of course, in the forthcoming edition of the "Minstrelsy," he followed the advice of the illustrious critic, and kept his own copy of the ballad distinct from the others, and so it stands in the volume.

In 1828 the Paisley Magazine was begun by Motherwell, and carried on by him, with the assistance of his friends, for a year. It is, undoubtedly, what Mr. Campbell represents it,—a respectable provincial work; and in it, for the first time, appeared some of the poet's best pieces, such as The Sword Chant of Thorstein Raudi,—Midnight and Moonshine,—The Water! the Water!—The Wooing Song of Jarl Egill Skallgrim,—and Wearie's Well. His position, however, had now changed, and it will be necessary to explain how this was brought about.

In the year 1826 a newspaper was begun in Paisley, called the "Paisley Advertiser." Its politics were conservative and ministerial, and its first editor was a Mr. John Goldie, who had been formerly connected with an Ayr journal. He died suddenly within a year, and was succeeded in his office by Mr. William Kennedy, an Irish gentleman of distinguished poetical abilities, and the author of the pretty poem called "The Arrow and the Rose"; and also of a little volume of poems entitled "Fitful Fancies."

Between Mr. Kennedy and Motherwell there sprang up a strong friendship. They were both addicted to literature and poetry; they thought alike on matters political, and were nearly of an age. It is not surprising, therefore, that Motherwell should have become a contributor and a pro-

* Notes by Mr. Charles Hutchison.

prietor, and still less so that, on the retirement of Mr. Kennedy, in 1828, he should have succeeded him as editor of that paper. What success he may have had in his new capacity I know not; but on the retirement of Mr. James M'Queen from the management of the Glasgow Courier, in 1830, Mr. Motherwell was invited by the proprietors of that journal to take his place; and all things being satisfactorily arranged, he left Paisley and took up his abode in Glasgow in the beginning of that year. The first number of the Courier, which appeared after his accession to the office of editor, has the date of 2d February, 1830; and he continued in connection with that paper till his death in November, 1835.

Whether journalism was exactly the vocation that was best suited to a man of his tastes and peculiar acquirements, I shall not take upon me to determine; but there can be no doubt that he entered upon his new duties at Glasgow at a time of great difficulty and considerable public danger. The political world was at that moment upheaved from its foundations, and the revolution in France, consequent upon the three glorious days of July, followed as that event was by the accession of Lord Grey's administration, and the Reform Bill excitement, presented to a lover of the olden ways a mass of embarrassment, which we may admit to have been unsurmountable. Whatever Motherwell's views may have been in boyhood, they were now fixed. He saw one after another of his most cherished prejudices first derided, and then destroyed. Change followed change with the rapidity of lightning, and, in the midst of this universal whirlwind, the only man in this immense community who was expected to keep himself free from the common contagion, and to observe the most philosophical abstinence in the discussion of passing events, was the Tory editor of *the* Tory

newspaper! Mere humanity is not equal to so great a trial as this, and Motherwell was not the man to affect to undergo it. He entered into the strife with all his soul; and whatever difference of opinion may have formerly prevailed as to his style of defence, it will not be denied by his bitterest political enemies, (for I would persuade myself that, personally, he had and could have none,) that he conducted his case for many years, against frightful odds, with exemplary zeal, courage, and fidelity. It would be easy, no doubt, to select from his writings at that time passages which might appear objectionable; but the same remark would apply equally to his opponents; and those only who have had some experience of a controversial life, and of the perplexities which beset a writer for the public press in a provincial town, can form an adequate conception of the difficulties with which Motherwell was at that juncture surrounded. The public mind is now comparatively cool; it was then at a boiling heat, and in the fierce contest of parties passions were evoked which overmastered reason, and laid judgment prostrate in the dust. That in such a tumult he, a man of warm and impetuous temperament, should have stood erect and looked down with complacent indifference on the scene below was impossible; nor did he make the attempt. He defended his principles from the assaults daily and hourly made upon them, and it was his duty to do so; but if in the execution of that duty he transgressed the established laws of political warfare, or outraged any of the conventional courtesies of life, then he was blamable. I do not say that this was the case, because I do not think so; not that I would be understood as approving of all that he wrote in these times, but that, considering the circumstances in which he was placed, his abstinence from a certain measure of vehemence would have argued a neu-

trality of feeling on the great questions of the day, which would have literally disqualified him for the office that he held. Let us be just to the dead, then, and grant that what was well was due to the man, and that what was amiss was chargeable upon the infirmity of our common nature.

In his editorial capacity Motherwell occasionally drew upon his poetical faculty, and in general successfully, as the following *jeu d'esprit* will show. It appeared early in 1833, when the Reform Bill was supposed to be in danger, and when its friends in Glasgow exhibited an unusual degree of anxiety respecting it. T—m A—k—n is the late Mr. Thomas Aitkinson, bookseller, who was a very keen, liberal politician. M'P—n was his neighbor Mr. M'Phun, likewise a bookseller, and agent for the "Sun" newspaper. Sir D. K. S—f—d is the late Sir D. K. Sandford, the accomplished Professor of Greek in the University of Glasgow, who was at that time an ardent reformer, and whose premature and much-lamented death was probably accelerated by the excitement of that miserable period. With these explanations this clever trifle will be intelligible:—

THE REFORMER'S GARLAND.

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG.

Tune,—"*Young Lochinvar.*"

T—m A—k—n mounted his berry brown steed,
Through all the West Country unequalled for speed;
And, save an odd threepence to pay for the toll,
He carried no weight but a placard in scroll.
So lightly and jaunty he eastward did hie,
With the Bill in his heart and the Mail in his eye:—
He swore that, for once, he would e-clipse the "Sun," *
And darken the shine of his neighbor, M'P—n.

Camalchie folk stared, and Talleross stood abeigh,
So rapid he rode, and the steed was so skeigh;

* This is an allusion to the "Sun," London newspaper, at that time forwarded by special express to Glasgow.

But Tom did not value his horsemanlike skill;
His thoughts were "Reform," and "naught but the Bill."
Yea, even in passing the scene at Carmyle,*
The Whig field of honor seemed worthless the while;—
For still he expected to e-clipse the "Sun,"
And darken the shine of his neighbor, M'P—n.

Then onward he sped, till he came to a turn
Of the road, when the Guard of the Mail cried, "Adjourn!"
And about ship went Tom, and the spur did apply,
And the *Stationer*, truly, for once seemed to *fly*.
His Tontine constituents soon did he hail,
For near eighteen minutes he distanced the Mail:
The "Adjourn" was repeated, e-clipsed was the "Sun,"
The shine was o'ercloudcd of neighbor M'P—n.

Sir D K. S—f—d next mounted his beast,
With its tail to the west and its head to the east,
And on like a War Knight the brute he did urge,
To nose the effect of the famed "Russell Purge;"
But at Bothwell the Mail Guard roared out, "Lost by eight!"
When about went the prad, as it had taken fright:
Sir Dan he stuck on, and again 'clipsed the "Sun,"
To the utter confounding of neighbor M'P—n.

That Motherwell's prospects were improved by a removal to Glasgow may be admitted, since that city, from its greater size, would necessarily afford a wider field for the display of his abilities; but I have many doubts whether the change was friendly to the development and cultivation of his poetical faculty. The charge of a three-times-a-week paper leaves little leisure for the prosecution of a formal course of study, while the distracting anxieties, which are inseparable from political warfare, are altogether incompatible with that repose of mind which is essential to the achievement of distinction in any walk of literature. It is my impression, therefore, that his Muse was comparatively idle in

* The scene of a recent duel, with the distance marked out by two bricks.

Glasgow, and that his attention was directed to the improvement of old, rather than to the composition of new poems. This idea is partially confirmed by an inspection of two quarto volumes of manuscript pieces which he left behind him, the one of which is nearly a transcript of the other, and was obviously executed at Glasgow; and it is farther strengthened by the fact, that he published little, after he came to this city, which had not been written long before. It would be idle to talk of the *genius loci* in such circumstances, for the character of that mysterious lady must be much the same in both places, and is not particularly spiritual in either; but there may be something in the disruption of old and established ties, something in the absence of familiar faces and well-known voices, and something in the destruction of those secret and inexplicable material sympathies, which make one spot of earth more than another the home of a man's soul. Whether any or all of these influences may have affected him, I shall not take upon me positively to affirm; but I think myself so far justified in the conclusion at which I have arrived by the subsequent steps of his history, which indicate a sluggish action, if not an absolute torpor of his creative energies.

In 1832 a publication was started in Glasgow, under the direction of Mr. John Strang, the author of two interesting volumes of Travels in Germany, called "The Day," to which Motherwell contributed largely. In that periodical there appeared for the first time the following poetical pieces from his pen:—The Serenade,—The Solemn Song of a Righteous Hearte,—Elfinland Wud,—The Covenanters' Battle-Chant,—Caveat to the Wind,—What is Glory? What is Fame?—A Solemn Conceit,—The Parting,—The Ettin Lang o' Sillerwood,—and, Spirits of Light! Spirits of Shade! —all of which, with the exception of the last two,

he afterwards embodied in his volume.* He also communicated to that work a series of humorous papers in prose, entitled, "Memoirs of a Paisley Bailie," which afforded considerable amusement at the time; and towards the end of this year he collected his scattered poetical fragments, and formed them into a small volume, with the title of "Poems, Narrative and Lyrical," which he dedicated to his friend Kennedy. Most of these pieces, if not the whole of them, were reprints. I am not quite sure about the Battle-Flag of Sigurd, but I rather think it appeared originally in the pages of the Paisley Advertiser.

This volume was, upon the whole, well received. There could be no doubt about the high quality of the poetry which an unknown author had ventured thus to submit to the world, but its character was peculiar, and for the most part not fitted for extensive popularity; and the season which was chosen for its introduction was eminently unfavorable to its chances of immediate success No adventitious murmurs of applause had announced its approach, and at a time when little was heard but the noise of political contention, it was perhaps too much to expect that a comparatively obscure bard should draw towards himself a large share of the public notice, let his abilities be what they might. This work, however, gave Motherwell, what it had been the object of his life to attain, a place among the poets of Britain; and it carried his name into quarters which it never would have otherwise

* It is needless to add, that these were gratuitous contributions, and that their author neither expected nor received anything for them. It was in this year that Jeanie Morrison appeared in an Edinburgh magazine, and for that exquisite lyrical composition he was paid - thirty shillings! George Buchanan was not far wrong when he exclaimed, three hundred years ago,

"Denique quicquid agis, comes assidet improba egestas
Sive poema canis, sive poema doces."

reached. A commendatory criticism in Blackwood's Magazine for April, 1833, proclaimed his pretentions wherever the English language is read; and, though his nature was too modest and too manly for the display of any open exultation at the triumph which he had so honorably won, he never ceased to feel the deepest gratitude to the distinguished reviewer, whom he knew to be a consummate judge of poetical merit, and for whose genius and character he always felt and expressed the warmest admiration.

The last work in which Motherwell engaged, and which he did not live to complete, was a joint edition of Burns's works by him and James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd.* His share in this production consisted merely of occasional notes, critical and explanatory, which are marked with the letter M., and in which he exhibits much knowledge of the contemporary history of Burns's period, and his usual discrimination as a commentator. The fifth and last volume contains the Life of the Ayrshire Poet, by Hogg; but before it appeared, his comparatively youthful coadjutor was no more.†

In August, 1835, Motherwell was summoned to London, to appear before a committee of the House of Commons, which had been appointed to take evidence as to the constitution and practices of the Orange Society, with a view to its suppression. He had unluckily allowed himself to be enrolled as a member of that association, and was one of the

* The Works of Robert Burns, edited by the Ettrick Shepherd and William Motherwell, Esq. 5 vols. Glasgow: Archd. Fullerton & Co. 1835.

† It should have been mentioned in its proper place, that in the year 1832 Motherwell supplied a preface of some length to Henderson's volume of Scottish Proverbs. Andrew Henderson was a portrait painter of considerable celebrity in Glasgow, and an intimate friend of the Poet. He was a man of abrupt manners, but of great honesty of nature, and capable of both steadfast and warm attachments. He pre-deceased Motherwell by about six months.

district secretaries for the West of Scotland. There is no incident in his history which it more perplexes me to account for than this. He had no connection with Ireland, direct or indirect, nor had he ever been in that island in his life, and few men, in my opinion, were less qualified by previous habits of study to appreciate the value of the mixed questions of civil and ecclesiastical polity which that body professed to discuss; yet he entered with characteristic warmth into its schemes, and became one of the agents employed in the extension of its principles. To his mind, Orangeism would seem to have presented itself under the guise of a wholesome influence of general applicability, which it was desirable to perpetuate, instead of being, what it really was, a particular form of one of those numerous factions into which Irish society is divided. It would not appear to have occurred to him, that whatever the merits, real or imaginary, of the Orange confederacy might be, its introduction into Scotland could be attended with no benefits whatever; and that if it was destined ever to achieve advantages of a permanent kind, it was only on the soil which had generated and nourished it that this could happen. As an antagonist to Popery and Jacobitism, it was certainly not wanted in Presbyterian Scotland; and a little reflection might have satisfied him, that the civil and religious rights of the people of this country were not to be upheld through the instrumentality of an Hibernian political fraternity, which had outlived the necessity that gave it birth, and which was now respectable only from the historical associations connected with its origin, and the recollection of the services which it had formerly rendered to the cause of constitutional government in Ireland. His adhesion to this body was, therefore, a decided error in judgment, while it was attended with this additional inconvenience, that it gave rise to the suspicion

that the party, whose public representative he was, had become favorable to a system of political propagandism, and was not unwilling to patronize, in an underhand way, that which its general creed repudiated. Legitimate and open combination, it did not, because it could not, reject; but it professed to hold secret societies in abhorrence; and though the Orange body might not, in strictness of speech, deserve to be so called, it had too many of the characteristics of a sectarian club to be agreeable to sober-minded Scotchmen. This act, however, was purely personal, and was confined to Motherwell and one or two of his more intimate friends; and I distinctly remember, that there was no subject upon which he was more reserved, and none upon which he bore a little raillery with less equanimity, than upon his alliance with Irish Orangeism. By this time, however, the evil spirit of political acerbity had displaced the gentler impulses of his nature, and William Motherwell had exchanged the catholicity of poetry for the fanaticism of social exclusiveness! *

Motherwell remained in London for about a week, and there can be no doubt that he exhibited great mental infirmity before the committee,—in common speech, he "broke down." That this did not result from any want of courage on his part, will be at once admitted by those who knew the man; but it is proper to observe, that in such circumstances he was constitutionally "unready" and slow of utterance. He not only required time to arrange his ideas and to consolidate his thoughts, on the most ordinary occasions, but he was habitually slow, and even confused, in the expression of them. No ordeal could, therefore, be more em-

* That this incident was hurtful to his health was the general impression of his friends. Mr. Hutchison, who saw him frequently before he set out for London, says "that he was greatly depressed."

barrassing to him than a formal examination before a body of sharp-witted men, whose pleasure it not infrequently is to lay snares for an inexperienced witness: but besides this, I am convinced that on this particular point Motherwell was at fault as to knowledge,—that he had never seriously inquired of himself what Orangeism was, or what object was to be gained by its propagation.—and that, consequently, he must have failed when rigorously interrogated by an intelligent and authoritative tribunal about these matters. Let me farther add, in explanation of this melancholy occurrence, that it has been long my fixed impression that he was laboring under the effects of the approaches of that insidious disease (softening of the brain), which destroyed him a few months afterwards; and those who remember the circumstances attendant upon his visit to the Metropolis, and the strange fancies which haunted him while there, will probably have little hesitation in accepting this apology for what we may now call an involuntary weakness. The indications of this mental debility did not escape the observation of the gentlemen composing the committee; and Mr. Wallace, of Kelly, at that time member for Greenock, with a kindness which was the more honorable to him that Motherwell had frequently spoken of him in his editorial capacity with considerable severity, paid him marked attention; and, perceiving how matters really stood, lost no time in getting his bewildered countryman shipped off to Scotland.

On his return he resumed his old habits of life, and was, to all outward appearance, in perfect health. On Saturday, the 31st day of October, 1835, he dined and spent the evening at the house of a gentleman in the suburbs of Glasgow. There was dancing, and it was observed that he bled freely at the nose, which was attributed to the heated state of the apartments. On going into

the open air for a short time, the bleeding stopped, and at half-past ten he left his friend's house in the company of the late Mr. Robert M'Nish, (better known as the Modern Pythagorean,) and the late Mr. Philip Ramsay, and from these gentlemen he parted about eleven o'clock. At four o'clock on the morning of the 1st of November he was suddenly struck while in bed with a violent shock of apoplexy, which almost instantly deprived him of consciousness. He had simply time to exclaim, "My head! My head!" when he fell back on the pillow, and never spoke more. I saw him in my professional capacity about half-past six, having been sent for by the medical man who was first called in, but the case was then hopeless, and had been obviously so from the first; knowing, however, that a deep interest was felt in his fate, and anxious that he should have the benefit of the advice of a senior practitioner, I sent for my late friend, Dr. William Young, but before he arrived he was dead. He expired quietly, and without suffering, at eight o'clock, thus closing a life of incessant labor, and of some anxiety, not unmixed with enjoyment, at the early age of thirty-seven.

He was buried in the Necropolis, a new cemetery, situated over against the Cathedral, on Thursday, the 5th of November; and his remains were followed to the grave by a large assemblage of friends, of all shades of political opinion; nor were the compositors and pressmen of the Courier office, headed by their foreman, the late Mr. Andrew Tough, the least interesting part of that procession. The body was borne to the ground on men's shoulders, and the pall-bearers were,—head, Mr. C. A. Motherwell, his nephew; foot, Mr.—now Sir James—Campbell; sides, Mr. Whyte, Mr. M'Laren, Mr. M'Arthur, Mr. Philip Ramsay, Captain Andrew Hamilton, Sheriff Campbell.*

* It is painful to be obliged to state, that Motherwell's grave

Motherwell's death was deeply regretted by the citizens of Glasgow, generally, and with unaffected sorrow by his more immediate relatives, friends, and associates. Its suddenness invested it with a melancholy interest; and in the presence of that dread messenger whose approach no eye can detect, and whose stern impartiality makes no distinction of age, sex, or condition, it was felt that the tempest of political warfare should be stilled, and that those hollow differences, which so often separate kindred spirits in life, should be buried in that grave which now contained the mortal remains of a man of genius and of worth. The records of his demise, which appeared in the different newspapers, were creditable to their conductors, and indicated an anxious desire to do honor to his merits; and I have sincere pleasure in reproducing, after the lapse of eleven years, the handsome testimony which was at that time borne to his character by his public opponent, but private friend, Mr. William Weir, then editor of the Glasgow Argus:—

"This accomplished gentleman died suddenly on Sunday morning. Mr. Motherwell's antiquarian knowledge was extensive; and, as the bent of his mind towards the past tinged his poetry, so his imagination lent grace and vitality to his knowledge. A small volume of lyrical poems, published some years back by Mr. Motherwell, is full of tender and unobtrusive beauty. There are few pieces more touching, in the whole range of Scottish poetry, than his 'Jeanie Morrison.' A series

cannot be discovered without the assistance of a guide, not being marked by even a headstone and the initials W. M. This is not as it should be; and I am sure that it is only necessary to call the attention of his surviving friends to a circumstance so little creditable to all of us, to have this reproach immediately removed. The grave is situated at the northeastern corner of the burying-ground, and at the bend of the road which leads up the hill, to the right hand. It is a little triangular space, covered with weeds, lying between the tombs of Mr. William Sloan, on the right, and Mr. Alexander Patrick, on the left.

of papers published in The Day, entitled 'Memoirs of a Paisley Bailie,' are full of grave, quiet, exquisite humor. In addition to these, we have had occasion to see fragments of a prose work of some extent, which Mr. Motherwell had, we believe, almost completed for the press. It is an embodiment of the old wild legends of the Norsemen, (always a favorite theme with the author,) and contains passages of surpassing splendor, animated by a wayward spirit, half merriment, half pathos. Mr. Motherwell was also engaged in making collections for a life of Tannahill,—a work much wanted, and which, since we have lost him, we know of no other man alive able to supply. Mr. Motherwell is a loss in his own peculiar circle of literature. He will be missed by his antiquarian and poetical associates. But he will be more deeply and lastingly missed in the circle of his personal friends, and of the already too much narrowed circle of his family. This hurried and inadequate tribute is paid to him by one who, decidedly opposed to him on public grounds, and placed in immediate collision with him, was yet proud to call him his friend, and laments his loss."

In personal appearance, Motherwell was undersized, not exceeding, I should think, five feet five, or thereby, in height; but he was vigorously and well formed, and possessed great muscular strength. His bust was that of a large, manly figure, the deficiency in his stature being, as generally happens in such cases, in his limbs, which, though gracefully turned, were short. His head was large, and his brow ample. His eyes, which were small and deeply set, were surmounted by bushy eyebrows. His face was square, with prominent cheekbones, and his nose wanting in symmetry. His mouth was, perhaps, the most unexceptionable feature of his countenance, and indicated great firmness, as well as benevolence of character. His hair was of

a dark brown color, and, besides being abundant in quantity, inclined to curl. In his dress, he was neat and plain, and scrupulously clean. The *vignette* affixed to this volume is an excellent likeness, and is fitted to convey a faithful impression of his general appearance.

In his manners he was modest and unpretending, and in general society he spoke but little. His conversational powers, in fact, were not high; but in the company of his more intimate friends he was free and unreserved, and entered with a keen relish into the amusements of the hour. When excited, as he was apt occasionally to be when the conversation turned upon any subject in which he took an interest, he displayed much enthusiasm, and threw into his action considerable energy; but this seldom happened, and only in moments of total relaxation from all restraint. He was decidedly social in his tastes, and had nothing of the anchorite about him; and at one period of his life he was addicted to practical joking. Some of his exploits in this way were amusing enough; but the habit was ultimately abandoned, as it threatened to lead to disagreeable consequences, and was improper in itself. He was fond of manly exercises, such as boxing, in which he took lessons from a Negro pugilist, and sword-playing, in the niceties of which he was instructed by that eminent master of fence, M. Foucart. He was also a passionate admirer of the military art; and there can be no doubt that, had circumstances admitted of his exhibiting his military virtues, he would have made a good soldier. In 1820 he served in the Paisley Rifle Corps, as sergeant, and latterly, as a trooper, in the regiment of Renfrewshire Yeomanry Cavalry, which was commanded by the late Sir Michael Shaw Stewart. He was fond of this kind of life, and was punctual in his attendance upon the Yeomanry balls which were given in the county. It would

seem, likewise, that he was a good rower, but I do not think that the ocean had many attractions for him.

In his relations as brother and friend his conduct was irreproachable. I have known few equally disinterested men, and none more upright or honorable in their dealings with others. He could not but be aware that he possessed great and peculiar powers; but he never betrayed any consciousness of this, and was utterly free from literary vanity. Of jealousy, that abiding reproach to men of letters, he had not one particle; nor do I remember ever to have heard him utter a harsh sentence respecting any human being. His political antipathies were strong, but his personal animosities were weak; not that he had not his likings and dislikings, like other men, but that his nature was too generous to adopt, and still more to cherish, unkindly feelings towards any one. No better proof of this quality could be given than this, that many of his most intimate and best loved friends were his political antagonists, and that his premature death was regretted by none more sincerely than by those gentlemen, who knew him well and esteemed him highly. Of this fine trait of character, the following letter affords a pleasing illustration. Mr. Carrick, in whose behalf it was written, was a meritorious but unsuccessful literary man,* who was an applicant for the office of editor to a Kilmarnock journal; and it will be seen from it that Motherwell, though decidedly opposed to him in politics, exerted himself strenuously in his favor.

"COURIER OFFICE, GLASGOW,
"November 28, 1833.

"TO MR. DAVID ROBERTSON:—

"MY DEAR SIR,—Understanding that a newspaper is about to be established in Kilmarnock,

* Author of the Life of Sir William Wallace, which was written for Constable's Miscellany, in 1825.

and that my friend, Mr. J. D. Carrick, (present editor of the Perth Advertiser,) has offered himself as a candidate for its editorship, I wish you would interest yourself on his behalf among those who may have the appointment in their hands.

"Unfortunately, I neither know the proprietors of the projected journal, nor any person of influence in Kilmarnock, having a likelihood of being connected with it, otherwise I should have preferred addressing them personally on this subject, in place of through you. Be this as it may, I would fain trust that my disinterested and unsolicited opinion of the talents and literary attainments of Mr. Carrick, in whatever shape, laid before the proprietors, may be of some use to a most deserving individual in his canvass.

"With Mr. Carrick and with his writings, both as a literary character, and as the conductor of a very intelligent weekly paper, I have been long familiar; and to the taste, tact, judgment, knowledge, and research displayed in these writings, I can bear the most unqualified testimony. Mr. Carrick and I, as you well know, have the misfortune to be opposed to each other in political sentiments; but that circumstance detracts nothing from his merits in my eyes. Perhaps, in the present case, it may even advance his interest; for I am given to understand, that the Kilmarnock paper is to be conducted on what are called Liberal or Reform principles, and to these, in their popular acceptation, I have never, either in my public or private capacity, concealed my most rooted hostility. If I am well informed, then, as to the political views entertained by the proprietors of the contemplated journal, my decided conviction is, that they never could light upon a more energetic and uncompromising, and, at the same time, prudent, sagacious, and enlightened advocate of their principles, than they will find in the person of Mr. Carrick.

"In the management of a paper he has had large experience; his taste in selection is excellent; and in getting up some of those witty and good-humored paragraphs, which conduce so much to the interest of the columns of a provincial paper, and, in consequence, extend its circulation, I scarcely know his equal. My friend, Macdiarmid, of the Dumfries Courier, has, in his own peculiar walk, a formidable rival in Mr. Carrick. As to his eminent qualifications in a higher point of view, his historical works and political essays afford the best of all evidence; but as these, in all probability, will be submitted to the committee intrusted with the nomination of editor, I need not further enlarge on them, for sure I am, that the committee will think with me, that they every way support Mr. Carrick's claims to extensive literary and political acquirements, and furnish the best of all guaranties for the creditable discharge of his duties as an editor.

"My dear Sir, in conclusion, I have only again to beg, that you will use your best influence to back the feeble and inadequate testimony I have borne to the abilities of a common friend,—of one who, in every relation of life, has always shown himself a most estimable character.

"Yours faithfully,

"W. Motherwell."

It would be easy to multiply instances of this kind, were I not afraid of trespassing upon the indulgence of the reader, for his correspondence abounds in them; but I cannot pass over in silence his intimacy with R. A. Smith, a man to whom he was sincerely attached, and with whom, till death, he cultivated a friendship which was unbroken by even a passing cloud.

Smith was born at Reading, in Berkshire, in 1779. His father was a native of West Calder, in

Lanarkshire, and his mother an Englishwoman of respectable connections. In the year 1773, his father emigrated to England, in consequence of the dulness of the silk-weaving trade, but returned to Paisley in 1800, after an absence of seventeen years, bringing with him his son, whom he intended to educate to the loom. This, however, was found to be impossible. Nature had furnished the lad with the most delicate musical sensibilities, and, after an ineffectual struggle with the ruling passion, music became the business of his life. He attained to considerable provincial distinction, and composed original music for the following songs of the poet Tannahill, whose intimate friend he was:—Jessie, the Flower o' Dumblane,—The Lass of Arranteenie,—The Harper of Mull,—Langsyne beside the Woodland Burn,—Our Bonnie Scots Lads,—Despairing Mary,—Wi' waefu' heart and sorrowin' ee,—The Maniac's Song,—Poor Tom's Farewell,—The Soldier's Widow,—and, We'll meet beside the Dusky Glen.

In 1823 he removed to Edinburgh, at the solicitation of the late Rev. Dr. Andrew Thomson, where he led the choir of St. George's Church, of which Dr. Thomson was the incumbent, and where he died, in January, 1829. Between him and Motherwell there existed a warm friendship, arising, no doubt, from a congeniality of tastes on many points; but, on the part of the latter, strengthened by a sincere respect for the virtues as well as the genius of the man. Smith had to contend through life, not only with narrow means and domestic discomfort, but against the pressure of a constitutional melancholy, which occasionally impaired the vigor of his fine faculties. His real griefs—of which he had a full share—were, therefore, increased by some that were imaginary; and he was obviously accustomed, not only to lean upon the stronger mind of his friend, in his moments of depression,

but to seek for sympathy in his distress, which, it is needless to add, was never refused. In November, 1826, Smith thus writes to him :—

"I would have written you long ere this, but have been prevented by an amount of domestic distress sufficient to drive all romance out of my mind; and you must be aware that without a considerable portion of that delightful commodity no good music can be engendered. To be serious, my dear friend, two of my family, my eldest daughter and youngest son, are at this moment lying dangerously ill of the typhus fever. I hope that I may escape the contagion, but I have sometimes rather melancholy forebodings; and in the midst of all this I am obliged to sing professionally every day, and mask my face with smiles, to cover the throbbings of a seared and lonely heart."

To this sad effusion Motherwell returned the following characteristic reply :—

"Your domestic afflictions deeply grieve me. I trust by this time, however, that your children have mended, and that you are no sufferer by their malady. Kennedy and I have been shedding tears over your calamities, and praying to Heaven that you may have strength of spirits to bear up under such severe dispensations. We both, albeit we have no family afflictions to mourn over, have yet much to irritate and vex us,—much, much indeed, to sour the temper and sadden the countenance; but these things must be borne with patiently. It is folly of the worst description, to let thought kill us before our time. . . . . I hope to hear from you soon, and to learn that you are in better spirits, and that the causes which have depressed them are happily removed. Kennedy joins me in warm and sincere prayers that this may speedily be the case."

Motherwell was decidedly superstitious; that is, he had an absolute and unqualified belief in the

r ality of those spectral illusions, which, under whatever name designated, have played so important a part in the history of human credulity from the dawn of time downwards. Upon this point he was tenacious, and, as he fortified himself by what he supposed to be facts, he was wont to wax warm in defence of his Rosicrucian theory, when it chanced to be assailed. It is no reproach to his memory to say that his logic upon such a subject was necessarily defective, and it would be altogether unjust to condemn as a weakness his participation in an infirmity which has so often attached itself to the highest created intelligences.

His habits of poetical composition were, I suspect, slow and even laborious, and there is ample evidence in his manuscripts to show that the divine *œstrum* was not always at command when most needed. That he prepared his productions with great care before he committed them to the press, or even inserted them in any of his commonplace-books, is certain; and the history of many of his freest compositions, could it be obtained, would demonstrate that he never forgot the Horatian precept, but wisely remembered that *nescit vox missa reverti*. Of Jeanie Morrison, for example, there exist at least two rough draughts, if not more, in which this process of elaboration is very distinct, and out of which the poem as it now stands was wrought. There are, of course, different versions of particular stanzas, but the leading ideas and images are the same in all; and as he was thirty-four years of age when he published the ballad in its present form, we thus see that this single production was, in a certain sense, the work of a life.*

In his habits of study he was necessarily desultory.

* I would not be understood as disputing the fact, that he sketched the outline of this poem at fourteen, because I see no just reason to doubt it; but the earliest copy now existing was written when he was eighteen, or perhaps twenty.

No one who is engaged in the active business of the world can be otherwise; but except in that particular and somewhat narrow department of literature for which he had contracted so strong a partiality in early life, it cannot be said of Motherwell that he was a "well-read" man. With physical science he was but slightly acquainted, and he had neglected general history, including even that of his own country, to an extraordinary degree. From some peculiarity of temperament which is not easily explained, he preferred such writers as Holinshed and Stowe to Hume and Hallam; and the only modern historical work of any note that I ever recollect to have heard him speak of, was Sharon Turner's History of the Anglo-Saxons. He had likewise a strong distaste to what is commonly called metaphysics, and particularly for the writers of the Scotch school, of whom he sometimes spoke in terms of greater confidence than his acquaintance with their works entitled him to do; but he professed a deep reverence for Coleridge, whose Friend he considered a masterpiece of philosophy. I do not recollect of ever having heard him even allude to Burke, and for Sir James Mackintosh he had conceived an unreasonable dislike. These carelessnesses and prejudices are to be regretted, since they tended to abridge his knowledge and to impair his usefulness; but they are probably to be referred to the circumstances in which he was placed, rather than to any defect in his mental constitution. A more liberal intercourse with mankind would have disabused him of many of those prepossessions, which he had hastily adopted, and had little temptation to abandon, and his better nature would have done the rest.

In his personal tastes and feelings he was essentially and ardently Scottish. The language and literature of his native country he had studied with

care and success, and to her legendary poetry and metrical traditions he attached a high value. The land was also beautiful in his eyes, and no wandering minstrel of ancient times could have been impressed with a loftier sense of the valor of the men or the virtue of the women who dwelt within its limits. That he was a devout admirer of external nature his poems amply testify. The vast solitude of the universe and the sublime depths of space filled his soul with a holy awe; and whether he looked upon the heavens above with their countless myriads of stars, or upon the earth beneath with its garment of green, and its hills and valleys and running streams, his mind was equally impressed with the majesty and power of that great Being who made and sustains all things.

O God! this is an holy hour:—
Thy breath is o'er the land:
I feel it in each little flower
Around me where I stand:—
In all the moonshine scattered fair,
Above, below me, everywhere,—
In every dew-bead glistening sheen,
In every leaf and blade of green,—
And in this silence, grand and deep,
Wherein thy blessed creatures sleep.*

An elaborate analysis of Motherwell's character as a poet would not be compatible with the objects and limits of this slight sketch; but it is fortunately rendered unnecessary by the criticism of Professor Wilson, which appeared in Blackwood's Magazine for April, 1833.

"All his perceptions are clear, for all his senses are sound. He has fine and strong sensibilities, and a powerful intellect. He has been led by the natural bent of his genius to the old haunts of inspiration,—the woods and glens of his native

* Midnight and Moonshine.

country,—and his ears delight to drink the music of her old songs. Many a beautiful ballad has blended its pensive and plaintive pathos with his daydreams, and while reading some of his happiest effusions, we feel

> 'The ancient spirit is not dead,—
> Old times, we say, are breathing there.'

"His style is simple, but in his tenderest movements masculine; he strikes a few bold knocks at the door of the heart, which is instantly opened by the master or mistress of the house, or by son or daughter, and the welcome visitor at once becomes one of the family." *

This is generous praise, but not more generous than just, and it places the whole case before us by a few vivid strokes. It may be remarked, however, that the field which he chose for the exercise of the higher efforts of his genius was unappropriated by any name of marked celebrity, and that there was both originality and boldness in the thought, that he could win his way to fame through apparently so unpromising a channel as the Scandinavian mythology, and by the adaptation to modern verse of the stern thoughts and sanguinary aspirations of the Northern Scalds. It is obvious that, in so daring an enterprise, anything short of entire success would have been fatal to the reputation of its author, and that, upon a theme at once so novel and so vast, mediocrity would not have been tolerated; and it has always appeared to me, that to have triumphed so completely over the latent prejudices of society, and to have extorted the reluctant praise of the critical world, was, in Motherwell's circumstances, the strongest proof he could give of the vigor and elasticity of his powers. Such men as Wordsworth, Southey,

* Blackwood's Magazine, vol. xxxiii. p. 670.

and Coleridge could afford some abatement from that full harvest of renown which they had accumulated; but to a person in Motherwell's position the case was widely different, and the punishment of failure would have been proportioned in its severity to the alleged presumption of the attempt. He did not fail, however, nor—as the result showed—was his confidence in himself overrated; and his metrical imitations of the Sagas are not only distinguished by an exact fidelity of tone and sentiment, but are considered by competent judges to be fine heroic ballads, which display energetic powers of description, united to a high dramatic faculty. Had Gray followed out his original intention, and given to the world that "History of Poetry," of which he had at one time meditated the composition, his successor would have had to encounter a much more formidable competition than that which actually awaited him; but he, as is well known, abandoned the design, and except The Fatal Sisters and The Descent of Odin, I cannot call to mind any other purely English poems constructed upon a Northern basis. It may argue an undue partiality, but I prefer The Battle-Flag of Sigurd to either of Gray's odes.*

* Had the intellect of Collins preserved its balance, the Norse legends would have afforded an inexhaustible supply of those materials, in which his genius most delighted. "He loved fairies, genii, giants, and monsters; he delighted to rove through the meanders of enchantment, to gaze on the magnificence of golden palaces, to repose by the waterfalls of Elysian gardens."—(Johnson.) His ode on The Passions shows how familiar his mind was with those terrible images in which we naturally, as it were, involve the harsher emotions of the soul; and it is probable, from the extent and variety of his attainments, and his allusion in the ode on the popular superstition of the Highlands of Scotland, inscribed to Mr. Home, to those

> "Old Runic bards . . . . . .
> With uncouth lyres, in many-colored vest,"

that he was not unacquainted with the mythical treasures of the Sagas. There is nothing finer or more vigorous in the language than his description of Revenge:—

That the manners of the Valhalla and the exploits of the Vikings had made a lasting impression upon Motherwell's imagination, we have abundant proof in the first three poems of this volume; and my own impression is, that in future times his fame will rest, in a great measure, on these splendid specimens of warlike invocation. As he comes nearer to ordinary life, his poetical individuality insensibly disappears, and the "uncouth lyre" of the "Runic bard" is exchanged for the softer harp of the modern minstrel. The old Scottish ballad might be as successfully imitated, perhaps, by men of far inferior capacity, and, exquisite as some of his lyrical compositions are, they might likewise be approached, if not excelled; but for the conception and execution of The Battle-Flag of Sigurd, The Wooing Song of Jarl Egill Skallagrim, and The Sword Chant of Thorstein Raudi, a special inspiration and peculiar powers were required; and I will venture to predict that they will survive the changes of time and the caprices of fashion.

One of his most prominent defects as a lyrical poet is, in my opinion, the assumption—for it was no more—of a morbid tone of feeling respecting the world and its ways. Doubtless,

> "pictoribus atque poetis
> Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas";

but there is a natural limit to even this proverbial

> "He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down,
> And, with a withering look,
> The war-denouncing trumpet took,
> And blew a blast so loud and dread,
> Were ne'er prophetic sound so full of woe.
> And ever and anon he beat
> The doubling drum with furious heat;
> And though, sometimes, each dreary pause between,
> Dejected Pity, at his side,
> Her soul-subduing voice applied.
> Yet still he kept his wild, unaltered mien,
> While each strained ball of sight seemed bursting from his head.'

license, and a perpetual dirge about broken vows, slighted love, and human selfishness is apt to engender the idea, that the man who thus indulges in habitual lamentation over his own misfortunes must have been less discriminating in his friendships, or less deserving of regard, than we could wish him to have been. But this was not the case with William Motherwell. Few men have enjoyed, and few men have more entirely merited, the strong and steady attachment of those with whom they associated; and if life brought to him its share of sorrow and anxiety, it likewise afforded many and solid compensations for his sufferings, of which I have not a doubt, he was fully sensible, and for which, I have as little doubt, he was truly thankful. I would not have noticed this peculiarity, had it not communicated to some of his effusions an air of harsh exaggeration, which was really foreign to his modest and uncomplaining nature, and did it not tend to create the belief, that my late friend, with all his gifts, was deficient in that humility of mind which should characterize a wise and a good man. This was not so; and when passages—I regret to say that they are too numerous—do occur which might encourage this notion, let me hope that they will not be construed to his prejudice, but that they may be looked upon as mere poetical embellishments.

For the occasional defects which may be discovered in the mechanical structure of his verse, no very satisfactory explanation can be offered. He had made poetry and its laws the business of his life; yet imperfect lines and prosaic expressions do occur more frequently than could be desired, to mar the harmony of some of his best pieces, and, in certain cases, even to impair their sense. The only account that I can give of this infirmity is, that his ear wanted rhythmical accuracy, and that, from some peculiarity of his physical organization,

he was unable to appreciate the more delicate modulations of sound. He was eminently unmusical; not that he disliked music, far from it; but that his love of melody did not counterbalance his unacquaintance with the rules of harmony, of breaches of which he was often, though unintentionally, guilty.

Upon the whole, his place as a minor poet is a distinguished one. He has undoubtedly enriched the language with many noble specimens of manly song; and when it is remembered that he prosecuted his poetical studies in silence and retirement, animated alone by the love of his art, and sustained through many long years of trial and of toil by the distant gleam of posthumous fame, it will not be disputed that his motives to action were exalted, and his exertions in the cause of human improvement disinterested.

Ossa quieta, precor, tuta requiescite in urna;
Et sit humus cineri non onerosa tuo.

J. M'C.

Glasgow, December 23, 1846.

POEMS.

POEMS.

THE BATTLE-FLAG OF SIGURD.

I.

The eagle hearts of all the North
Have left their stormy strand;
The warriors of the world are forth
To choose another land!
Again their long keels sheer the wave,
Their broad sheets court the breeze;
Again the reckless and the brave
Ride lords of weltering seas.
Nor swifter from the well-bent bow
Can feathered shaft be sped,
Than o'er the ocean's flood of snow
Their snorting galleys tread.
Then lift the can to bearded lip,
And smite each sounding shield,
Wassaile! to every dark-ribbed ship,
To every battle-field!
So proudly the Scalds raise their voices of triumph,
As the Northmen ride over the broad-bosomed billow.

II.

Aloft, Sigurdir's battle-flag
Streams onward to the land,
Well may the taint of slaughter lag
On yonder glorious strand.
The waters of the mighty deep,
The wild birds of the sky,

Hear it like vengeance shoreward sweep,
Where moody men must die.
The waves wax wroth beneath our keel,—
The clouds above us lower,—
They know the battle-sign, and feel
All its resistless power!
Who now uprears Sigurdir's flag,
Nor shuns an early tomb?
Who shoreward through the swelling surge
Shall bear the scroll of doom?
So shout the Scalds, as the long ships are nearing
The low-lying shores of a beautiful land.

III.

Silent the Self-devoted stood
Beside the massive tree;
His image mirrored in the flood
Was terrible to see!
As leaning on his gleaming axe,
And gazing on the wave,
His fearless soul was churning up
The death-rune of the brave.
Upheaving then his giant form
Upon the brown bark's prow,
And tossing back the yellow storm
Of hair from his broad brow;
The lips of song burst open, and
The words of fire rushed out,
And thundering through that martial crew
Pealed Harald's battle-shout;—
It is Harald the Dauntless that lifteth his great voice,
As the Northmen roll on with the doom-written banner.

IV.

"I bear Sigurdir's battle-flag
Through sunshine or through gloom;
Through swelling surge on bloody strand

I plant the scroll of doom!
On Scandia's lonest, bleakest waste,
Beneath a starless sky,
The Shadowy Three like meteors passed,
And bade young Harald die;—
They sang the war-deeds of his sires,
And pointed to their tomb;
They told him that this glory-flag
Was his by right of doom.
Since then, where hath young Harald been,
But where Jarl's son should be?
'Mid war and waves,—the combat keen
That raged on land or sea!"
So sings the fierce Harald, the thirster for glory,
As his hand bears aloft the dark death-laden banner.

V.

"Mine own death's in this clenchéd hand;
I know the noble trust;
These limbs must rot on yonder strand,
These lips must lick its dust;
But shall this dusky standard quail
In the red slaughter-day;
Or shall this heart its purpose fail,—
This arm forget to slay?
I trample down such idle doubt;
Harald's high blood hath sprung
From sires whose hands in martial bout
Have ne'er belied their tongue;
Nor keener from their castled rock
Rush eagles on their prey,
Than, panting for the battle-shock,
Young Harald leads the way."
It is thus that tall Harald, in terrible beauty,
Pours forth his big soul to the joyance of heroes.

VI.

"The ship-borne warriors of the North,
The sons of Woden's race,

To battle as to feast go forth,
With stern and changeless face;
And I, the last of a great line,
The Self-devoted, long
To lift on high the Runic sign
Which gives my name to song.
In battle-field young Harald falls
Amid a slaughtered foe,
But backward never bears his flag,
While streams to ocean flow;—
On, on above the crowded dead
This Runic scroll shall flare,
And round it shall the lightnings spread,
From swords that never spare."
So rush the hero-words from the death-doomed one,
While Scalds harp aloud the renown of his fathers.

VII.

"Flag! from your folds, and fiercely wake
War-music on the wind,
Lest tenderest thoughts should rise to shake
The sternness of my mind;
Brynhilda, maiden meek and fair,
Pale watcher by the sea,
I hear thy wailings on the air,
Thy heart's dirge sung for me:—
In vain thy milk-white hands are wrung
Above the salt sea foam;
The wave that bears me from thy bower
Shall never bear me home;
Brynhilda! seek another love,
But ne'er wed one like me,
Who death foredooméd from above
Joys in his destiny."
Thus mourned young Harald as he thought on Brynhilda,
While his eyes filled with tears which glittered, but fell not.

VIII.

"On sweeps Sigurdir's battle-flag,
The scourge of far from shore;
It dashes through the seething foam,
But I return no more!
Wedded unto a fatal bride,—
Boune for a bloody bed,—
And battling for her, side by side,
Young Harald's doom is sped!
In starkest fight, where kemp on kemp
Reel headlong to the grave,
There Harald's axe shall ponderous ring,
There Sigurd's flag shall wave;—
Yes, underneath this standard tall,
Beside this fateful scroll,
Down shall the tower-like prison fall
Of Harald's haughty soul."
So sings the Death-seeker, while nearer and nearer
The fleet of the Northmen bears down to the shore.

IX.

"Green lie those thickly timbered shores
Fair sloping to the sea;
They're cumbered with the harvest stores
That wave but for the free:
Our sickle is the gleaming sword,
Our garner the broad shield,—
Let peasants sow, but still he's lord
Who's master of the field;
Let them come on, the bastard-born,
Each soil-stained churl!—alack!
What gain they but a splitten skull,
A sod for their base back?
They sow for us these goodly lands,
We reap them in our might,
Scorning all title but the brands
That triumph in the fight!"

It was thus the land-winners of old gained their glory,
And gray stones voiced their praise in the bays of far isles.

X.

"The rivers of yon island low
Glance redly in the sun,
But ruddier still they're doomed to glow,
And deeper shall they run;
The torrent of proud life shall swell
Each river to the brim,
And in that spate of blood, how well
The headless corpse will swim!
The smoke of many a shepherd's cot
Curls from each peopled glen:
And, hark! the song of maidens mild,
The shout of joyous men!
But one may hew the oaken tree,
The other shape the shroud;
As the LANDEYDA o'er the sea
Sweeps like a tempest cloud":—
So shouteth fierce Harald,—so echo the Northmen,
As shoreward their ships like mad steeds are careering.

XI.

"Sigurdir's battle-flag is spread
Abroad to the blue sky,
And spectral visions of the dead
Are trooping grimly by;
The spirit-heralds rush before
Harald's destroying brand,
They hover o'er yon fated shore
And death-devoted band.
Marshal stout Jarls your battle fast!
And fire each beacon height,
Our galleys anchor in the sound,
Our banners heave in sight!
And through the surge and arrowy shower

That rains on this broad shield,
Harald uplifts the sign of power
Which rules the battle-field!"
So cries the Death-doomed on the red strand of slaughter,
While the helmets of heroes like anvils are ringing.

XII.

On rolled the Northmen's war, above
The Raven Standard flew,
Nor tide nor tempest ever strove
With vengeance half so true.
'Tis Harald,—'tis the Sire bereaved,—
Who goads the dread career,
And high amid the flashing storm
The flag of doom doth rear.
"On, on," the tall Death-seeker cries,
"These earth-worms soil our heel,
Their spear-points crash like crisping ice
On ribs of stubborn steel!"
Hurra! hurra! their whirlwinds sweep,
And Harald's fate is sped;
Bear on the flag,—he goes to sleep
With the life-scorning dead.
Thus fell the young Harald, as of old fell his sires,
And the bright hall of heroes bade hail to his spirit.

THE WOOING SONG OF JARL EGILL SKALLAGRIM.

Bright maiden of Orkney,
Star of the blue sea!
I've swept o'er the waters
To gaze upon thee;
I've left spoil and slaughter,
I've left a far strand,
To sing how I love thee,

To kiss thy small hand!
Fair daughter of Einar,
Golden-haired maid!
The lord of yon brown bark,
And lord of this blade,—
The joy of the ocean,
Of warfare and wind,—
Hath boune him to woo thee,
And thou must be kind.
So stoutly Jarl Egill wooed Torf Einar's daughter

In Jutland, in Iceland,
On Neustria's shore,
Where'er the dark billow
My gallant bark bore,
Songs spoke of thy beauty,
Harps sounded thy praise,
And my heart loved thee long ere
It thrilled in thy gaze:
Ay, daughter of Einar,
Right tall mayst thou stand;
It is a Vikingir
Who kisses thy hand;
It is a Vikingir
That bends his proud knee,
And swears by Great Freya
His bride thou must be!
So Jarl Egill swore when his great heart was fullest.

Thy white arms are locked in
Broad bracelets of gold;
Thy girdle-stead's gleaming
With treasures untold;
The circlet that binds up
Thy long, yellow hair,
Is starred thick with jewels,
That bright are and rare;
But gifts yet more princely
Jarl Egill bestows:

For girdle, his great arm
Around thee he throws;
The bark of a sea-king,
For palace, gives he,
While mad waves and winds shall
Thy true subjects be.
So richly Jarl Egill endowed his bright bride.

Nay, frown not, nor shrink thus,
Nor toss so thy head,
'Tis a Vikingir asks thee,
Land-maiden, to wed!
He skills not to woo thee,
In trembling and fear,
Though lords of the land may
Thus troop with the deer.
The cradle he rocked in
So sound and so long,
Hath framed him a heart
And a hand that are strong:
He comes then as Jarl should,
Sword belted to side,
To win thee and wear thee
With glory and pride.
So sternly Jarl Egill wooed, and smote his long brand.

Thy father, thy brethren,
Thy kin, keep from me
The maiden I've sworn shall
Be Queen of the sea!
A truce with that folly,—
Yon sea-strand can show
If this eye missed its aim,
Or this arm failed its blow:
I had not well taken
Three strides on this land,
Ere a Jarl and his six sons
In death bit the sand.

Nay, weep not, pale maid, though
In battle should fall
The kemps who would keep thy
Bridegroom from the hall.
So carped Jarl Egill, and kissed the bright weeper.

Through shadows and horrors,
In worlds underground,
Through sounds that appall
And through sights that confound,
I sought the Weird women
Within their dark cell,
And made them surrender
Futurity's spell;
I made them rune over
The dim scroll so free,
And mutter how fate sped
With lovers like me;
Yes, maiden, I forced them
To read forth my doom,
To say how I should fare
As jolly bridegroom.
So Jarl Egill's love dared the world of grim shadows.

They waxed and they waned,
They passed to and fro,
While lurid fires gleamed o'er
Their faces of snow;
Their stony eyes, moveless,
Did glare on me long,
Then sullen they chanted:
"The Sword and the Song
Prevail with the gentle,
Sore chasten the rude,
And sway to their purpose
Each evil-shaped mood!"
Fair daughter of Einar,
I've sung the dark lay

That the Weird sisters runed, and
Which thou must obey.
So fondly Jarl Egill loved Einar's proud daughter

The curl of that proud lip,
The flash of that eye,
The swell of that bosom,
So full and so high,
Like foam of sea-billow,
Thy white bosom shows,
Like flash of red levin
Thine eagle eye glows:
Ha! firmly and boldly,
So stately and free,
Thy foot treads this chamber,
As bark rides the sea:
This likes me,—this likes me,
Stout maiden of mould,
Thou wooest to purpose;
Bold hearts love the bold. [maiden.
So shouted Jarl Egill, and clutched the proud

Away and away then,
I have thy small hand;
Joy with me,—our tall bark
Now bears toward the strand;
I call it the Raven,
The wing of black night,
That shadows forth ruin
O'er islands of light:
Once more on its long deck,
Behind us the gale,
Thou shalt see how before it
Great kingdoms do quail:
Thou shalt see then how truly,
My noble-souled maid,
The ransom of kings can
Be won by this blade.
So bravely Jarl Egill did soothe the pale trembler.

Ay, gaze on its large hilt,
One wedge of red gold;
But dote on its blade, gilt
With blood of the bold.
The hilt is right seemly,
But nobler the blade,
That swart Velint's hammer
With cunning spells made;
I call it the Adder,
Death lurks in its bite,
Through bone and proof-harness
It scatters pale light.
Fair daughter of Einar,
Deem high of the fate
That makes thee, like this blade,
Proud Egill's loved mate!

So Jarl Egill bore off Torf Einar's bright daughter.

THE SWORD CHANT OF THORSTEIN RAUDI.

'Tis not the gray hawk's flight
O'er mountain and mere;
'Tis not the fleet hound's course
Tracking the deer;
'Tis not the light hoof-print
Of black steed or gray,
Though sweltering it gallop
A long summer's day;
Which mete forth the Lordships
I challenge as mine;
Ha! ha! 'tis the good brand
I clutch in my strong hand,
That can their broad marches
And numbers define.
Land Giver! I kiss thee.

Dull builders of houses,
Base tillers of earth,
Gaping, ask me what lordships
I owned at my birth;
But the pale fools wax mute
When I point with my sword
East, west, north, and south,
Shouting, "There am I Lord!"
Wold and waste, town and tower,
Hill, valley, and stream,
Trembling, bow to my sway
In the fierce battle-fray,
When the star that rules Fate is
This falchion's red gleam.
MIGHTY GIVER! I kiss thee.

I've heard great harps sounding,
In brave bower and hall,
I've drank the sweet music
That bright lips let fall,
I've hunted in greenwood,
And heard small birds sing;
But away with this idle
And cold jargoning;
The music I love is
The shout of the brave,
The yell of the dying,
The scream of the flying,
When this arm wields death's sickle,
And garner's the grave.
JOY GIVER! I kiss thee.

Far isles of the ocean
Thy lightning have known,
And wide o'er the mainland
Thy horrors have shone.
Great sword of my father,
Stern joy of his hand,
Thou hast carved his name deep on

The stranger's red strand,
And won him the glory
Of undying song.
Keen cleaver of gay crests,
Sharp piercer of broad breasts,
Grim slayer of heroes,
And scourge of the strong.
FAME GIVER! I kiss thee.

In a love more abiding
Than that the heart knows
For maiden more lovely
Than summer's first rose,
My heart's knit to thine,
And lives but for thee;
In dreamings of gladness,
Thou'rt dancing with me
Brave measures of madness
In some battle-field,
Where armor is ringing,
And noble blood springing,
And cloven, yawn helmet,
Stout hauberk, and shield.
DEATH GIVER! I kiss thee.

The smile of a maiden's eye
Soon may depart;
And light is the faith of
Fair woman's heart;
Changeful as light clouds,
And wayward as wind,
Be the passions that govern
Weak woman's mind.
But thy metal's as true
As its polish is bright;
When ills wax in number,
Thy love will not slumber,
But, starlike, burns fiercer,
The darker the night.
HEART GLADDENER! I kiss thee.

My kindred have perished
By war or by wave,—
Now, childless and sireless,
I long for the grave.
When the path of our glory
Is shadowed in death,
With me thou wilt slumber
Below the brown heath;
Thou wilt rest on my bosom,
And with it decay,—
While harps shall be ringing,
And Scalds shall be singing
The deeds we have done in
Our old fearless day.
Song Giver! I kiss thee.

JEANIE MORRISON.

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
Through mony a weary way;
But never, never can forget
The luve o' life's young day!
The fire that's blawn on Beltane e'en
May weel be black gin Yule;
But blacker fa' awaits the heart
Where first fond luve grows cule.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
The thochts o' bygane years
Still fling their shadows ower my path,
And blind my een wi' tears:
They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,
And sair and sick I pine,
As memory idly summons up
The blithe blinks o' langsyne.

'Twas then we luvit ilk ither weel,
'Twas then we twa did part;

Sweet time,—sad time! twa bairns at scule
Twa bairns, and but ae heart!
'Twas then we sat on ae laigh bink,
To leir ilk ither lear;
And tones and looks and smiles were shed,
Remembered evermair.

I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet.
When sitting on that bink,
Cheek touchin' cheek, loof locked in loof,
What our wee heads could think.
When baith bent doun ower ae braid page,
Wi' ae buik on our knee,
Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
My lesson was in thee.

O, mind ye how we hung our heads,
How cheeks brent red wi' shame,
Whene'er the scule-weans laughin' said,
We cleeked thegither hame?
And mind ye o' the Saturdays,
(The scule then skail't at noon,)
When we ran off to speel the braes,—
The broomy braes o' June?

My head rins round and round about,
My heart flows like a sea,
As ane by ane the thochts rush back
O' scule-time and o' thee.
O mornin' life! O mornin' luve!
O lichtsome days and lang,
When hinnied hopes around our hearts
Like simmer blossoms sprang!

O, mind ye, luve, how aft we left
The deavin' dinsome toun,
To wander by the green burnside,
And hear its waters croon?
The simmer leaves hung ower our heads,

The flowers burst round our feet,
And in the gloamin o' the wood
The throssil whusslit sweet;

The throssil whusslit in the wood,
The burn sang to the trees,
And we with Nature's heart in tune,
Concerted harmonies;
And on the knowe abune the burn,
For hours thegither sat
In the silentness o' joy, till baith
Wi' very gladness grat.

Ay, ay, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Tears trinkled doun your cheek
Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane
Had ony power to speak!
That was a time, a blessed time,
When hearts were fresh and young,
When freely gushed all feelings forth,
Unsyllabled,—unsung!

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,
Gin I hae been to thee
As closely twined wi' earliest thochts,
As ye hae been to me?
O, tell me gin their music fills
Thine ear as it does mine!
O, say gin e'er your heart grows grit
Wi' dreamings o' langsyne?

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
I've borne a weary lot;
But in my wanderings, far or near,
Ye never were forgot.
The fount that first burst frae this heart
Still travels on its way;
And channels deeper, as it rins,
The luve o' life's young day.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Since we were sindered young,
I've never seen your face, nor heard
The music o' your tongue;
But I could hug all wretchedness,
And happy could I die,
Did I but ken your heart still dreamed
O' bygane days and me!

MY HEID IS LIKE TO REND, WILLIE.

My heid is like to rend, Willie,
My heart is like to break,—
I'm wearin' aff my feet, Willie,
I'm dyin' for your sake!
O, lay your cheek to mine, Willie,
Your hand on my briest-bane,—
O, say ye'll think on me, Willie,
When I am deid and gane!

It's vain to comfort me, Willie,
Sair grief maun ha'e its will,—
But let me rest upon your briest,
To sab and greet my fill.
Let me sit on your knee, Willie,
Let me shed by your hair,
And look into the face, Willie,
I never sall see mair!

I'm sittin' on your knee, Willie,
For the last time in my life,—
A puir heart-broken thing, Willie,
A mither, yet nae wife.
Ay, press your hand upon my heart,
And press it mair and mair,—

Or it will burst the silken twine,
Sae strang is its despair.

O, wae's me for the hour, Willie,
When we thegither met,—
O, wae's me for the time, Willie,
That our first tryst was set!
O, wae's me for the loanin' green
Where we were wont to gae,—
And wae's me for the destinie
That gart me luve thee sae!

O, dinna mind my words, Willie,
I downa seek to blame,—
But O, it's hard to live, Willie,
And dree a warld's shame!
Het tears are hailin' ower your cheek,
And hailin' ower your chin;
Why weep ye sae for worthlessness,
For sorrow, and for sin?

I'm weary 'o this warld, Willie,
And sick wi' a' I see,—
I canna live as I ha'e lived,
Or be as I should be.
But fauld unto your heart, Willie,
The heart that still is thine,—
And kiss ance mair the white, white cheek,
Ye said was red langsyne.

A stoun' gaes through my heid, Willie,
A sair stoun' through my heart,—
O, haud me up and let me kiss
Thy brow ere we twa pairt.
Anither, and anither yet!—
How fast my life-strings break!—
Fareweel! fareweel! through yon kirk-yard
Step lichtly for my sake!

The lav'rock in the lift, Willie,
That lilts far ower our heid,
Will sing the morn as merrilie
Abune the clay-cauld deid;
And this green turf we're sittin' on,
Wi dew-draps shimmerin' sheen,
Will hap the heart that luvit thee
As warld has seldom seen.

But O, remember me, Willie,
On land where'er ye be,—
And O, think on the leal, leal heart,
That ne'er luvit ane but thee!
And O, think on the cauld, cauld mools,
That file my yellow hair,—
That kiss the cheek, and kiss the chin,
Ye never sall kiss mair!

THE MADMAN'S LOVE.

Ho! Flesh and Blood! sweet Flesh and Blood
As ever strode on earth!
Welcome to Water and to Wood,—
To all a Madman's mirth.
This tree is mine, this leafless tree
That's writhen o'er the linn;
The stream is mine, that fitfully
Pours forth its sullen din.
Their lord am I; and still my dream
Is of this Tree,—is of that Stream.

The Tree, the Stream,—a deadly Twain!
They will not live apart;
The one rolls thundering through my brain,
The other smites my heart:

Ay, this same leafless, fire-scathed tree,
That groweth by the rock,
Shakes its old, sapless arms at me,
And would my madness mock!
The slaves are saucy,—well they know
Good service did they long ago.

I've lived two lives: The first is past
Some hundred years or more;
But still the present is o'ercast
With visionings of yore.
This tree, this rock, that's cushioned sweet
With tufts of savory thyme,
That unseen river, which doth greet
Our ears with its rude rhyme,
Were then as now,—they form the chain
That links the present with past pain.

Sweet Flesh and Blood! how deadly chill
These milk-white fingers be!
The feathery ribs of ice-bound rill
Seem not so cold to me;—
But press them on this burning brow
Which glows like molten brass,
'Twill thaw them soon; then thou shalt know
How ancient visions pass
Before mine eyes, like shapes of life,
Kindling old loves and deadly strife.

Drink to me first!—nay, do not scorn
These sparkling dews of night;
I pledge thee in the silver horn
Of yonder moonlet bright;
'Tis stinted measure now, but soon
Thy cup shall overflow;
It half was spilled two hours agone,
That little flowers might grow,
And weave for me fine robes of silk;
For which good deed, stars drop them milk.

Nay, take the horn into thy hand,
The goodly silver horn,
And quaff it off. At my command
Each flower-cup, ere the morn,
Shall brimful be of glittering dews,
And then we'll have large store
Of heaven's own vintage ripe for use,
To pledge our healths thrice o'er;
So skink the can as maiden free,
Then troll the merry bowl to me!

Hush!—drink no more! for now the trees,
In yonder grand old wood,
Burst forth in sinless melodies,
To cheer my solitude;
Trees sing thus every night to me,
So mournfully and slow,—
They think, dear hearts, 'twere well for me,
Could large tears once forth flow
From this hard frozen eye of mine,
As freely as they stream from thine.

Ay, ay, they sing right passing well,
And pleasantly in tune,
To midnight winds a canticle
That floats up to the moon;
And she goes wandering near and far
Through yonder vaulted skies,
No nook whereof but hath a star
Shed for me from her eyes;—
She knows I cannot weep, but she
Weeps worlds of light for love of me!

Yes, in her bower of clouds she weeps
Night after night for me,—
The lonely man that sadly keeps
Watch by the blasted tree.
She spreads o'er these lean ribs her beams,
To scare the cutting cold;

She lends me light to read my dreams,
And rightly to unfold
The mysteries that make men mad,
Or wise, or wild, or good, or bad.

So lovingly she shines through me,
Without me and within,
That even thou, methinks, might'st see,
Beneath this flesh so thin,
A heart that like a ball of fire
Is ever blazing there,
Yet dieth not; for still the lyre
Of heaven soothes its despair,—
The lyre that sounds so sadly sweet,
When winds and woods and waters meet.

Hush! hush! so sang yon ghastly wood,
So moaned the sullen stream,
One night, as TWO on this rock stood
Beneath this same moonbeam:—
Nay, start not!—one was Flesh and Blood,
A dainty, straight-limbed dame,
That clung to me, and sobbed,—O God!
Struggling with maiden shame,
She faltered forth her love, and swore,—
"ON LAND OR SEA, THINE EVERMORE!"

By Wood, by Water, and by Wind,
Yea, by the blessed light
Of the brave moon, that maiden kind
Eternal faith did plight;
Yea, by the rock on which we stood,—
This altar-stone of yore,—
That loved one said, "On land or flood,
Thine, thine for evermore!"
The earth reeled round, I gasped for breath,
I loved, and was beloved till death!

I felt upon my brow a kiss,
Upon my cheek a tear;

I felt that now life's sum of bliss
  Was more than heart could bear.
Life's sum of bliss? say rather pain,
  For heart to find its mate,
To love, and be beloved again,
  Even when the hand of Fate
Motions farewell!—and one must be
A wanderer on the faithless sea.

Ay, Land or Sea! for, mark me now,
  Next morrow o'er the foam,
Sword girt to side, and helm on brow,
  I left a sorrowing home;
Yet still I lived as very part
  Even of this sainted rock,
Where first that loved one's tristful heart
  Its secret treasure broke
In my love-thirsting ear alone,
Here, here, on this huge altar-stone.

Hear'st thou the busy sounds that come
  From yonder glittering shore:
The madness of the doubling drum,
  The naker's sullen roar,—
The wild and shrilly strains that swell
  From each bright, brassy horn,—
The fluttering of each penoncel
  By knightly lance upborne,—
The clear ring of each tempered shield,
And proud steeds neighing far afield?

Sweet Flesh and Blood! my tale's not told,
  'Tis scantly well begun:—
Our vows were passed, in heaven enrolled,
  And then next morrow's sun
Saw banners waving in the wind,
  And tall barks on the sea:
Glory before, and Love behind,
  Marshalled proud chivalrie,

As every valor-freighted ship
Its gilt prow in the wave did dip.

And then passed o'er a merry time,—
A roistering, gamesome life,
Till cheeks were tanned with many a clime,
Brows scarred in many a strife.
But what of that? Year after year,
In every battle's shock,
Or 'mid the storms of ocean drear,
My heart clung to this rock;
Was with its very being blent,
Sucking from it brave nourishment.

All life, all feeling, every thought,
Was centred in this spot;
The unforgetting being wrought
Upon the Unforgot.
Time fleeted on; but time ne'er dimmed
The picturings of the heart,—
Freshly as when they first were limned,
Truth's fadeless tints would start;
Yes! wheresoe'er Life's bark might steer,
This changeless heart was anchored here.

Ha! laugh, sweet Flesh and Blood, outright,
Nor smother honest glee,
Your time is now; but ere this night
Hath travelled over me,
My time shall come; and then, ay, then
The wanton stars shall reel
Like drunkards all, when we madmen
Upraise our laughter peal.
I see the cause: the TWAIN,—the ONE,—
The SHAPE that gibbered in the sun!

You pinch my wrist, you press my knee,
With fingers long and small;
Light fetters these,—not so on me
Did heathen shackles fall,

When I was captived in the fight
On Candy's fatal shore;
And paynims won a battered knight,
A living well of gore;—
How the knaves smote me to the ground,
And hewed me like a tree all round!

They hammered irons on my hand,
And irons on my knee;
They bound me fast, with many a band,
To pillar and to tree;
They flung me in a loathsome pit,
Where loathly things were rife,—
Where newt and toad and rat would sit,
Debating for my life,
On my breast-bone; while one and all
Hissed, fought, and voided on their thrall.

Yet lived I on, and, madman-like,
With unchanged heart I lay;
No venom to its core could strike,
For it was far away:—
'Twas even here beside this Tree,
Its Trysting-place of yore,
Where that fond maiden swore to me,
"Thine, thine, for evermore."
Faith in her vow made that pit seem
The palace of Arabian dream.

And so was passed a weary time,
How long I cannot tell,
'Twas years ere in that sunny clime
A sunbeam on me fell.
But from that tomb I rushed in tears,
The fetters fell from me,
They rusted through with damp and years,
And rotted was the tree,
When the Undying crawled from night,—
From loathsomeness, into God's light.

O Lord! there was a flood of sound
Came rushing through my ears,
When I arose from underground,
A wild thing shedding tears:—
The voices of glad birds and brooks,
And eke of greenwood tree,
With all the long-remembered looks
Of earth, and sky, and sea,
Danced madly through my 'wildered brain,
And shook me like a wind-swung chain.

Men marvelled at the ghastly form
That sat before the sun,—
That laughed to scorn the pelting storm,
Nor would the thunders shun;
The bearded Shape, that gibbered sounds
Of uncouth lore and lands,
Struck awe into these heathen hounds,
Who, lifting up their hands,
Blessed the wild prophet, and then brought
Raiment and food unthanked, unsought.

I have a dreaming of the sea,—
A dreaming of the land,—
A dreaming that again to me
Belonged a good knight's brand,—
A dreaming that this brow was pressed
With plumèd helm once more,
That linkèd mail reclad this breast
When I retrod the shore,
The blessed shores of my fatherland,
And knelt in prayer upon its strand.

"Years furrow brows and channel cheeks,
But should not chase old loves away;
The language which true heart first speaks,
That language must it hold for aye."
This poesie a war-worn man
Did mutter to himself one night,

As upwards to this cliff he ran,
That shone in the moonlight;
And by the moonlight curiously
He scanned the bark of this old tree.

"No change is here, all things remain
As they were years ago;
With selfsame voice the old woods playne,
When shrilly winds do blow,—
Still murmuring to itself, the stream
Rolls o'er its rocky bed,—
Still smiling in its quiet dream,
The small flower nods its head;
And I stand here," the War-worn said,
"Like Nature's heart unalterèd."

Now, Flesh and Blood, that sits by me
On this bare ledge of stone,
So sat that Childe of chivalrie,
One summer eve alone.
I saw him, and methought he seemed
Like to the bearded Form
That sat before the sun, and gleamed
Defiance to the storm;
I saw him in his war-weed sit,
And other Two before him flit.

Yes, in the shadow of that tree,
And motionless as stone,
Sat the War-worn, while mirthfully
The other Two passed on;—
By heaven! one was a comely bride,
Her face gleamed in the moon,
As richly as in full-fleshed pride
Bright roses burst in June;
Methought she was the maiden mild,
That whilom loved the wandering Childe!

But it was not her former love
That wandered with her there,—

O, no! long absence well may move
A maiden to despair;
Old loves we cast unto the winds,
Old vows into the sea,
'Tis lightsome for all gentle minds
To be as fancy free.
So the Vow-pledged One loved another,
And wantoned with a younger brother.

I heard a dull, hoarse chuckle sound,
Beside that trysting-tree;
I saw, uprising from the ground,
A ghastly shape like me.
But no!—it was the War-worn wight,
That, pale as whited wall,
Strode forth into the moonshine bright,
And let the hoarse sounds fall.
A voice uprushing from the tomb
Than his were less fulfilled with doom.

"Judgment ne'er sleeps!" the War-worn said,
As, striding into light,
He stood before that shuddering maid,
Between her and that knight.
Judgment ne'er sleeps! 'tis wondrous odd,
One gurgle, one long sigh,
Ended it all! Upon this sod
Lay one with unclosed eye,
And then the boiling linn that night,
Flung on its banks a lady bright.

She tripped towards me as you have tripped,
Pale maiden! and as cold;
She sipped with me, as you have sipped,
Night dews, and then I told
To her, as you, my weary tale
Of double life and pain;
And thawed her fingers chill and pale
Upon my burning brain;—

That daintiest piece of Flesh on earth,
I welcoméd to all my mirth.

And then I pressed her icy hand
Within my burning palm,
And told her tales of that far land
Of sunshine, flowers, and balm;
I told her of the damp, dark hole,
The fetters, and the tree,
And of the slimy things that stole
O'er shuddering flesh so free:
Yea, of the Bearded Ghastliness
That sat in the sun's loveliness.

I welcomed her, I welcome thee,
To sit upon this stone,
And meditate all night with me,
On ages that are gone;
To dream again each marvellous dream
Of passion and of truth,
And reconstruct each shattered beam
That glorified glad youth.
These were the days!—hearts then could feel,
Eyes weep, and slumbers o'er them steal.

But not so now. The second life
That wearied hearts must live,
Is woven with that thread of strife,—
Forget not, nor Forgive!
Fires, scorching fires, run through our veins,
Our corded sinews crack,
And molten lead boils in our brains,
For marrow to the back.
Ha! ha! What's Life? Think of the joke,
The fiercest fire still ends in smoke!

Fill up the cup! fill up the can!
Drink, drink, sweet Flesh and Blood,
The health of the grim, bearded man

That haunteth solitude;—
The wood pours forth its melodies,
And stars whirl fast around;
Yon moon-ship scuds before the breeze,—
Hark, how sky-billows sound!
Drink, Flesh and Blood! then trip with me
One measure round the Madman's Tree!

HALBERT THE GRIM.

There is blood on that brow,
There is blood on that hand;
There is blood on that hauberk,
And blood on that brand.

O, bloody all o'er is
His war-cloak, I weet;
He is wrapped in the cover
Of murder's red sheet!

There is pity in man,—
Is there any in him?
No! ruth were a strange guest
To Halbert the Grim.

The hardest may soften,
The fiercest repent;
But the heart of Grim Halbert
May never relent.

Death-doing on earth is
Forever his cry;
And pillage and plunder
His hope in the sky!

'Tis midnight, deep midnight,
And dark is the heaven;
Sir Halbert, in mockery,
Wends to be shriven.

He kneels not to stone,
And he bends not to wood;
But he swung round his brown blade,
And hewed down the Rood!

He stuck his long sword, with
Its point in the earth;
And he prayed to its cross-hilt,
In mockery and mirth.

Thus lowly he louteth,
And mumbles his beads;
Then lightly he riseth,
And homeward he speeds.

His steed hurries homewards,
Darkling and dim;
Right fearful it prances
With Halbert the Grim.

Still fiercer it tramples,
The spur gores its side;
Now downward and downward
Grim Halbert doth ride.

The brown wood is threaded,
The gray flood is passed,
Yet hoarser and wilder
Moans ever the blast.

No star lends its taper,
No moon sheds her glow;
For dark is the dull path
That Baron must go.

Though starless the sky, and
No moon shines abroad,
Yet, flashing with fire, all
At once gleams the road.

And his black steed, I trow,
As it galloped on,
With a hot sulphur halo
And flame-flash all shone.

From eye and from nostril
Out gushed the pale flame,
And from its chafed mouth the
Churned fire-froth came.

They are two! they are two!—
They are coal-black as night,
That now stanchly follow
That grim Baron's flight.

In each lull of the wild blast
Out breaks their deep yell;
'Tis the slot of the doomed one,
These hounds track so well.

Ho! downward, still downward,
Sheer slopeth his way:
No let hath his progress,
No gate bids him stay.

No noise had his horse-hoof
As onward it sped;
But silent it fell, as
The foot of the dead.

Now redder and redder
Flares far its bright eye,
And harsher these dark hounds
Yell out their fierce cry.

Sheer downward! right downward
Then dashed life and limb,
As careering to hell,
Sunk Halbert the Grim!

TRUE LOVE'S DIRGE.

Some love is light, and fleets away,
Heigho! the Wind and Rain;
Some love is deep, and scorns decay,
Ah, well-a-day! in vain.

Of loyal love I sing this lay,
Heigho! the Wind and Rain;
'Tis of a knight and lady gay,
Ah, well-a-day! bright twain.

He loved her,—heart loved ne'er so well,
Heigho! the Wind and Rain;
She was a cold and proud damsel,
Ah, well-a-day! and vain.

He loved her,—O, he loved her long!
Heigho! the Wind and Rain;
But she for love gave bitter wrong,
Ah, well-a-day! Disdain!

It is not meet for knight like me,
Heigho! the Wind and Rain;
Though scorned, love's recreant to be,
Ah, well-a-day! Refrain.

That brave knight buckled to his brand,
Heigho! the Wind and Rain;
And fast he sought a foreign strand,
Ah, well-a-day! in pain.

He wandered wide by land and sea,
Heigho! the Wind and Rain;
A mirror of bright constancye,
Ah, well-a-day! in vain.

He would not chide, he would not blame,
Heigho! the Wind and Rain;
But at each shrine he breathed her name,
Ah, well-a-day! Amen!

He would not carpe, he would not sing,
Heigho! the Wind and Rain;
But broke his heart with love-longing,
Ah, well-a-day! poor brain.

He scorned to weep, he scorned to sigh,
Heigho! the Wind and Rain;
But like a true knight he could die,—
Ah, well-a-day! life's vain.

The banner which that brave knight bore,
Heigho! the Wind and Rain;
Had scrolled on it "Faith Evermore."
Ah, well-a-day! again.

That banner led the Christian van,
Heigho! the Wind and Rain;
Against Seljuck and Turcoman,
Ah, well-a-day! bright train.

The fight was o'er, the day was done,
Heigho! the Wind and Rain;
But lacking was that loyal one,—
Ah, well-a-day! sad pain.

They found him on the battle-field,
Heigho! the Wind and Rain;
With broken sword and cloven shield,
Ah, well-a-day! in twain.

They found him pillowed on the dead,
Heigho! the Wind and Rain;
The blood-soaked sod his bridal bed,
Ah, well-a-day! the Slain.

On his pale brow, and paler cheek,
Heigho! the Wind and Rain;
The white moonshine did fall so meek,
Ah, well-a-day! sad strain.

They lifted up the True and Brave,
Heigho! the Wind and Rain;
And bore him to his lone, cold grave,
Ah, well-a-day! in pain.

They buried him on that far strand,
Heigho! the Wind and Rain;
His face turned towards his love's own land,
Ah, well-a-day! how vain.

The wearied heart was laid at rest,
Heigho! the Wind and Rain;
To dream of her it likéd best,
Ah, well-a-day! again.

They nothing said, but many a tear,
Heigho! the Wind and Rain;
Rained down on that knight's lowly bier,
Ah, well-a-day! amain.

They nothing said, but many a sigh,
Heigho! the Wind and Rain;
Told how they wished like him to die,
Ah, well-a-day! sans stain.

With solemn mass and orison,
Heigho! the Wind and Rain;
They reared to him a cross of stone,
Ah, well-a-day! in pain.

And on it graved with daggers bright,
Heigho! the Wind and Rain;
Here lies a true and gentle Knight,
Ah, well-a-day! Amen!
Requiescat in pace.

THE DEMON LADY.

AGAIN in my chamber!
Again at my bed!
With thy smile sweet as sunshine,
And hand cold as lead!
I know thee, I know thee!—
Nay, start not, my sweet!
These golden robes shrank up,
And showed me thy feet;
These golden robes shrank up,
And taffety thin,
While out crept the symbols
Of Death and of Sin!

Bright, beautiful devil!
Pass, pass from me now!
For the damp dew of death
Gathers thick on my brow:
And bind up thy girdle,
Nor beauties disclose,
More dazzlingly white
Than the wreath-drifted snows:
And away with thy kisses;
My heart waxes sick,
As thy red lips, like worms,
Travel over my cheek!

Ha! press me no more with
That passionless hand!

'Tis whiter than milk, or
The foam on the strand;
'Tis softer than down, or
The silken-leaved flower;
But colder than ice thrills
Its touch at this hour.
Like the finger of Death
From cerements unrolled,
Thy hand on my heart falls
Dull, clammy, and cold.

Nor bend o'er my pillow,—
Thy raven-black hair
O'ershadows my brow with
A deeper despair;
These ringlets thick falling
Spread fire through my brain,
And my temples are throbbing
With madness again.
The moonlight! the moonlight!
The deep-winding bay!
There are TWO on that strand,
And a ship far away!

In its silence and beauty,
Its passion and power,
Love breathed o'er the land,
Like the soul of a flower.
The billows were chiming
On pale yellow sands;
And moonshine was gleaming
On small, ivory hands.
There were bowers by the brook's brink,
And flowers bursting free;
There were hot lips to suck forth
A lost soul from me!

Now, mountain and meadow,
Frith, forest, and river,

Are mingling with shadows,—
  Are lost to me ever.
The sunlight is fading,
  Small birds seek their nest;
While happy hearts, flower-like,
  Sink sinless to rest.
But I!—'tis no matter;—
  Ay, kiss cheek and chin;
Kiss,—kiss,—thou hast won me,
  Bright, beautiful Sin!

ZARA.

"A SILVERY veil of pure moonlight
Is glancing o'er the quiet water,
And O! 'tis beautiful and bright
As the soft smile of Selim's daughter.

"Sleep, moonlight! sleep upon the wave,
And hush to rest each rising billow,
Then dwell within the mountain cave,
Where this fond breast is Zara's pillow.

"Shine on, thou blessed moon! brighter still,
O, shine thus ever night and morrow!
For daybreak mantling o'er the hill
But wakes my love to fear and sorrow."

'Twas thus the Spanish youth beguiled
The rising fears of Selim's daughter;
And on their loves the pale moon smiled,
Unweeting of the morrow's slaughter.

Alas! too early rose that morn,
On harnessed knight and fierce soldada,—
Alas! too soon the Moorish horn
And tambour rang in Old Grenada.

The dew yet bathes the dreaming flower,
The mist yet lingers in the valley,
When Selim and his Zegris' power
From port and postern sternly sally.

Marry! it was a gallant sight
To see the plain with armor glancing,
As on to Alpuxara's height
Proud Selim's chivalry were prancing.

The knights dismount; on foot they climb
The rugged steeps of Alpuxara;
In fateful and unhappy time
Proud Selim found his long-lost Zara.

They sleep,—in sleep they smile and dream
Of happy days they ne'er shall number;
Their lips breathe sounds,—their spirits seem
To hold communion while they slumber.

A moment gazed the stern old Moor,
A scant tear in his eye did gather,
For as he gazed, she muttered o'er
A blessing on her cruel father.

The hand that grasped the crooked blade
Relaxed its gripe, then clutched it stronger
The tear that that dark eye hath shed
On the swart cheek is seen no longer.

'Tis past!—the bloody deed is done,
A father's hand hath sealed the slaughter!
Yet in Grenada many a one
Bewails the fate of Selim's daughter.

And many a Moorish damsel hath
Made pilgrimage to Alpuxara;
And breathed her vows where Selim's wrath
O'ertook the Spanish youth and Zara.

OUGLOU'S ONSLAUGHT.

A TURKISH BATTLE-SONG.

Tchassan Ouglou is on!
Tchassan Ouglou is on!
And with him to battle
The Faithful are gone.
Allah, il allah!
The tambour is rung;
Into his war-saddle
Each Spahi hath swung:—
Now the blast of the desert
Sweeps over the land,
And the pale fires of heaven
Gleam in each Damask brand
Allah, il allah!

Tchassan Ouglou is on!
Tchassan Ouglou is on!
Abroad on the winds, all
His Horse-tails are thrown.
'Tis the rush of the eagle
Down cleaving through air,—
'Tis the bound of the lion
When roused from his lair.
Ha! fiercer and wilder
And madder by far,
On thunders the might
Of the Moslemite war.
Allah, il allah!

Forth lash their wild horses,
With loose-flowing rein;
The steel grides their flank,
Their hoof scarce dints the plain.
Like the mad stars of heaven,

Now the Delis rush out;
O'er the thunder of cannon
Swells proudly their shout,—
And sheeted with foam,
Like the surge of the sea,
Over wreck, death, and woe rolls
Each fierce Osmanli.
Allah, il allah!

Fast forward, still forward,
Man follows on man,
While the Horse-tails are dashing
Afar in the van;—
See where yon pale crescent
And green turban shine,
There smite for the Prophet,
And Othman's great line!
Allah, il allah!
The fierce war-cry is given,—
For the flesh of the Giaour
Shriek the vultures of heaven.
Allah, il allah!

Allah, il allah!
How thick on the plain
The infidels cluster,
Like ripe, heavy grain!
The reaper is coming,
The crooked sickle's bare,
And the shout of the Faithful
Is rending the air.
Bismillah! Bismillah!
Each far-flashing brand
Hath piled its red harvest
Of death on the land!
Allah, il allah!

Mark, mark yon green turban
That heaves through the fight,

Like a tempest-tost bark
'Mid the thunders of night;
See, parting before it,
On right and on left,
How the dark billows tumble,—
Each saucy crest cleft!
Ay, horseman and footman
Reel back in dismay,
When the sword of stern Ouglou
Is lifted to slay.
Allah, il allah!

Allah, il allah!
Tchassan Ouglou is on!
O'er the Infidel breast
Hath his fiery barb gone:
The bullets rain on him,
They fall thick as hail;
The lances crash round him
Like reeds in the gale,—
But onward, still onward,
For God and his law,
Through the dark strife of Death
Bursts the gallant Pacha.
Allah, il allah!

In the wake of his might,
In the path of the wind,
Pour the sons of the Faithful,
Careering behind;
And bending to battle
O'er each high saddlebow,
With the sword of Azrael,
They sweep down the foe.
Allah, il allah!
'Tis Ouglou that cries,—
In the breath of his nostril
The Infidel dies!
Allah, il allah!

ELFINLAND WUD.

AN IMITATION OF THE ANCIENT SCOTTISH ROMANTIC BALLAD.

Erl William has muntit his gude grai stede,
(Merrie lemis munelicht on the sea.)
And graithit him in ane cumli weid.
(Swa bonnilie blumis the hawthorn-tree.)

Erl William rade, Erl William ran,
(Fast they ryde quha luve trewlie.)
Quhyll the Elfinland wud that gude Erl wan—
(Blink ower the burn, sweit may, to mee.)

Elfinland wud is dern and dreir,
(Merrie is the grai gowkis sang.)
Bot ilk ane leafis quhyt as silver cleir.
(Licht makis schoirt the road swa lang.)

It is undirneth ane braid aik tree.
(Hey and a lo, as the leavis grow grein,)
Thair is kythit ane bricht ladie,
(Manie flouris blume quhilk ar nocht seen.)

Around hir slepis the quhyte muneschyne,
(Meik is mayden undir kell.)
Hir lips bin lyke the blude reid wyne;
(The rois of flouris hes sweitest smell.)

It was al bricht quhare that ladie stude,
(Far my luve, fure ower the sea.)
Bot dern is the lave of Elfinland wud,
(The knicht pruvit false that ance luvit me.)

The ladie's handis were quhyte als milk,
(Ringis my luve wore mair nor ane.)
Hir skin was safter nor the silk;
(Lilly bricht schinis my luvis halse bane.)

Save you, save you, fayr ladie.
(Gentil hert schawis gentil deed.)
Standand alane undir this auld tree;
(Deir till knicht is nobil steid.)

Burdalane, if ye dwell here,
(My hert is layed upon this land.)
I wud like to live your fere;
(The schippis cum sailin to the strand.)

Nevir ane word that ladie sayd;
(Schortest rede hes least to mend.)
Bot on hir harp she evir played;
(Thare nevir was mirth that had nocht end.)

Gang ye eist or fare ye wast,
(Ilka stern blinkis blythe for thee,)
Or tak ye the road that ye like best,
(Al trew feeris ryde in cumpanie.)

Erl William loutit doun full lowe;
(Luvis first seid bin courtesie.)
And swung hir owir his saddil bow,
(Ryde quha listis, ye'll link with mee.)

Scho flang her harp on that auld tree,
(The wynd pruvis aye ane harpir gude.)
And it gave out its music free;
(Birdis sing blythe in gay green wud.)

The harp playde on its leeful lane,
(Land is my luvis yellow hair.)
Quhill it has charmit stock and stane,
(Furth by firth, deir lady fare.)

Quhan scho was muntit him behynd,
(Blyth be hertis quhilkis luve ilk uther.)
Awa thai flew lyke flaucht of wind;
(Kin kens kin, and bairnis thair mither.)

Nevir ane word that ladie spak;
(Mim be maydens men besyde.)
Bot that stout steid did nicher and schaik;
(Smal things humbil hertis of pryde.)

About his breist scho plet her handis;
(Luvand be maydins quhan thai lyke.)
Bot thay were cauld as yron bandis.
(The winter bauld bindis sheuch and syke.)

Your handis ar cauld, fayr ladie, sayd hee,
(The caulder hand the trewer hairt.)
I trembil als the lief on the tree;
(Licht caussis muve ald friendis to pairt.)

Lap your mantil owir your heid,
(My luve was clad in the reid scarlett,)
And spredd your kirtil owir my stede;
(Thair nevir was joie that had nae lett.)

The ladie scho wald nocht dispute;
(Nocht woman is scho that laikis ane tung.)
But caulder hir fingeris about him cruik.
(Sum sangis ar writt, bot nevir sung.)

This Elfinland wud will neir haif end;
(Hunt quha listis, daylicht for mee,)
I wuld I culd ane strang bow bend,
(Al undirneth the grene wud tree.)

Thai rade up, and they rade doun,
(Wearilie wearis wan nicht away.)
Erl William's heart mair cauld is grown;
(Hey, luve mine, quhan dawis the day?)

Your hand lies cauld on my briest-bane,
(Smal hand hes my ladie fair,)
My horss he can nocht stand his lane,
(For cauldness of this midnicht air.)

Erl William turnit his heid about;
(The braid-mune schinis in lift richt cleir.)
Twa Elfin een are glentin owt,
(My luvis een like twa sternis appere.)

Twa brennand eyne, sua bricht and full,
(Bonnilie blinkis my ladeis ee,)
Flang fire flauchtis fra ane peelit skull;
(Sum sichts ar ugsomlyk to see.)

Twa rawis of quhyt teeth then did say,
(Cauld the boysteous windis sal blaw,)
O, lang and weary is our way,
(And donkir yet the dew maun fa'.)

Far owir mure, and far owir fell,
(Hark the sounding huntsmen thrang;
Thorow dingle, and thorow dell,
(Luve, come, list the merlis sang.)

Thorow fire, and thorow flude,
(Mudy mindis rage lyk a sea;)
Thorow slauchtir, thorow blude,
(A seamless shrowd weird schaipis for me!)

And to rede aricht my spell,
Eerilie sal nicht wyndis moan,
Quhill fleand Hevin and raikand Hell,
Ghaist with ghaist maun wandir on.

MIDNIGHT AND MOONSHINE.

All earth below, all heaven above,
In this calm hour, are filled with Love ;
All sights, all sounds, have throbbing hearts,
In which its blessed fountain starts,
And gushes forth so fresh and free,
Like a soul-thrilling melody.

Look ! look ! the land is sheathed in light,
And mark the winding stream,
How, creeping round yon distant height,
Its rippling waters gleam.
Its waters flash through leaf and flower,—
O, merrily they go !
Like living things, their voices pour
Dim music as they flow.
Sinless and pure they seek the sea,
As souls pant for eternity ;—
Heaven speed their bright course till they sleep
In the broad bosom of the deep.

High in mid-air, on seraph wing,
The paley moon is journeying
In stillest path of stainless blue ;
Keen, curious stars are peering through
Heaven's arch this hour ; they dote on her
With perfect love ; nor can she stir
Within her vaulted halls a pace,
Ere, rushing out with joyous face,
These Godkins of the sky
Smile, as she glides in loveliness ;
While every heart beats high
With passion, and breaks forth to bless
Her loftier divinity.

It is a smile worth worlds to win,—
So full of love, so void of sin,
The smile she sheds on these tall trees,
Stout children of past centuries.
Each little leaf with feathery light
  Is margined marvellously;
Moveless all droop in slumberous quiet;
  How beautiful they be!
And blissful as soft infants lulled
  Upon a mother's knee.

Far down yon dell the melody
  Of a small brook is audible;
The shadow of a thread-like tone,—
It murmurs over root and stone,
  Yet sings of very love its fill;—
And hark! even now, how sweetly shrill
  It trolls its fairy glee,
Skywards unto that pure, bright one!
  O, gentle heart hath she!
For leaning down to earth, with pleasure,
She lists its fond and prattling measure.

It is indeed a silent night
Of peace, of joy, and purest light;—
No angry breeze, in surly tone,
Chides the old forest till it moan;
Or breaks the dreaming of the owl,
  That, warder-like, on yon gray tower,
Feedeth his melancholy soul
  With visions of departed power;
And o'er the ruins Time hath sped,
Nods sadly with his spectral head.

And lo! even like a giant wight
  Slumbering his battle toils away,
The sleep-locked city, gleaming bright
  With many a dazzling ray,
Lies stretched in vastness at my feet;
Voiceless the chamber and the street,

And echoless the hall;—
Had Death uplift his bony hand
And smote all living on the land,
No deeper quiet could fall.
In this religious calm of night,
Behold, with finger tall and bright,
Each tapering spire points to the sky,
In a fond, holy ecstasy;—
Strange monuments they be of mind,—
Of feelings dim and undefined,
Shaping themselves, yet not the less,
In forms of passing loveliness.

O God! this is a holy hour:—
Thy breath is o'er the land;
I feel it in each little flower
Around me where I stand,—
In all the moonshine scattered fair,
Above, below me, everywhere,—
In every dew-bead glistening sheen,
In every leaf and blade of green,—
And in this silence, grand and deep,
Wherein thy blessed creatures sleep.

The trees send forth their shadows long
In gambols o'er the earth,
To chase each other's innocence
In quiet, holy mirth;
O'er the glad meadows fast they throng,
Shapes multiform and tall;
And lo! for them the chaste moonbeam
With broadest light doth fall.
Mad phantoms all, they onward glide,—
On swiftest wind they seem to ride
O'er meadow, mount, and stream:
And now, with soft and silent pace,
They walk as in a dream,
While each bright earth-flower hides its face
Of blushes, in their dim embrace.

Men say, that in this midnight hour
The disembodied have power
To wander as it liketh them,
By wizard oak and fairy stream,—
Through still and solemn places,
And by old walls and tombs to dream,
With pale, cold, mournful faces.
I fear them not; for they must be
Spirits of kindest sympathy,
Who choose such haunts, and joy to feel
The beauties of this calm night steal
Like music o'er them, while they wooed
The luxury of Solitude.

Welcome, ye gentle spirits! then,
Who love and feel for earth-chained men,—
Who, in this hour, delight to dwell
By moss-clad oak and dripping cell,—
Who joy to haunt each age-dimmed spot,
Which ruder natures have forgot;
And, in majestic solitude,
Feel every pulse-stroke thrill of good
To all around, below, above;—
Ye are the co-mates whom I love!
While, lingering in this moonshine glade,
I dream of hopes that cannot fade;
And pour abroad those fantasies
That spring from holiest sympathies
With Nature's moods in this glad hour
Of silence, moonshine, beauty, power,
When the busy stir of man is gone,
And the soul is left with its God alone!

THE WATER! THE WATER!

The Water! the Water!
The joyous brook for me,
That tuneth through the quiet night
Its ever-living glee.
The Water! the Water!
That sleepless, merry heart,
Which gurgles on unstintedly,
And loveth to impart
To all around it some small measure
Of its own most perfect pleasure.

The Water! the Water!
The gentle stream for me,
That gushes from the old gray stone,
Beside the alder-tree.
The Water! the Water!
That ever-bubbling spring
I loved and looked on while a child,
In deepest wondering,—
And asked it whence it came and went,
And when its treasures would be spent.

The Water! the Water!
The merry, wanton brook,
That bent itself to pleasure me,
Like mine old shepherd crook.
The Water! the Water!
That sang so sweet at noon,
And sweeter still all night, to win
Smiles from the pale, proud moon,
And from the little fairy faces
That gleam in heaven's remotest places.

The Water! the Water!
The dear and blessed thing,

That all day fed the little flowers
On its banks blossoming.
The Water! the Water!
That murmured in my ear
Hymns of a saint-like purity,
That angels well might hear;
And whisper in the gates of heaven,
How meek a pilgrim had been shriven.

The Water! the Water!
Where I have shed salt tears,
In loneliness and friendliness,
A thing of tender years.
The Water! the Water!
Where I have happy been,
And showered upon its bosom flowers
Culled from each meadow green,
And idly hoped my life would be
So crowned by love's idolatry.

The Water! the Water!
My heart yet burns to think
How cool thy fountain sparkled forth,
For parchéd lip to drink.
The Water! the Water!
Of mine own native glen;
The gladsome tongue I oft have heard,
But ne'er shall hear again;
Though fancy fills my ear for aye
With sounds that live so far away!

The Water! the Water!
The mild and glassy wave,
Upon whose broomy banks I've longed
To find my silent grave.
The Water! the Water!
O, blest to me thou art!
Thus sounding in life's solitude,
The music of my heart,

And filling it, despite of sadness,
With dreamings of departed gladness.

The Water! the Water!
The mournful, pensive tone,
That whispered to my heart how soon
This weary life was done.
The Water! the Water!
That rolled so bright and free,
And bade me mark how beautiful
Was its soul's purity;
And how it glanced to heaven its wave,
As, wandering on, it sought its grave.

THREE FANCIFUL SUPPOSES.

Were I a breath of viewless wind,
As very spirits be,
Where would I joy at length to find
I was no longer free?
O, Margaret's cheek,
Whose blushes speak
Love's purest sympathies,
Would be the site,
Where, gleaming bright,
My prison-dome should rise;
I'd live upon that rosy shore,
And fan it with soft sighs,
Nor other paradise explore
Beneath the skies.

Were I a pranksome Elfin knight,
Or eke the Faerye king,
Who, when the moonshine glimmers bright,
Loves to be wandering;

Where would I ride,
In all the pride
Of Elfin chivalry,
With each sweet sound
Far floating round,
Of Faerye minstrelsy?—
'Tis o'er her neck of drifted snow,
Her passion-breathing lip,
Her dainty chin and noble brow,
That I would trip.

Were I a glossy-plumaged bird,
A small glad voice of song,
Where would my love-lays aye be heard,—
Where would I nestle long?—
In Margaret's ear,
When none were near,
I'd strain my little throat,
To sing fond lays
In Margaret's praise,
That could not be forgot;
Then on her bosom would I fall,
And from it never part,—
Dizzy with joy, and proud to call
My home her heart!

A CAVEAT TO THE WIND.

Sing high, sing low, thou moody wind,
It skills not,—for thy glee
Is ever of a fellow-kind
With mine own fantasy.
Go, sadly moan or madly blow
In fetterless free-will,
Wild spirit of the clouds! but know
I ride thy comrade still;

Loving thy humors, I can be
Sad, wayward, wild, or mad, like thee.

Go, and with light and noiseless wing
Fan yonder murmuring stream,—
Brood o'er it, as the sainted thing,
The spirit of its dream,—
Give to its voice a sweeter tone
Of calm and heartfelt gladness;
Or, to those old trees, woe-begone,
Add moan of deeper sadness,—
It likes me still; for I can be
All sympathy of heart, like thee.

Rush forth, in maddest wrath, to rouse
The billows of the deep;
And, in the blustering storm, carouse
With fiends that never weep.
Go, tear each fluttering rag away,
Outshriek the mariner,
And hoarsely knell the mermaid's lay
Of death and shipwreck drear;—
What reck I, since I still dare be
Harsh, fierce, and pitiless, like thee?

I love thy storm-shout on the land,
Thy storm-shout on the sea;
Though shapes of death rise on each hand,
Dismay troops not with me.
With iron cheek, that never showed
The channel of a tear,
With haughty heart, that never bowed
Beneath a dastard fear,
I rush with thee o'er land and sea,
Rejoicing in thy thundering glee.

Lovest thou those cloisters, old and dim,
Where ghosts at midnight stray,
To pour abroad unearthly hymn,

And fright the stars away?
Add to their sighs thy hollow tone
Of saddest melancholy,—
For I, too, love such places lone,
And court such guests unjolly;
Such haunts, such mates, in sooth, to me
Be welcome as they are to thee.

Blow as thou wilt, blow anywhere,
Wild spirit of the sky,
It matters not,—earth, ocean, air,
Still echoes to my cry,
"I follow thee;" for where thou art
My spirit, too, must be,
While each cord of this wayward heart
Thrills to thy minstrelsy;
And he that feels so sure must be
Meet co-mate for a shrew like thee!

WHAT IS GLORY? WHAT IS FAME?

What is Glory? What is Fame?
The echo of a long-lost name;
A breath, an idle hour's brief talk;
The shadow of an arrant naught;
A flower that blossoms for a day,
Dying next morrow;
A stream that hurries on its way,
Singing of sorrow;
The last drop of a bootless shower,
Shed on a sere and leafless bower;
A rose, stuck in a dead man's breast,—
This is the World's fame at the best!

What is Fame? and what is Glory?
A dream,—a jester's lying story,

To tickle fools withal, or be
A theme for second infancy;
A joke scrawled on an epitaph;
A grin at Death's own ghastly laugh;
A visioning that tempts the eye,
But mocks the touch,—nonentity;
A rainbow, substanceless as bright,
Flitting forever
O'er hill-top to more distant height,
Nearing us never;
A bubble blown by fond conceit,
In very sooth itself to cheat;
The witch-fire of a frenzied brain;
A fortune that to lose were gain;
A word of praise, perchance of blame;
The wreck of a time-bandied name,—
Ay, this is Glory!—this is Fame!

THE SOLEMN SONG OF A RIGHTEOUS HEARTE.

AFTER THE FASHION OF AN EARLY ENGLISH POETS.

THERE is a mighty Noyse of Bells
Rushing from the turret free;
A solemne tale of Truthe it tells,
O'er Land and Sea,
How heartes be breaking fast, and then
Wax whole againe.

Poor fluttering Soule! why tremble soe,
To quitt Lyfe's fast decaying Tree;
Time wormes its core, and it must bowe
To Fate's decree;
Its last branch breakes, but Thou must soare,
For Evermore.

Noe more thy wing shal touch grosse Earth;
Far under shal its shadows flee,
And al its sounds of Woe or Mirth
Growe strange to thee.
Thou wilt not mingle in its noyse,
Nor court its Joies.

Fond One! why cling thus unto Life,
As if its gaudes were meet for thee;
Surely its Follie, Bloodshed, Stryfe,
Liked never thee?
This World growes madder each newe daie,
Vice beares such sway.

Couldst thou in Slavish artes excel,
And crawle upon the supple knee,—
Couldst thou each Woe-worn wretch repel,—
This Worldes for Thee.
Not in this Spheare Man ownes a Brother:
Then seek another.

Couldst thou bewraie thy Birthright soe
As flatter Guilt's prosperitye,
And laude Oppressiounes iron blowe,—
This Worldes for Thee.
Sithence to this thou wilt not bend,
Life's at an end.

Couldst thou spurn Vertue meanly clad,
As if 'twere spotted Infamy,
And prayse as Good what is most Bad,—
This Worldes for Thee.
Sithence thou canst not will it soe,
Poor Flutterer goe!

If Head with Hearte could so accord,
In bond of perfyte Amitie,
That Falshood raigned in Thoughte, Deed,
Word,—

This Worldes for Thee.
But scorning guile, Truth-plighted one!
Thy race is run.

Couldst thou laughe loude, when grieved hearts weep,
And Fiendlyke probe theire Agonye,
Rich harvest here thou soon wouldst reape,—
This Worldes for Thee;
But with the Weeper thou must weepe,
And sad watch keep.

Couldst thou smyle swete when Wrong hath wrung
The withers of the Poore but Prowde,
And by the rootes pluck out the tongue
That dare be lowde
In Righteous cause, whate'er may be,—
This Worldes for Thee.

This canst thou not! Then, fluttering thing,
Unstainéd in thy puritye,
Sweep towards heaven with tireless wing,—
Meet Home for Thee.
Feare not, the crashing of Lyfe's Tree,—
God's Love guides Thee.

And thus it is:—these solemn bells,
Swinging in the turret free,
And tolling forth theire sad farewells,
O'er Land and Sea,
Telle how Hearts breake, full fast, and then
Growe whole againe.

MELANCHOLYE.

Adieu! al vaine delightes
Of calm and moonshine nightes:
Adieu! al pleasant shade
That forests thicke have made;
Adieu! al musick swete
That little fountaynes poure,
When blythe theire waters greete
The lovesick lyly-flowre.

Adieu! the fragrant smel
Of flowres in boskye dell;
And all the merrie notes
That tril from smal birdes' throates;
Adieu! the gladsome lighte
Of Day, Morne, Noone, or E'en;
And welcome gloomy Nighte,
When not one star is seene.

Adieu! the deafening noyse
Of cities, and the joyes
Of Fashioun's sicklie birth;
Adieu! al boysterous mirthe,
Al pageant, pompe, and state,
And every flauntynge thing
To whieh the would-be-great
Of earth in madness cling.

Come with me, Melancholye,
We'll live like eremites holie,
In some deepe uncouthe wild
Where sunbeame never smylde:
Come with me, pale of hue,
To some lone silent spot,
Where blossom never grewe,
Which man hath quyte forgot.

Come, with thy thought-filled eye,
That notes no passer by,
And drouping solemne heade,
Where phansyes strange are bred,
And saddening thoughts doe brood,
Which idly strive to borrow
A smyle to vaile thy moode
Of heart-abyding sorrow.

Come to yon blasted mound
Of phantom-haunted ground,
Where spirits love to be;
And liste the moody glee
Of nighte-windes as they moane,
And the ocean's sad replye
To the wild unhallowed tone
Of the wandering sea-bird's cry.

There sit with me and keep
Vigil when al doe sleepe;
And when the curfeu bell
Hath rung its mournfull knel,
Let us together blend
Our mutual sighes and teares,
Or chaunt some metre penned,
Of the joies of other yeares.

Or in cavern hoare and damp,
Lit by the glow-worm's lampe,
We'll muse on the dull theme
Of Life's heart-sickening dreame,—
Of Time's resistlesse powre,—
Of Hope's deceitful lips,—
Of Beauty's short-livde houre,—
And Glory's dark eclipse!

Or, wouldst thou rather chuse
This World's leaf to peruse,
Beneath some dripping vault

That scornes rude Time's assaulte
Whose close-ribbed arches still
Frown in their green old age,
And stamp an awefull chill
Upon that pregnant page?

Yes, thither let us turne,
To this Time-shattered urne,
And quaintly carved stone,—
Dim wrackes of ages gone;
Here, on this mouldering tomb,
We'll con that noblest truth,
The Flesh and Spirit's doome,—
Dust and Immortall Youthe.

I AM NOT SAD.

I AM not sad, though sadness seem
At times to cloud my brow;
I cherished once a foolish dream,—
Thank Heaven, 'tis not so now!
Truth's sunshine broke,
And I awoke
To feel 'twas right to bow
To Fate's decree, and this my doom,
The darkness of a Nameless Tomb.

I grieve not, though a tear may fill
This glazed and vacant eye;
Old thoughts will rise, do what we will,
But soon again they die;
An idle gush,
And all is hush,
The fount is soon run dry:
And cheerly now I meet my doom,
The darkness of a Nameless Tomb.

I am not mad, although I see
  Things of no better mould
Than I myself am, greedily
  In Fame's bright page enrolled,
    That they may tell
    The story well,
  What shines may not be gold.
No, no! content I court my doom,
The darkness of a Nameless Tomb.

The luck is theirs,—the loss is mine,
  And yet no loss at all;
The mighty ones of eldest time,
  I ask where they did fall?
    Tell me the one
    Who e'er could shun
  Touch with Oblivion's pall?
All bear with me an equal doom,
The darkness of a Nameless Tomb.

Brave temple and huge pyramid,
  Hill sepulchred by art,
The barrow acre-vast where hid
  Moulders some Nimrod's heart;
    Each monstrous birth
    Cumbers old earth,
  But acts a voiceless part,
Resolving all to mine own doom,
The darkness of a Nameless Tomb.

Tradition with her palsied hand,
  And purblind History, may
Grope and guess well that in this land
  Some great one lived his day;
    And what is this,
    Blind hit or miss,
  But labor thrown away,
For counterparts to mine own doom,
The darkness of a Nameless Tomb.

I do not peak and pine away,
  Lo! this deep bowl I quaff;
If sigh I do, you still must say
  It sounds more like a laugh.
    'Tis not too late
    To separate
  The good seed from the chaff;
And scoff at those who scorn my doom,
The darkness of a Nameless Tomb.

I spend no sigh, I shed no tear,
  Though life's first dream is gone;
And its bright picturings now appear
  Cold images of stone;
    I've learned to see
    The vanity
  Of lusting to be known,
And gladly hail my changeless doom,
The darkness of a Nameless Tomb!

THE JOYS OF THE WILDERNESS.

I HAVE a wish, and it is this: that, in some uncouth
  glen,
It were my lot to find a spot unknown by selfish
  men;
Where I might be securely free, like Eremite of
  old,
From Worldly guile, from Woman's wile, and
  Friendships brief and cold;
And where I might, with stern delight, enjoy the
  varied form
Of Nature's mood, in every rude burst of the
  thundering storm.

Then would my life, lacking fierce strife, glide on
in dreamy gladness,
Nor would I know the cark and woe which come
of this world's madness;
While in a row, like some poor show, its pageantries would pass,
Without a sigh, before mine eye, as shadows o'er a
glass:
Nonentity these shadows be,—and yet, good Lord!
how brave
That knavish rout doth strut and flout, then shrink
into the grave!

The Wilderness breathes gentleness;—these waters
bubbling free,
The gallant breeze that stirs the trees, form
Heaven's own melody;
The far-stretched sky, with its bright eye, pours
forth a tide of love
On everything that here doth spring, on all that
glows above.
But live with man,—his dark heart scan,—its paltry
selfishness
Will show to thee why men like me love the lone
Wilderness!

A SOLEMN CONCEIT

Stately trees are growing,
Lusty winds are blowing,
And mighty rivers flowing
On, forever on.
As stately forms were growing,
As lusty spirits blowing,
And as mighty fancies flowing
On, forever on;—

But there has been leave-taking,
Sorrow, and heart-breaking,
And a moan pale Echo's making,
For the gone, forever gone!

Lovely stars are gleaming,
Bearded lights are streaming,
And glorious suns are beaming
On, forever on.
As lovely eyes were gleaming,
As wondrous lights were streaming,
And as glorious minds were beaming
On, forever on;—
But there has been soul-sundering,
Wailing, and sad wondering;
For graves grow fat with plundering
The gone, forever gone!

We see great eagles soaring,
We hear deep oceans roaring,
And sparkling fountains pouring
On, forever on.
As lofty minds were soaring,
As sonorous voices roaring,
And as sparkling wits were pouring
On, forever on;—
But pinions have been shedding,
And voiceless darkness spreading,
Since a measure Death's been treading
O'er the gone, forever gone!

Everything is sundering,
Every one is wondering,
And this huge globe goes thundering
On, forever on;
But 'mid this weary sundering,
Heart-breaking, and sad wondering,
And this huge globe's rude thundering
On, forever on,

I would that I were dreaming
Where little flowers are gleaming,
And the long green grass is streaming
O'er the gone, forever gone!

THE EXPATRIATED.

No bird is singing
In cloud or on tree,
No eye is beaming
Glad welcome to me;
The forest is tuneless;
Its brown leaves fast fall,—
Changed and withered, they fleet
Like hollow friends all.

No door is thrown open,
No banquet is spread;
No hand smooths the pillow
For the Wanderer's head;
But the eye of distrust
Sternly measures his way,
And glad are the cold lips
That wish him—good day!

Good day!—I am grateful
For such gentle prayer,
Though scant be the cost
Of that morsel of air.
Will it clothe, will it feed me,
Or rest my worn frame?
Good day! wholesome diet,
A proud heart to tame!

Now the sun dusks his glories
Below the blue sea,

And no star its splendor
Deems worthy of me ;
The path I must travel
Grows dark as my fate,
And nature, like man, can
Wax savage in hate.

My country ! my country !
Though step-dame thou be,
Yet my heart, in its anguish,
Cleaves fondly to thee ;
Still in fancy it lingers
By mountain and stream,
And thy name is the spirit
That rules its wild dream.

This heart loved thee truly,—
And, O ! it bled free,
When it led on to glory
Thy proud chivalry ;
And, O ! it gained much from
Thy prodigal hand,—
The freedom to break in
The stranger's cold land !

FACTS FROM FAIRY-LAND.

"O, then, I see, Queen Mab hath been with you!"

Wouldst thou know of me
Where our dwellings be ?
'Tis under this hill,
Where the moonbeam chill
Silvers the leaf and brightens the blade,—
'Tis under this mound
Of greenest ground,
That our crystal palaces are made.

Wouldst thou know of me
What our food may be?
'Tis the sweetest breath
Which the bright flower hath,
That blossoms in wilderness afar,—
And we sip it up,
In a harebell cup,
By the winking light of the tweering star.

Wouldst thou know of me
What our drink may be?
'Tis the freshest dew,
And the clearest, too,
That ever hung on leaf or flower;
And merry we skink
That wholesome drink,
Thorough the quiet of the midnight hour.

Wouldst thou know of me
What our pastimes be?
'Tis the hunt and halloo,
The dim greenwood through;
O, bravely we prance it with hound and horn,
O'er moor and fell,
And hollow dell,
Till the notes of our Woodcraft wake the morn

Wouldst thou know of me
What our garments be?
'Tis the viewless thread
Which the gossamers spread
As they float in the cool of a summer eve bright,
And the down of the rose,
Form doublet and hose
For our Squires of Dames on each festal night.

Wouldst thou know of me
When our revelries be?
'Tis in the still night
When the moonshine white

Glitters in glory o'er land and sea,
That, with nimble foot,
To tabor and flute,
We whirl with our loves round yon glad old tree.

CERTAIN PLEASANT VERSES TO THE LADY OF MY HEART.

The murmur of the merry brook,
As gushingly and free
It wimples, with its sun-bright look,
Far down yon sheltered lea,
Humming to every drowsy flower
A low, quaint lullaby,
Speaks to my spirit, at this hour,
Of Love and thee.

The music of the gay, green wood,
When every leaf and tree
Is coaxed by winds of gentlest mood,
To utter harmony;
And the small birds that answer make
To the wind's fitful glee,
In me most blissful visions wake,
Of Love and thee.

The rose perks up its blushing cheek,
So soon as it can see
Along the eastern hills one streak
Of the Sun's majesty:
Laden with dewy gems, it gleams
A precious freight to me,
For each pure drop thereon meseems
A type of thee.

And when, abroad in summer morn,
I hear the blithe, bold bee

Winding aloft his tiny horn,
(An errant knight perdy,)
That wingéd hunter of rare sweets
O'er many a far country,
To me a lay of love repeats,
Its subject—thee.

And when, in midnight hour, I note
The stars so pensively,
In their mild beauty, onward float
Through heaven's own silent sea;
My heart is in their voyaging
To realms where spirits be,
But its mate, in such wandering,
Is ever thee!

But O, the murmur of the brook,
The music of the tree;
The rose, with its sweet, shamefaced look,
The booming of the bee;
The course of each bright voyager
In heaven's unmeasured sea,
Would not one heart-pulse of me stir,
Loved I not thee!

BENEATH A PLACID BROW.

Beneath a placid brow
And tear-unstainèd cheek,
To bear as I do now
A heart that well could break;
To simulate a smile
Amid the wrecks of grief,—
To herd among the vile,
And therein seek relief,—

For the bitterness of thought
Were joyance dearly bought.

When will man learn to bear
His heart nailed on his breast,
With all its lines of care
In nakedness confessed?—
Why, in this solemn mask
Of passion-wasted life,
Will no one dare the task,
To speak his sorrows rife?—
Will no one bravely tell,
His bosom is a hell?

I scorn this hated scene
Of masking and disguise,
Where men on men still gleam,
With falseness in their eyes;
Where all is counterfeit,
And truth hath never say;
Where hearts themselves do cheat,
Concealing hope's decay,
And, writhing at the stake,
Themselves do liars make.

Go, search thy heart, poor fool!
And mark its passions well;
'Twere time to go to school,—
'Twere time the truth to tell,—
'Twere time this world should cast
Its infant slough away,
And hearts burst forth at last
Into the light of day;—
'Twere time all learned to be
Fit for Eternity!

THE COVENANTERS' BATTLE-CHANT

To battle! to battle!
To slaughter and strife!
For a sad, broken Covenant
We barter poor life.
The great God of Judah
Shall smite with our hand,
And break down the idols
That cumber the land.

Uplift every voice
In prayer, and in song;
Remember the battle
Is not to the strong;—
Lo, the Ammonites thicken!
And onward they come,
To the vain noise of trumpet,
Of cymbal, and drum.

They haste to the onslaught,
With hagbut and spear;
They lust for a banquet
That's deathful and dear.
Now horseman and footman
Sweep down the hill-side:
They come, like fierce Pharaohs,
To die in their pride!

See, long plume and pennon
Stream gay in the air;
They are given us for slaughter,—
Shall God's people spare?
Nay, nay; lop them off,—
Friend, father, and son;
All earth is athirst till
The good work be done.

Brace tight every buckler,
And lift high the sword!
For biting must blades be
That fight for the Lord.
Remember, remember,
How Saints' blood was shed,
As free as the rain, and
Homes desolate made!

Among them!—among them!
Unburied bones cry;
Avenge us,—or, like us,
Faith's true martyrs die.
Hew, hew down the spoilers!
Slay on, and spare none:
Then shout forth in gladness,
Heaven's battle is won!

TIM THE TACKET.

A LYRICAL BALLAD, SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY W. W.

A BARK is lying on the sands,
No rippling wave is sparkling near her;
She seems unmanned of all her hands,—
There's not a soul on board to steer her!

'Tis strange to see a shipshape thing
Upon a lonely beach thus lying,
While mystic winds forever sing
Among its shrouds like spirits sighing.

O, can it be a spectre-ship,
Forwearied of the storm and ocean,
That here hath ended its last trip,
And sought repose from ceaseless motion?

I deem amiss: for yonder, see,
A sailor struts in dark-blue jacket,—
A little man with face of glee,—
His neighbors call him Tim the Tacket.

I know him well; the master he
Of a small bark,—an Irish coaster;
His heart is like the ocean, free,
And like the breeze his tongue's a boaster

He is a father, too, I'm told,
Of children ten, and some say twenty;
But it's no matter, he's grown old,
And, ten or more, he has got plenty!

List! now he sings a burly stave
Of waves and winds and shipwrecks many,
Of flying-fish and dolphins brave,
Of mermaids lovely but uncanny.

Right oft, I ween, he joys to speak
Of slim maids in the green waves dancing,
Or singing in some lonesome creek,
While kembing locks like sunbeams glancing.

O, he hath tales of wondrous things
Spied in the vast and gousty ocean;
Of monstrous fish, whose giant springs
Give to the seas their rocking motion;

And serpents huge whose rings embrace
Some round leagues of the great Pacific;
And men of central Ind, sans face,
But not on that head less terrific!

Lo! he hath lit a brown cigar,
A special, smooth-skinned, real Havanna;
And swirling smoke he puffs afar,—
'Tis sweet to him as desert manna!

Away, away the reek doth go,
In wiry thread or heavy volume;
Now black, now blue, gold, gray, or snow
In color, and in height a column!

His little eyes, deep-set, and hedged
All round and round with bristles hoary,
Do twinkle like a hawk's new-fledged,—
Sure he hath dreams of marvellous glory!

Well, I would rather be that wight,
Contented, puffing, midst his tackling,
Than star-gemmed lord or gartered knight,
In masquerade or senate cackling.

He suns his limbs upon the deck,
He hears the music of the ocean;
He lives not on another's beck,
He pines not after court promotion.

He is unto himself,—he is
A little world within another;
And furthermore he knoweth this,
That all mankind to him is brother.

He sings his songs, and smokes his weed,
He spins his yarn of monstrous fables,
He cracks his biscuit, and at need
Can soundly sleep on coiled-up cables.

Although the sea be sometimes rough,
His bark is stout, its rudder steady,
At other whiles 'tis calm enough,
And buxom as a gentle lady

In sooth, too, 'tis a pleasant thing,
To sail, and feel the sea-breeze blowing
About one's cheek,—O! such doth bring
Full many a free-born thought and glowing.

For who upon the deep, deep sea
Ere dwelt, and saw its great breast heaving,
But, by a kindred sympathy,
Felt his own heart its trammels leaving?

The wide and wild, the strange and grand,
Commingle with his inmost spirit;
He feels a riddance from the land,—
A boundlessness he may inherit.

Good night, thou happy, ancient man!
Farewell, thou mariner so jolly!
I pledge thee in this social can,
Thou antipode of melancholy!

THE WITCHES' JOYS.

I.

When night winds rave
O'er the fresh-scooped grave,
And the dead therein that lie
Glare upward to the sky;
When gibbering imps sit down,
To feast on lord or clown,
And tear the shroud away
From their lithe and pallid prey;
Then, clustering close, how grim
They munch each withered limb!
Or quarrel for dainty rare,
The lip of lady fair,—
The tongue of high-born dame,
That never would defame,
And was of scandal free
As any mute could be!
Or suck the tintless cheek
Of maiden mild and meek;
And when in revel rout

They kick peeled skulls about,
And shout in maddest mirth,—
These dull toys awed the earth!
O then, O then, O then,
We hurry forth amain;
For with such eldritch cries
Begin our revelries!

II.

When the murderer's blanchéd corse
Swings with a sighing hoarse
From gibbet and from chain,
As the bat sucks out his brain,
And the owlet pecks his eyes,
And the wild fox gnaws his thighs;
While the raven croaks with glee,
Lord of the dead man's tree,
And, rocked on that green skull,
With sated look and dull,
In gloomy pride looks o'er
The waste and wildered moor,
And dreams some other day
Shall bring him fresher prey;
When over bog and fen,
To lure wayfaring men,
Malicious spirits trail
A ground fire thin and pale,
Which the belated wight
Pursues the livelong night,
Till in the treacherous ground
An unmade grave is found,—
O then, O then, O then,
We hurry forth amain;
Ha! ha! his feeble cries
Begin our revelries.

III.

When the spirits of the North
Hurl howling tempests forth;

When seas of lightning flare,
And thunders choke the air;
When the ocean starts to life,
To madness, horror, strife,
And the goodly bark breaks up,
Like ungirded drinking-cup,
And each stately mast is split
In some rude thunder-fit;
And, like feather on the foam,
Float shattered plank and boom;
When, 'midst the tempest's roar,
Pale listeners on the shore
Hear the curse and shriek of men,
As they sink and rise again
On the gurly billow's back,
And their strong, broad breast-bones crack
On the iron-ribbed coast,
As back to hell they're tossed,—
O then, O then, O then,
We hurry forth again!
For amid such lusty cries
Begin our revelries.

IV.

When aged parents flee
The noble wreck to see,
And mark their sons roll in
Through foam and thundering din,
All mottled black and blue,—
Their very lips cut through
In the agony of death,
While drifting on their path;
When gentle maidens stand
Upon the wreck-rich strand,
And every laboring wave
That doth their small feet lave
Gives them a ghastly lover
To wring their white hands over,
And tear their spray-wet hair

In the madness of despair,—
O then, O then, O then,
We hurry home amain;
For their heart-piercing cries
Shame our wild revelries!

A SABBATH SUMMER NOON.

The calmness of this noontide hour,
The shadow of this wood,
The fragrance of each wilding flower,
Are marvellously good;
O, here crazed spirits breathe the balm
Of nature's solitude!

It is a most delicious calm
That resteth everywhere,—
The holiness of soul-sung psalm,
Of felt but voiceless prayer!
With hearts too full to speak their bliss,
God's creatures silent are.

They silent are; but not the less,
In this most tranquil hour
Of deep, unbroken dreaminess,
They own that Love and Power
Which, like the softest sunshine, rests
On every leaf and flower.

How silent are the song-filled nests
That crowd this drowsy tree,—
How mute is every feathered breast
That swelled with melody!
And yet bright bead-like eyes declare
This hour is ecstasy.

Heart forth! as uncaged bird through air
And mingle in the tide
Of blessed things, that, lacking care,
Now full of beauty-glide
Around thee, in their angel hues
Of joy and sinless pride.

Here, on this green bank that o'erviews
The far-retreating glen,
Beneath the spreading beech-tree muse,
On all within thy ken;
For lovelier scene shall never break
On thy dimmed sight again.

Slow stealing from the tangled brake
That skirts the distant hill,
With noiseless hoof, two bright fawns make
For yonder lapsing rill;
Meek children of the forest gloom,
Drink on, and fear no ill!

And buried in the yellow broom
That crowns the neighboring height,
Couches a loutish shepherd groom,
With all his flocks in sight;
Which dot the green braes gloriously
With spots of living light.

It is a sight that filleth me
With meditative joy,
To mark these dumb things curiously
Crowd round their guardian boy;
As if they felt this Sabbath hour
Of bliss lacked all alloy.

I bend me towards the tiny flower,
That underneath this tree
Opens its little breast of sweets
In meekest modesty,

And breathes the eloquence of love
In muteness, Lord! to thee.

There is no breath of wind to move
The flag-like leaves, that spread
Their grateful shadow far above
This turf-supported head;
All sounds are gone,—all murmurings
With living nature wed.

The babbling of the clear well-springs,
The whisperings of the trees,
And all the cheerful jargonings
Of feathered hearts at ease,
That whilom filled the vocal wood,
Have hushed their minstrelsies.

The silentness of night doth brood
O'er this bright summer noon;
And nature, in her holiest mood,
Doth all things well attune
To joy, in the religious dreams
Of green and leafy June.

Far down the glen in distance gleams
The hamlet's tapering spire,
And, glittering in meridial beams,
Its vane is tongued with fire;
And hark how sweet its silvery bell,—
And hark the rustic choir!

The holy sounds float up the dell
To fill my ravished ear,
And now the glorious anthems swell
Of worshippers sincere,—
Of hearts bowed in the dust, that shed
Faith's penitential tear.

Dear Lord! thy shadow is forth spread
On all mine eye can see;

And filled at the pure fountain-head
Of deepest piety,
My heart loves all created things,
And travels home to thee.

Around me while the sunshine flings
A flood of mocky gold,
My chastened spirit once more sings,
As it was wont of old,
That lay of gratitude which burst
From young heart uncontrolled.

When in the midst of nature nursed,
Sweet influences fell
On chidly hearts that were athirst,
Like soft dews in the bell
Of tender flowers, that bowed their heads
And breathed a fresher smell,—

So, even now this hour hath sped
In rapturous thought o'er me.
Feeling myself with nature wed,—
A holy mystery,—
A part of earth, a part of heaven,
A part, great God! of Thee.

Fast fade the cares of life's dull sweven,
They perish as the weed,
While unto me the power is given,
A moral deep to read
In every silent throe of mind
External beauties breed.

A MONODY.

I.

Hour after hour,
Day after day,
Some gentle flower
Or leaf gives way
Within the bower
Of human hearts;
Tear after tear
In anguish starts,
For, green or sere,
Some loved leaf parts
From the arbére
Of human hearts;—
The keen winds blow;
Rain, hail, and snow
Fall everywhere!
And one by one,
As life's sands run,
These loved things fare,
Till plundered hearts at last are won
To woo despair.

II.

Why linger on,
Fate's mockery here,
When each is gone,
Heart-loved, heart-dear?
Stone spells to stone
Its weary tale,
How graves were filled,
How cheeks waxed pale,
How hearts were chilled
With biting gale,
And life's strings thrilled
With sorrow's wail.

Flower follows flower
In the heart's bower,
To fleet away;
While leaf on leaf,
Sharp grief on grief,
Night chasing day,
Tell as they fall, all joy is brief,
Life but decay.

III.

The sea-weed thrown
By wave or wind
On strand unknown,
Lone grave to find,
Methinks may own
Of kindred more
Than I dare claim
On life's bleak shore
Name follows name
For evermore,
As swift waves shame
Slow waves before;—
For keen winds blow;
Rain, hail, and snow
Fall everywhere,
Till life's sad tree,
In mockery,
Skeletoned bare
Of every leaf, is left to be
Mate of despair.

IV.

The world is wide,
Is rich and fair,
Its things of pride
Flaunt everywhere;
But can it hide
Its hollowness?
One mighty shell

Of bitterness,
One grand farewell
To happiness,
One solemn knell
To love's caress,
It seems to me.
The shipless sea
Hath bravery more
Than this waste scene,
Where what hath been
Beloved of yore,
In the heart's bower so fresh and green,
Fades evermore!

V.

From all its kind,
This wasted heart,
This moody mind,
Now drifts apart!
It longs to find
The tideless shore,
Where rests the wreck
Of Heretofore,—
The glorious wreck
Of mental ore;
The great heartbreak
Of loves no more.
I drift alone,
For all are gone
Dearest to me;
And hail the wave
That to the grave
On hurrieth me:
Welcome, thrice welcome, then, thy wave,
Eternity!

THEY COME! THE MERRY SUMMER MONTHS.

They come! the merry summer months of Beauty,
Song, and Flowers;
They come! the gladsome months that bring thick
leafiness to bowers.
Up, up, my heart! and walk abroad, fling cark
and care aside,
Seek silent hills, or rest thyself where peaceful
waters glide;
Or, underneath the shadow vast of patriarchal
tree,
Scan through its leaves the cloudless sky in rapt
tranquillity.

The grass is soft, its velvet touch is grateful to the
hand,
And, like the kiss of maiden love, the breeze is
sweet and bland;
The daisy and the buttercup are nodding courte-
ously,
It stirs their blood, with kindest love, to bless and
welcome thee:
And mark how with thine own thin locks—they
now are silvery gray—
That blissful breeze is wantoning, and whispering,
"Be gay!"

There is no cloud that sails along the ocean of yon
sky,
But hath its own winged mariners to give it
melody:
Thou seest their glittering fans outspread, all
gleaming like red gold,
And hark! with shrill pipe musical, their merry
course they hold.

God bless them all, these little ones, who, far above
this earth,
Can make a scoff of its mean joys, and vent a
nobler mirth.

But soft! mine ear upcaught a sound,—from yonder
wood it came!
The spirit of the dim green glade did breathe his
own glad name;—
Yes, it is he! the hermit bird, that, apart from all
his kind,
Slow spells his beads monotonous to the soft western
wind;
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! he sings again,—his notes are
void of art,
But simplest strains do soonest sound the deep
founts of the heart.

Good Lord! it is a gracious boon for thought-crazed
wight like me,
To smell again these summer flowers beneath this
summer tree!
To suck once more in every breath their little souls
away,
And feed my fancy with fond dreams of youth's
bright summer day,
When, rushing forth like untamed colt, the reckless,
truant boy
Wandered through greenwoods all day long, a
mighty heart of joy!

I'm sadder now, I have had cause; but O! I'm
proud to think
That each pure joy-fount loved of yore, I yet
delight to drink;—
Leaf, blossom, blade, hill, valley, stream, the calm,
unclouded sky,
Still mingle music with my dreams, as in the days
gone by.

When summer's loveliness and light fall round me
dark and cold,
I'll bear indeed life's heaviest curse,—a heart that
hath waxed old!

CHANGE SWEEPETH OVER ALL.

Change sweepeth over all!
In showers leaves fall
From the tall forest-tree;
On to the sea
Majestic rivers roll.
It is their goal.
Each speeds to perish, in man's simple seeming,—
Each disappears:
One common end o'ertakes life's idle dreaming,
Dust, darkness, tears!

Day hurries to its close:
The sun, that rose
A miracle of light,
Yieldeth to night;
The skirt of one vast pall
O'ershadows all.
Yon firmamental cresset lights forth shining,
Heaven's highest born!
Droop on their thrones, and, like pale spirits pining,
Vanish with morn.

O'er cities of old days,
Dumb creatures graze;
Palace and pyramid
In dust are hid;
Yea, the sky-searching tower
Stands but its hour.

Oceans their wide-stretched beds are ever shifting,
Sea turns to shore,
And stars and systems through dread space are drifting,
To shine no more.

Names perish that erst smote
Nations remote,
With panic, fear, or wrong;
Heroic song
Grapples with time in vain;
On to the main
Of dim forgetfulness forever rolling,
Earth's bubbles burst;
Time o'er the wreck of ages sternly tolling
The last accursed.

The world is waxing old,
Heaven dull and cold;
Naught lacketh here a close
Save human woes.
Yet they too have an end,—
Death is man's friend:
Doomed for a while, his heart must go on breaking,
Day after day,
But light, love, life,—all,—all at last forsaking,
Clay claspeth clay!

O, WAE BE TO THE ORDERS.

O, WAE be to the orders that marched my luve awa',
And wae be to the cruel cause that gars my tears doun fa',
O, wae be to the bluidy wars in Hie Germanie,
For they hae ta'en my luve, and left a broken heart to me.

The drums beat in the mornin' afore the scriech o'day,
And the wee wee fifes piped loud and shrill, while yet the morn was gray;
The bonnie flags were a' unfurled, a gallant sight to see,
But waes me for my sodger lad that marched to Germanie.

O, lang, lang is the travel to the bonnie Pier o' Leith,
O, dreich it is to gang on foot wi' the snaw-drift in the teeth!
And, O, the cauld wind froze the tear that gathered in my e'e,
When I gade there to see my luve embark for Germanie!

I looked ower the braid, blue sea, sae long as could be seen
Ae wee bit sail upon the ship that my sodger lad was in;
But the wind was blawin' sair and snell, and the ship sailed speedilie,
And the waves and cruel wars hae twinned my winsome luve frae me.

I never think o' dancin', and I downa try to sing,
But a' the day I spier what news kind neibour bodies bring;
I sometimes knit a stocking, if knittin' it may be,
Syne for every loop that I cast on, I am sure to let doun three.

My father says I'm in a pet, my mither jeers at me,
And bans me for a dautit wean, in dorts for aye to be;
But little weet they o' the cause that drumles sae my e'e:
O, they hae nae winsome luve like mine in the wars o' Germanie!

WEARIE'S WELL.

In a saft simmer gloamin',
In yon dowie dell,
It was there we twa first met
By Wearie's cauld well,
We sat on the brume bank,
And looked in the burn,
But sidelang we looked on
Ilk ither in turn.

The corn-craik was chirming
His sad eerie cry,
And the wee stars were dreaming
Their path through the sky;
The burn babbled freely
Its love to ilk flower,
But we heard and we saw naught
In that blessed hour.

We heard and we saw naught
Above or around;
We felt that our love lived,
And loathed idle sound.
I gazed on your sweet face
Till tears filled my e'e,
And they drapt on your wee loof,—
A warld's wealth to me.

Now the winter's snaw's fa'ing
On bare holm and lea;
And the cauld wind is strippin'
Ilk leaf aff the tree.
But the snaw fa's not faster,
Nor leaf disna part
Sae sune frae the bough, as
Faith fades in your heart.

Ye've waled out anither
Your bridegroom to be;
But can his heart luve sae
As mine luvit thee ?
Ye'll get biggings and mailins,
And monie braw claes;
But they a' winna buy back
The peace o' past days.

Fareweel, and forever,
My first luve and last,
May thy joys be to come,—
Mine live in the past.
In sorrow and sadness,
This hour fa's on me;
But light as thy luve, may
It fleet over thee!

SONG OF THE DANISH SEA-KING.

Our bark is on the waters deep, our bright blade's in our hand,
Our birthright is the ocean vast,—we scorn the girdled land;
And the hollow wind is our music brave, and none can bolder be
Than the hoarse-tongued tempest raving o'er a proud and swelling sea!

Our bark is dancing on the waves, its tall masts quivering bend
Before the gale, which hails us now with the hollo of a friend;
And its prow is sheering merrily the upcurled billow's foam,
While our hearts, with throbbing gladness, cheer old Ocean as our home!

Our eagle-wings of might we stretch before the
gallant wind,
And we leave the tame and sluggish earth a dim,
mean speck behind;
We shoot into the untracked deep, as earth-freed
spirits soar,
Like stars of fire through boundless space,— through
realms without a shore!

Lords of this wide-spread wilderness of waters, we
bound free,
The haughty elements alone dispute our sovereign-
ty;
No landmark doth our freedom let, for no law of
man can mete
The sky which arches o'er our head,—the waves
which kiss our feet!

The warrior of the land may back the wild horse,
in his pride;
But a fiercer steed we dauntless breast,—the un-
tamed ocean tide;
And a nobler tilt our bark careers, as it quells the
saucy wave,
While the Herald storm peals o'er the deep the
glories of the brave.

Hurrah! hurrah! the wind is up,—it bloweth fresh
and free,
And every cord, instinct with life, pipes loud its
fearless glee;
Big swell the bosomed sails with joy, and they
madly kiss the spray,
As proudly, through the foaming surge, the Sea-
King bears away!

THE CAVALIER'S SONG.

A STEED! a steed of matchlesse speed,
A sword of metal keene!
All else to noble heartes is drosse,
All else on earth is meane.
The neighyinge of the war-horse prowde,
The rowlinge of the drum,
The clangor of the trumpet lowde,
Be sounides from heaven that come;
And O! the thundering presse of knightes
Whenas their war eryes swell,
May tole from heaven an angel bright,
And rouse a fiend from hell.

Then mounte! then mounte, brave gallants, all,
And don your helmes amaine:
Deathe's couriers, Fame and Honor, call
Us to the field againe.
No shrewish teares shall fill our eye
When the sword-hilt's in our hand,—
Heart whole we'll part, and no whit sighe
For the fayrest of the land;
Let piping swaine, and craven wight,
Thus weepe and puling crye,
Our business is like men to fight,
And hero-like to die!

THE MERRY GALLANT.

THE Merry Gallant girds his sword,
And dons his helm in mickle glee;
He leaves behind his lady-love
For tented fields and deeds which prove
Stout hardiment and constancy.

When round him rings the din of arms,—
The notes of high-born chivalry,—
He thinks not of his bird in bower,
And scorns to own Love's tyrant power
Amid the combats of the Free.

Yet in the midnight watch, I trow,
When cresset lights all feebly burn,
Will hermit Fancy sometimes roam
With eager travel back to home,
Where smiles and tears await—return.

"Away! away!" he boldly sings,
"Be thrown those thoughts which cling to me
That mournful look and glistering eye,—
That quivering lip and broken sigh;—
Why fill each shrine of memory?

"O that to-morrow's dawn would rise
To light me on my path of glory,
Where I may pluck from niggard fame
Her bravest laurels,—and the name
That long shall live in minstrel story!

"Then, when my thirst for fame is dead,
Soft love may claim his wonted due;
But now, when levelled lances gleam,
And chargers snort, and banners stream,
To lady's love a long adieu!"

THE KNIGHT'S SONG.

ENDEARING! endearing!
Why so endearing
Are those dark lustrous eyes,
Through their silk fringes peering?

They love me! they love me!
Deeply, sincerely;
And more than aught else on earth,
I love them dearly.

Endearing! endearing!
Why so endearing
Glows the glad, sunny smile
On thy soft cheek appearing?
It brightens! it brightens!
As I am nearing;
And 'tis thus that thy fond smile
Is ever endearing.

Endearing! endearing!
Why so endearing
Is that lute-breathing voice
Which my rapt soul is hearing?
'Tis singing, 'tis singing
Thy deep love for me,
And my faithful heart echoes
Devotion to thee.

Endearing! endearing!
Why so endearing
At each Passage of Arms
Is the herald's bold cheering?
'Tis then thou art kneeling
With pure hands to Heaven,
And each prayer of thy heart
For my good lance is given.

Endearing! endearing!
Why so endearing
Is the fillet of silk
That my right arm is wearing?
Once it veiled the bright bosom
That beats but for me;
Now it circles the arm that
Wins glory for thee!

THE TROOPER'S DITTY.

Boot, boot into the stirrup, lads,
And hand once more on rein;
Up, up into the saddle, lads,
Afield we ride again;
One cheer, one cheer for dame or dear,
No leisure now to sigh,
God bless them all,—we have their prayers,
And they our hearts,—"Good by!"
Off, off we ride, in reckless pride,
As gallant troopers may,
Who have old scores to settle, and
Long slashing swords to pay.

The trumpet calls,—"Trot out, trot out,"—
We cheer the stirring sound;
Swords forth, my lads,—through smoke and dust
We thunder o'er the ground.
Tramp, tramp, we go through sulphury clouds,
That blind us while we sing,—
Woe worth the knave who follows not
The banner of the King;
But luck befall each trooper tall,
That cleaves to saddle-tree,
Whose long sword carves on rebel sconce
The rights of Majesty.

Spur on, my lads; the trumpet sounds
Its last and stern command,—
"A charge! a charge!"—an ocean burst
Upon a stormy strand.
Ha! ha! how thickly on our casques
Their popguns rattle shot;
Spur on, my lads, we'll give it them
As sharply as we've got.

Now for it:—now, bend to the work,—
Their lines begin to shake;
Now, through and through them,—bloody lanes
Our flashing sabres make!

"Cut one,—cut two,—first point," and then
We'll parry as we may;
On, on the knaves, and give them steel
In bellyfuls to-day.
Hurrah! hurrah! for Church and State,
For Country and for Crown,
We slash away, and right and left
Hew rogues and rebels down.
Another cheer! the field is clear,
The day is all our own;
Done like our sires,—done like the swords
God gives to guard the Throne!

HE IS GONE! HE IS GONE!

He is gone! he is gone!
Like the leaf from the tree,
Or the down that is blown
By the wind o'er the lea.
He is fled, the light-hearted!
Yet a tear must have started
To his eye, when he parted
From love-stricken me!

He is fled! he is fled!
Like a gallant so free,
Plumed cap on his head,
And sharp sword by his knee;
While his gay feathers fluttered,
Surely something he muttered;
He at least must have uttered
A farewell to me!

He's away! he's away
To far lands o'er the sea,—
And long is the day
Ere home he can be;
But where'er his steed prances,
Amid thronging lances,
Sure he'll think of the glances
That love stole from me!

He is gone! he is gone!
Like the leaf from the tree;
But his heart is of stone
If it ne'er dream of me;
For I dream of him ever;
His buff-coat and beaver,
And long sword, O, never
Are absent from me!

THE FORESTER'S CAROL.

Lusty Hearts! to the wood, to the merry greenwood,
While the dew with strung pearls loads each blade,
And the first blush of dawn brightly streams o'er the lawn,
Like the smile of a rosy-cheeked maid.

Our horns with wild music ring glad through each shaw,
And our broad arrows rattle amain;
For the stout bows we draw to the greenwoods give law,
And the Might is the Right once again!

Mark yon herds, as they brattle and brush down the glade,—
Pick the fat, let the lean rascals go;

Under favor 'tis meet that we tall men should eat,—
Nock a shaft and strike down that proud doe!

Well delivered, parfay! convulsive she leaps,—
One bound more,—then she drops on her side;
Our steel hath bit smart the life-strings of her heart,
And cold now lies the green forest's pride.

Heave her up, and away!—should any base churl
Dare to ask why we range in this wood,
There's a keen arrow yare in each broad belt to spare,
That will answer the knave in his blood!

Then forward, my Hearts! like the bold, reckless breeze,
Our life shall whirl on in mad glee;
The long bows we bend, to the world's latter end,
Shall be borne by the hands of the Free!

MAY MORN SONG.

The grass is wet with shining dews,
Their silver bells hang on each tree,
While opening flower and bursting bud
Breathe incense forth unceasingly;
The mavis pipes in greenwood shaw,
The throstle glads the spreading thorn,
And cheerily the blithesome lark
Salutes the rosy face of morn.
'Tis early prime;
And hark! hark! hark!
His merry chime
Chirrups the lark:
Chirrup! chirrup! he heralds in
The jolly sun with matin hymn.

Come, come, my love! and May-dews shake
In pailfuls from each drooping bough;
They'll give fresh lustre to the bloom,
That breaks upon thy young cheek now.
O'er hill and dale, o'er waste and wood,
Aurora's smiles are streaming free;
With earth it seems brave holiday,
In heaven it looks high jubilee.
And it is right,
For mark, love, mark!
How bathed in light
Chirrups the lark:
Chirrup! chirrup! he upward flies,
Like holy thoughts to cloudless skies.

They lack all heart, who cannot feel
The voice of heaven within them thrill,
In summer morn, when, mounting high,
This merry minstrel sings his fill.
Now let us seek yon bosky dell,
Where brightest wild-flowers choose to be,
And where its clear stream murmurs on,
Meet type of our love's purity;
No witness there,
And o'er us, hark!
High in the air
Chirrups the lark:
Chirrup! chirrup! away soars he,
Bearing to heaven my vows to thee!

THE BLOOM HATH FLED THY CHEEK, MARY.

The bloom hath fled thy cheek, Mary,
As spring's rath blossoms die,
And sadness hath o'ershadowed now
Thy once bright eye;

But look, on me the prints of grief
Still deeper lie.
Farewell!

Thy lips are pale and mute, Mary,
Thy step is sad and slow,
The morn of gladness hath gone by
Thou erst did know;
I, too, am changed like thee, and weep
For very woe.
Farewell!

It seems as 'twere but yesterday
We were the happiest twain,
When murmured sighs and joyous tears,
Dropping like rain,
Discoursed my love, and told how loved
I was again.
Farewell.

'Twas not in cold and measured phrase
We gave our passion name;
Scorning such tedious eloquence,
Our hearts' fond flame
And long-imprisoned feelings fast
In deep sobs came.
Farewell!

Would that our love had been the love
That merest worldlings know,
When passion's draught to our doomed lips
Turns utter woe,
And our poor dream of happiness
Vanishes so!
Farewell!

But in the wreck of all our hopes,
There's yet some touch of bliss,
Since fate robs not our wretchedness
Of this last kiss:

Despair, and love, and madness, meet
In this, in this.
Farewell!

IN THE QUIET AND SOLEMN NIGHT.

In the quiet and solemn night,
When the moon is silvery bright,
Then the screech-owl's eerie cry
Mocks the beauties of the sky:
Tu whit, tu whoo,
Its wild halloo
Doth read a drowsy homily.

From yon old castle's chimneys tall,
The bat on leathern sail doth fall
In wanton-wise to skim the earth,
And flout the mouse that gave it birth.
Tu whit, tu whoo,
That wild halloo
Hath marred the little monster's mirth.

Fond lovers seek the dewy vale,
That swimmeth in the moonshine pale,
But maids! beware, when in your ear
The screech-owl screams so loud and clear
Tu whit, tu whoo,
Its wild halloo
Doth speak of danger lurking near

It bids beware of murmured sigh,
Of air-spun oath and wistful eye;
Of star that winks to conscious flower
Through the roof of leaf-clad bower:
Tu whit, tu whoo,
That wild halloo
Bids startled virtue own its power!

THE VOICE OF LOVE.

When shadows o'er the landscape creep,
And twinkling stars pale vigils keep;
When flower-cups all with dewdrops gleam,
And moonshine floweth like a stream;
Then is the hour
That hearts which love no longer dream,—
Then is the hour
That the voice of love is a spell of power!

When shamefaced moonbeams kiss the lake,
And amorous leaves sweet music wake;
When slumber steals o'er every eye,
And Dian's self shines drowsily;
Then is the hour
That hearts which love with rapture sigh,—
Then is the hour
That the voice of love is a spell of power!

When surly mastiffs stint their howl,
And swathed in moonshine nods the owl;
When cottage-hearths are glimmering low,
And warder cocks forget to crow;
Then is the hour
That hearts feel passion's overflow,—
Then is the hour
That the voice of love is a spell of power!

When stilly night seems earth's vast grave,
Nor murmur comes from wood or wave
When land and sea, in wedlock bound
By silence, sleep in bliss profound;
Then is the hour
That hearts like living well-springs sound,—
Then is the hour
That the voice of love is a spell of power!

AWAY! AWAY! O, DO NOT SAY.

Away! away! O, do not say
He can prove false to me:
Let me believe but this brief day
In his fidelity;
Tell me, that rivers backward flow,
That unsunned snows like firebrands glow,
I may believe that lay;
But never can believe that he
Is false, and fled away.

Ill-acted part! ill-acted part!
I knew his noble mind,—
He could not break a trusting heart,
Nor leave his love behind;
Tell me yon sun will cease to rise,
Or stars at night to gem the skies,
I may believe such lay;
But never can believe that he
Is false, and fled away.

Can it be so? O, surely no!
Must I perforce believe
That he I loved and trusted so,
Vowed only to deceive?
Heap coals of fire on this lone head,
Or in pure pity strike me dead,—
'Twere kindness, on the day
That tells me one I loved so well
Is false,—is fled away!

O AGONY! KEEN AGONY.

O AGONY! keen agony,
For trusting heart to find
That vows believed were vows conceived
As light as summer wind.

O agony! fierce agony,
For loving heart to brook,
In one brief hour, the withering power
Of unimpassioned look.

O agony! deep agony,
For heart that's proud and high,
To learn of fate how desolate
It may be ere it die.

O agony! sharp agony,
To find how loath to part
With the fickleness and faithlessness
That break a trusting heart!

THE SERENADE.

WAKE, lady, wake!
Dear heart, awake
From slumber's light;
For 'neath thy bower, at this still hour,
In harness bright,
Lingers thine own true paramour,
And chosen knight!
Wake, lady, wake!

Wake, lady, wake!
For thy loved sake,
Each trembling star
Smiles from on high with its clear eye,
While nobler far
Yon silvery shield lights earth and sky;
How good they are!
Wake, lady, wake!

Rise, lady, rise!
Not star-filled skies
I worship now;
A fairer shrine I trust is mine
For loyal vow:
O that the living stars would shine
That light thy brow!
Rise, lady, rise!

Rise, lady, rise,
Ere war's rude cries
Fright land and sea!
To-morrow's light sees mail-sheathed knight,
Even hapless me,
Careering through the bloody fight
Afar from thee!
Rise, lady, rise!

Mute, lady, mute?
I have no lute
Nor rebeck small
To soothe thine ear with lay sincere,
Or madrigal;
With helm on head and hand on spear,
On thee I call!
Mute, lady, mute!

Mute, lady, mute
To love's fond suit?
I'll not complain,

Since underneath thy balmy breath
I may remain
One brief hour more ere I seek death
On battle-plain!
Mute, lady, mute!

Sleep, lady, sleep!
While watch I keep
Till dawn of day:
But o'er the wold now morning cold
Shines icy gray;
While the plain gleams with steel and gold,
And chargers neigh!
Sleep, lady, sleep!

Sleep, lady, sleep!
Nor wake to weep
For heart-struck me:
These trumpets knell my last farewell
To love and thee!
When next they sound, 'twill be to tell
I died for thee!
Sleep, lady, sleep!

COULD LOVE IMPART.

Could love impart,
By nicest art,
To speechless rocks a tongue,—
Their theme would be,
Beloved, of thee,—
Thy beauty, all their song.

And, clerklike, then,
With sweet amen,

Would echo from each hollow
Reply all day;
While gentle fay,
With merry whoop, would follow.

Had roses sense,
On no pretence
Would they their buds unroll;
For, could they speak,
'Twas from thy cheek
Their daintiest blush they stole.

Had lilies eyes,
With glad surprise
They'd own themselves outdone,
When thy pure brow
And neck of snow
Gleamed in the morning sun.

Could shining brooks,
By amorous looks,
Be taught a voice so rare,
Then every sound,
That murmured round,
Would whisper, "Thou art fair!"

Could winds be fraught
With pensive thought
At midnight's solemn hour,
Then every wood,
In gleeful mood,
Would own thy beauty's power!

And could the sky
Behold thine eye,
So filled with love and light,
In jealous haste
Thou soon wert placed
To star the cope of Night!

THE PARTING.

O, is it thus we part,
And thus we say farewell,
As if in neither heart
Affection e'er did dwell?
And is it thus we sunder,
Without a sigh or tear,
As if it were a wonder
We e'er held other dear?

We part upon the spot,
With cold and clouded brow,
Where first it was our lot
To breathe love's fondest vow!
The vow both then did tender
Within this hallowed shade,—
That vow we now surrender,
Heart-bankrupts both are made!

Thy hand is cold as mine,
As lustreless thine eye;
Thy bosom gives no sign
That it could ever sigh!
Well, well! adieu's soon spoken,
'Tis but a parting phrase,
Yet said, I fear, heart-broken
We'll live our after days!

Thine eye no tear will shed,
Mine is as proudly dry;
But many an aching head
Is ours before we die!
From pride we both can borrow,—
To part we both may dare,—
But the heart-break of to-morrow,
Nor you nor I can bear!

LOVE'S DIET.

Tell me, fair maid, tell me truly,
How should infant love be fed;
If with dewdrops, shed so newly
On the bright green clover-blade;
Or with roses plucked in July,
And with honey liquored?
O, no! O, no!
Let roses blow,
And dew-stars to green blade cling;
Other fare,
More light and rare,
Befits that gentlest nursling.

Feed him with the sigh that rushes
'Twixt sweet lips, whose muteness speaks,
With the eloquence that flushes
All a heart's wealth o'er soft cheeks;
Feed him with a world of blushes,
And the glance that shuns, yet seeks·
For 'tis with food,
So light and good,
That the Spirit child is fed;
And with the tear
Of joyous fear
That the small Elf's liquored.

THE MIDNIGHT WIND.

Mournfully! O, mournfully
This midnight wind doth sigh,
Like some sweet, plaintive melody
Of ages long gone by!

It speaks a tale of other years,—
  Of hopes that bloomed to die,—
Of sunny smiles that set in tears,
  And loves that mouldering lie!

Mournfully! O, mournfully,
  This midnight wind doth moan!
It stirs some chord of memory
  In each dull, heavy tone:
The voices of the much-loved dead
  Seem floating thereupon,—
All, all my fond heart cherished
  Ere death hath made it lone.

Mournfully! O, mournfully
  This midnight wind doth swell,
With its quaint, pensive minstrelsy,
  Hope's passionate farewell
To the dreamy joys of early years,
  Ere yet grief's canker fell
On the heart's bloom,—ay! well may tears
  Start at that parting knell!

THE WAITHMAN'S WAIL.*

The waithman goode of Silverwoode,
  That bowman stout and hende,
In donjon gloom abydes his doome;
  God dele him gentil ende.

It breakes trew herte to see him sterte,
  Whenas the small birdes sing;
And then to hear his sighynges drere
  Whenas his fetters ryng.

* Waithman,—hunter.

Of bowe and shafte he bin bereft,
And eke of bugil horne;
A goodlye wighte, by craftie slyghte,
Alake! is overborne.—OLD BALLAD.

My heart is sick! my heart is sick!
And sad as heart can be;
It pineth for the forest brook,
And for the forest tree;
It pineth for all gladsome things
That haunt the woodlands free.

O Silverwood, sweet Silverwood,
Thy leaves be large and long;
And there, God wot, in summer eve,
To list the small bird's song,
Were med'cine to the heart that breaks,
Like mine, in prison strong.

The sun, in idle wantonness,
Shines in this dungeon cold,
But his bright glance through Silverwood
I never shall behold!
I ne'er shall see each broad leaf gleam
Like banner-flag of gold.

It pains me, this o'ermastering light,
Fast flooding from the sky,
That streams through these black prison-bars
In sheerest mockery,
Recalling thoughts, by green woods bred,
To mad me ere I die.

Dear western wind, now blowing soft
Upon my faded cheek,
Thy angel whisperings seem even now
Of Silverwood to speak;
Of streams and bowers that make man's heart
As very woman's weak.

Soft western wind, with music fraught
Of all to heart most dear;
Of birds that sing in greenest glade,
Of streams that run so clear;
Why pour thy sweetness o'er the heart
That wastes in dungeon drear?

The sunshine's for the jocund heart,
The breeze is for the free;
They be for those who bend stout bow
Beneath the greenwood tree.
Sun ne'er should shine, breeze never blow,
For fettered slave like me.

I hear the hawk's scream in the wood,
The bayings of gaunt hound,
The sharp sough of the feathered shaft,
The bugle's thrilling sound;
I hear them; and, O God, these limbs
With Spanish irons bound!

Strike these foul fetters from my wrist,
These shackles from my knee,
Set this foot 'gainst an earthfast stone,
This back 'gainst broad oak-tree;
Give but one span of earth for fight,
And I once more am free!

A single hand, a single brand,
Against uncounted foes,
A heart that's withered like a leaf,
In brooding o'er its woes,
Are surely not such deadly odds
For stout men to oppose.

But no; bound here 'midst rotting straw,
Within this noisome cell,
They joy to see a proud heart break,
And ring its own sad knell;

They joy to hear me, Silverwood,
Bid thee and life farewell.

So let it be; sweet Silverwood,
On daylight's latest beam,
My spirit seeks again thy glades,
Revisits flower and stream;
And fleets through thee, unchanged in love,
In this my dying dream.

THE TROUBADOUR'S LAMENT.

It was a gallant troubadour,
A child of sword and song,
That loved a gentle paramour,
And loved her leal and long;
He wooed her as a knight should woo,
And, laying lance in rest,
In listed fields her colors flew
O'er many a haughty crest.
He loved her as a bard should do,
And, taking harp in hand,
In sweetest lays that lady's praise
He poured o'er many a land:
But all in vain,
His noblest strain
Awoke no kind return;
That lady proud
Smiled on the crowd,
But his true love did spurn.

It was a tristful troubadour,
Heart-broken by disdain,
That then to France and belle amour
Bequeathed this mournful strain,

As riding on the yellow sand
With many a knightly fere,
He smote his harp with feeblest hand,
To sing with feebler cheer:
Adieu, proud love! adieu, fair land!
Where heathen banners float,
This broken heart can act its part,
Can die, and be forgot.
Alas! too late;
It was its fate
To learn, with saddest pain,
It lovéd one
Who scorned to own
Her heart could love again.

Fair France, farewell! my latest breath
Shall still be spent for thee,
While meeting strife, I court my death
In distant Galilee.
My soul is bound up with the glaive
That glitters at my thigh,
And fixed upon the banner brave
Now flashing to the sky.
A last adieu I well may waive
To her I loved so well;
She does not care what doom I bear,
Yet, heartless maid, farewell!
No bridal sheet
For me is meet;
I seek the soldier's bier,
Who, for his God,
Sleeps on the sod,
Unstained by woman's tear.

WHEN I BENEATH THE COLD, RED EARTH AM SLEEPING.

When I beneath the cold, red earth am sleeping,
Life's fever o'er,
Will there for me be any bright eye weeping
That I'm no more?
Will there be any heart still memory keeping
Of heretofore?

When the great winds, through leafless forests rushing,
Like full hearts break,
When the swollen streams, o'er crag and gully gushing,
Sad music make;
Will there be one whose heart despair is crushing
Mourn for my sake?

When the bright sun upon that spot is shining
With purest ray,
And the small flowers, their buds and blossoms twining,
Burst through that clay,—
Will there be one still on that spot repining
Lost hopes all day?

When the night shadows, with the ample sweeping
Of her dark pall,
The world and all its manifold creation sleeping,
The great and small,—
Will there be one, even at that dread hour, weeping
For me,—for all?

When no star twinkles with its eye of glory,
On that low mound;

And wintry storms have with their ruins hoary
Its loneness crowned;
Will there be then one versed in misery's story
Pacing it round?

It may be so,—but this is selfish sorrow
To ask such meed,—
A weakness and a wickedness to borrow,
From hearts that bleed,
The wailings of to-day, for what to-morrow
Shall never need.

Lay me then gently in my narrow dwelling,
Thou gentle heart:
And though thy bosom should with grief be swelling,
Let no tear start;
It were in vain,—for Time hath long been knelling,—
Sad one, depart!

SPIRITS OF LIGHT! SPIRITS OF SHADE!

Spirits of Light! Spirits of Shade!
Hark to the voice of your love-crazed maid,
Who singeth all night so merrily,
Under the cope of the huge elm-tree.
The snow may fall, and the bitter wind blow,
But still with love must her heart overflow.

The great elm-tree is leafy and high,
And its topmost branch wanders far up in the sky;
It is clothed with leaves from top to toe;
For it loveth to hear the wild winds blow,—
The winds that travel so fast and free,
Over the land, and over the sea,
Singing of marvels continuously.
The moon on these leaves is shining ever,
And they dance like the waves of a gleaming river.

But oft in the night,
When her smile shines bright,
With the cold, cold dew they shiver.
O, woe is me, for the suffering tree,
And the little green leaves that shiver and dream
In the icy moonbeam!
O, woe is me!

I would I were clad with leaves so green,
And grew like this elm, a fair forest queen;
Could shoot up ten fingers like branches tall,
Till the cold, cold dews would on me fall;
For to shiver is sweet when winds blow keen,
Or hoarfrost powders the dreary scene.
And, O, I would like that my flesh could creep
With cold, as it was wont to do;
And that my heart like a flower went to sleep,
When Winter his icy trumpet blew,
And shook o'er the wolds and moorland fells
His crisping beard of bright icicles,
While his breath, as it swept adown the strath,
Smote with death the burn as it brawled on its path,
Stilled its tongue, and laid it forth
In a lily-white smock from the freezing north.
But woe, deep woe,
It is not so.

Spirits of Light! Spirits of Shade!
Hearken once more to your love-stricken maid,
For, O, she is sad as sad may be,
Pining all night underneath this tree,
Yet lacking thy goodly company.
She is left self-alone,
While the old forests groan,
As they hear, down rushing from the skies,
The embattled squadrons of the air,
Pealing o'er ridgy hills their cries
Of battle, and of fierce despair.
Through sunless valleys, deep and drear,

Hark, to their trumpets' brassy blare,
The tramp of steed, and crash of spear!
Nearer yet the strife sweeps on,
And I am left thus self-alone,
With never a guardian spirit near,
To couch for me a generous lance,
When the Storm-fiends madly prance
On their steeds of cloud and flame,
To work a gentle maiden shame,
O, misery!
I die; and yet I scorn to blame
Inconstancy.
All in this old wood,
They may shed my blood,
But false to my true love
I never can be.

Peace, breaking heart! it is not so,
For sweetly I hear your voices flow,—
All your sad, soft voices flow,
Like the murmurs of the ocean,
Kissed by Zephyrs into motion;
And when shells have found a tongue
To sing, as they were wont to sing,
When this noble world was young,
And the sea formed love's bright ring,
And hearts found hearts in everything.
Now the trees find apt replying
To your music, with a sighing
That doth witch the owl to sleep;
And, waving their great arms to and fro,
They feel ye walk, and their heads they bow
In adoration deep.
And I with very joy could now
Like weakest infant weep,
That hath its humor, and doth go
With joy-wrung tears to sleep.
And now all the leaves that are sere and dry
Noiselessly fall, like stars from the sky;

They are showering down on either hand,
A brown, brown burden upon the land.
And thus it will be with the love-stricken maid,
That loveth the Spirits of Light and Shade,
And whose thoughts commune with the spirits that write
The blue book of heaven with words of light.
And who bend down in love for her,
From their stately domes on high,
To teach her each bright character
That gleameth in her eye,
When the solemn night unrolls
The vast map of the world of souls.
O, ecstasy! rapt ecstasy!
For a poor maiden of earth like me;
To have and hold
The spirits who shine like molten gold,
Eternally.

Beautiful Spirits! flee me not;
For this is the hour, and this is the spot,
Where we were wont of old to spell
The language of the star-filled sky;
And walk through heaven's own citadel,
With stately step and upcast eye,
And brows on which were deeply wrought
The fadeless prints of glorious thought.
Ye melt fast away in the dewy chill
O' th' moonbeam, but yield to a maiden's will;
Take, ere ye vanish, this guerdon fair,
A long lock of her sun-bright hair;
It was shorn from temples that throbbed with pain,
As the fearful thought wandered through the brain,
That never again, as in days of yore,
It might be her hap to gather lore
From the dropping richness of liquid tones,
That fall from the lips of spiritual ones.
Scorn not my gift,—O, it is fair,
As, streaming, it follows your course high in air!

And here is a brave and flaunting thing:—
A jolly green garland, braided well
With roses wild, and foxglove bell,—
With sage, and rue, and eglantine,—
With ivy-leaf and holly green.
Three times it was dipped in a faery spring,
And three times spread forth in a faery ring,
When the dews fell thick and the moon was full;
And three times it clipped a dead man's skull,
And three times it lay pillowed under this cheek,
And lips that would, but could not speak,
Where its bloom was preserved, by tears freshly shed,
From a bursting heart's fond fountain-head.
Take these gifts, then, ere ye go,
Or my heart will break with its weight of woe,
O, misery!
To love, and yet to be slighted so,
Sad misery.

Spirits of Light! Spirits of Shade!
Once more thus prays your love-stricken maid;
Dig out, and spread in the white moonshine
A goodly couch for these limbs of mine;
Fast by the roots of this stately tree,
And three fathoms deep, that couch must be.
And lightly strew o'er her the withered leaf;
Meet shroud for maiden mild 'twill prove;
And as it falls it will lull her grief,
With gentlest rustlings, breathing love.
Then choose a turf that is wondrous light,
And lap it softly o'er this breast;
And charge the dew-drops, large and bright,
On its green grass forever to rest.
So that, like a queen, clad in gems, she may lie,
Right holily,
With hands crossed in prayer, gazing up to the sky,
Tranquilly,
Eternally.

THE CRUSADER'S FAREWELL.

The banners rustle in the breeze,
The angry trumpets swell;
They call me, lady, from thy arms,
They bid me sigh farewell!

They call me to a heathen land,
To quell a heathen foe;
To leave love's blandishments, and court
Rude dangers, strife, and woe.

Yet deem not, lady, though afar
It be my hap to roam,
That this right loyal heart can stray
From love, from thee, and home.

No! in the tumult of the fight,
'Midst Salem's chivalrie,
The thought that arms this hand with death
Shall be the thought of thee.

THE MIDNIGHT LAMP.

Thou pale and sickly lamp,
Now glimmering like the glow-worm of the swamp,
Shine on, I pray thee, for another hour,
And shed thy wan and feeble lustre o'er
This precious volume of forgotten lore
My eyes devour.
Shine on, I pray thee, but some little while;
Soon will the morning's ruddy smile

Peep through the casement, like a well-known
guest,
And give thee needful rest.

Even now the gray owl seeks his nest;
And in the farm-yards lusty cocks begin
To flap their wings, and, with a rousing din,
Cheer on the lagging morn.
Right soon the careful churle will go
To view his ripening corn;
And up, and up, in a merry row,
A thousand many-voiced birds will spring,
And in one general chorus sing
Their matins to the skies.

Then live some little while, poor sickening light,
And glad my aching eyes;
Thou wilt not die until the morrow bright
Has seen thy exequies.
Thou wilt not quit me like a thankless one,
Who, when grief closes with the fainting heart,
Doth shape his leave.
I pray thee tarry, then. Alas! thou'rt gone.
Pity it is that in this mood we part.

COME DOWN, YE SPIRITS!

Come down, ye Spirits! in your might come down!
Come down, ye Spirits of this midnight hour!
Come down in all your dim sublimity
And majesty of terror! How I joy
To meet you in your own dark territories,
And hold mysterious converse in a tongue
That hath quite perished among the sons
Of fallen man! Ye Spirits that do roam
With unconfined footsteps o'er the paths

Of measureless eternity,—ye who skim
The bosomed cloud, or pace with hasty step
The earth's green surface, and its every spot,
Though ne'er so lone, deserted, and profound,
Repeople with strange sounds and voices sweet,
Which circle round, even when all else is still,
And breed in vulgar breasts a nameless dread
And awe inexplicable, which bids the flesh
To creep, as if its every fibre were
A many-footed and a living thing,
Come down! come down!

I hear ye come! I hear your sounding wings
Beat the impassive air with mighty strokes,
And in the flickering moonshine I can see
Your shadowy limbs, descending like a mist
Of fleecy whiteness, on the slumbering earth.
And now I hear the mingled harmonies
Of all your voices fill the vaulted sky.
Ye call upon me,—and my soul is glad
To meet you on your pilgrimage, and join
Its feeble echoes to your mighty song.

DING DONG!

Ding dong! ding dong!
The church bells chime
At early prime,—
A solemn stave,—
Ding dong! ding dong!
O'er the lovers' grave.

Ding dong! ding dong!
The slow sounds weep,

And cadence keep
With the wail of woe,—
Ding dong! ding dong!
O'er the grave below.

Ding dong! ding dong!
Strew garlands round
The holy ground
Where twin hearts sleep.
Ding dong! ding dong!
And two friends weep.

Ding dong! ding dong!
The church bells play
At close of day,
With hollow tone.
Ding dong! ding dong!
They ever moan.

Ding dong! ding dong!
Cold death hath laid
In earthly bed
Two hearts alone.
Ding dong! ding dong!
And made them one.

Ding dong! ding dong!
The church bells loom
Above the tomb
Where true loves meet.
Ding dong! Ding dong!
How sad and sweet!

CLERKE RICHARD AND MAID MARGARET.

"A man must nedes love maugre his hed,
He may not fleen it though he should be ded."
CHAUCER.

THERE were two lovers who loved each other
For many years, till hate did start,
And yet they never quite could smother
The former love that warmed their heart;
And both did love, and both did hate,
Till both fulfilled the will of fate.

Years after, and the maid did marry
One that her heart had ne'er approved;
Nor longer could Clerke Richard tarry
Where he had lost all that he loved.
To foreign lands he reckless went
To nourish love, hate, discontent.

A word—an idle word of folly—
Had spilled their love when it was young,
And hatred, grief, and melancholy,
In either heart is idly sprung;
And yet they loved,—and hate did wane,
And much they wished to meet again.

Of Richard still is Margaret dreaming;
His image lingered in her breast;
And oft at midnight, to her seeming,
Her former lover stood confest;
And shedding on her bosom tears,
The bitter wrecks of happier years.

Where'er he went, by land or ocean,
Still Richard sees dame Margaret there;

And every throb and kind emotion
His bosom knew were felt for her.
And never new love hath he cherished;
The power to love with first love perished.

Homeward is Clerke Richard sailing,
An altered man from him of old,
His hate had changed to bitter wailing,
And love resumed its wonted hold
Upon his heart, which yearned to see
The haunts and loves of infancy.

He knew her faithless, nathless, ever;
He loved her, though no more his own;
Nor could he proudly now dissever
The chain that round his heart was thrown.
He loved her without hope, yet true,
And sought her but to say adieu.

For even in parting there is pleasure,
A bitter joy that wrings the soul;
And there is grief surpassing measure,
That will not bide nor brook control;
And yet a formal, fond leave-taking
Is wished for by a heart nigh breaking.

O, there is something in the feeling,
And trembling falter of the hand,
And something in the tear down stealing,
And voice so broken and so bland,
And something in the word farewell,
That worketh like a powerful spell!

These lovers met, and never parted;
They met as lovers wont to do
Who meet when both are broken-hearted,
To breathe a last and long adieu.
Pale Margaret wept. Clerke Richard sighed;
And, folded in each other's arms, they died.

Yes, they did die ere word was spoken;
Surprise, grief-love, had chained their tongue;
And now that hatred was ywroken,
A wondrous joy in them had sprung.
And then despair froze either heart,
Which lived to meet,—but died to part.

Clerke Richard he was buried low
In fair Linlithgow; and his love
Was laid beside him there; and lo,
A bonnie tree did grow above
Their double grave, and it doth flourish
Green o'er the spot where love did perish.

LORD ARCHIBALD.

A BALLAD.

O, SAFTLIE, saftlie laie him doun, and hap upo his heid
The cauld reid erd ful lichtlie feris, this is a knichtlie rede;
And pight a carvit croce of stane abune quhare he dois lye.
Syne it was for the halie rude Lord Archibald did die.

Its saftlie, saftlie have thay layd Lord Archibald in graif,
And its dowie, dowie owre his bouk thair plumis and banneris waif;
And its lichtlie, lichtlie doe thay hap the red erth on his heid;
And waefil was ilk knichtly fere to luik upon the deid.

Thay layd him doun wi' sighe and sab, and they
layd him doun wi' tearis;
And nou abune the Olyve wuddis the ice-cauld
mune apperis;
Quhyl thai muntit on thayr stedis amayne a sor-
rowand cumpanie,
And be the munelicht forthy thai begin a lang
jornie.

Awa thai rade, away thai rade, and the wynd
souchit eerie by,
And quhiskit aff ilk heavie tere quhilk gatherit in
thair eye;
For weil thay luvit Lord Archibald as knichtis suld
luve thair feris;
But littil thai affect Syr Hew, quha now thair
fealtie bearis.

Its thai have spurrit, and egre spurrit, and thair
stedes ar al a fome,
And nevir a word frae anie lip of thir silent
knichtis hes come;
And still they spurrit and pukit on, til a lonesum
lodge they wan,
Then voydit thae thair saddilis al, and til the yett
thay ran.

Nae licht is schinand in the lodge, and nae portir
keepis the dore;
Nae warder strade, wi lustie spere, that dreirie
lodge before;
Nae harp is heard inurth the hall, and nae sang
frae ladie braive,
But al was quiet as Ermites houff, and stylliche as
the grave.

Swith pacit thai in be twa and twa, ilk wi his out-
drawn swerd,
And thai gang throu vaultit passages, albeit nae
sound thay heard,

Bot and it was the heavy clamp quhilk thair fit rang
on the flore,
Til that thay stude, ilk knicht of them, fornentes
the grit hall dore.

Now entir thou, the bauld Syr Hew, for treason do
we feare;
Now entir first, as Captaine thou, of your brithern
knichtis sae dier;
For syne the gude Lord Archibald was layd aneth
the stane,
Our manlyke courage has yfled, and al our hertis
have gane.

The dark Syr Hew gade on before, and ane yreful
man was he:
"O, schame upon your manheidis al, and dishonour
on ye be;
Quhat fleyis ye sua that nane may daur to threuw
this chalmer lok?"
Then wi' his iron gauntlet he that aiken dore has
broke.

"Come in, Syr Hew; come in, Syr Hew," a voice
cryit fra within;
"Come in, Syr Hew, my buirdly bairn, quhilk are
sua wicht and grim,
But nevir nane sal entir here bot an yoursel alane;
Now welcum blythe to dark Syr Hew in this puir
lodge of stane."

Ilk knicht did hear the lonsum voyce, but the
speiker nane did see,
And dark Syr Hew waxit deadlie pale, quhyl the
mist cam owre his ee.
"Now turn wi' me, my merrie men al, to hald us
on our way,
For in this ugsum lodge this nicht nae pilgrimer
may stay."

"Come back, Syr Hew, my knicht of grace, and
come hither my trusty fere;
For thou hast wan a gudely fee, though nae lerges
ye mote spere;
O, three woundis were on your britheris face, and
three abune his knee;
But the deepest wound was throu his hert, and that
was gi'en be thee."

Ilk ane has heard the lonesum voyce, for it was
schil and hie;
Ilk ane has heard its eerie skreich as it gaed soun-
ing by;
Yet mervailous dul that lodge dois seem, and bot
anie bruit or din;
Nae liand wicht dois herbour here but an that
voyce within.

And everie knicht has turnit him round to leave
that hauntit ha',
And muntit on his swelterand stede, and pricket
richt sune awa';
And quhan this gallant cumpanye auld Askelon
had nearit,
The wan mune had gane fra the lift, and the grai
daylight apperit.

Then did they count thair numberis, and thay
countit wyse and true,
And everilk ane was thair convenit but and the
dark Syr Hew;
But in the press his horse was kythit wi' ane saddil
toom and bare;
Och and alace, its maister sure liggis in som lane-
lie lair.

Back hae thay ridden league and myl, but nevir
Syr Hew thai see;
Back hae thay ridden league and myl til quhare
that lodge suld be;

Och and alace, nae lodge is thair, nouthir of stane
nor wud,
But quhair it was lay the dark Syr Hew amid
thick clotterit blude.

His lyre was wan, his teeth were clenchit, and his
eyne did open stare,
And wonderouslie lyke stiffened cordis stude up
his coal-black hair,
And his hand was glewit until the haft of his
swerd sue scharp and trew,
Bot the blade was broke, and on the grund it lay
in pieces two.

He streiket was upon the garse, and it was red of
blee,
Wi' the drappyng of the ruddie blude that trinklit
doun his knee;
And his brunie bricht was dintit sair, and heart in
pieces ten,
O, nevir was a knicht sae hackit by armis of mor-
tal men.

Thay sayit to raise him, bot alace, thai culd not
muve a limm;
But heavie as the lead he lay, that Captaine dark
and brym;
And his eye was luik, and fierslie fell, and his hand
was rased a lite,
Albeit no lyf was in the corps of that cauld paly
knighte.

Then did thay leave him on that spot to rot and fal
away,
And thay put na stane upon his heid, and on his
corps nae clay,
For thay had lerit in ferly wise that hindernicht I
rede,
That dark Syr Hew, by felon means, did make his
brither bleed.

AND HAVE I GAZED?

And have I gazed on this bright form
While it was fast decaying?
And have I looked on these pale lips
While ghastly death and woman's love
Thereon with smiles were playing?
And do I see that lustrous eye
Now quenched in hopeless night?
And was that feebly-murmured sigh
Thy spirit's heavenward flight?

A moment since that eye was bright,
A moment since it beamed on me,
And now that lovely orb of light
Is fixed on dull vacuity;
That bosom throbbed, that cheek was warm,
And in that round and polished arm
The thin, blue veins were filled with life;
Now motionless and pale they lie;
Sad, beauteous wrecks of that stern strife
In which a soul escaped on high!

Can I forget thy sad, sweet smile,
Thy last, thy long, impassioned look?
Can I forget the last farewell
It then so fondly took?
O, no!—methinks thy lips still seem
That smile of deepest love to beam,
And these eyes, that now calmly sleep
Beneath their half-closed, thin, transparent covers,
Have all the lustre in their slumber deep
They had in life, and proud dominion keep
With light and sunshine over hearts and lovers.
Vain thought! Imagination's hollow trick
To wean the heart from brooding o'er its sorrow,

Away! Death's blighting dews have fallen thick
On that dear maiden's pale and bloodless cheek.
She smiled to-day; some gentle words did speak,
But nor one smile nor syllable will break
The silence of to-morrow!

Feast, feast mine eyes on happiness forelore,
Banquet on loveliness that hath not died,
A beauty slumbers there as heretofore,
A soul made to be deified.
What though the rose, like coward base, hath fled
From this cold cheek! the lily still is there;
And mark how its pure white is softly spread,
Where not one vagrant rose shall dare
Again to blossom on this maiden's cheek,
Or its bright innocence with shame to streak.

SHE IS NOT DEAD.

She is not dead,—O, do not say she's dead!
Good friends, she lives! what though the rose hath
fled
From her sweet face, doth not the lily there
As beautiful a form and semblance bear?
Good friends, I say she lives! her beauty lives!
And death destroys all loveliness of hue;
And were she dead, that lustre life but gives,
From her, methinks, would have evanished too.

Good friends, join with me,—do but give me space
To feast upon the beauties of this face.
She lives in death, she triumphs in the tomb
And, like a grave's flower, springs in fresher bloom
The nearer it is planted to the dead!
Raise, raise a little more her drooping head;

Her bosom heaves not,—'tis like marble, white,
And, like it, cold. But mark how exquisite
And finely fashioned is this pale, stiff arm
Which sleeps upon it; touch it, it will not harm.
No, not one finger moves; they're locked in sleep,
And very cold withal; pray do not weep.
Else I would weep too, that I could not break
Her pleasant slumbers for your pity's sake.

Good friends, I pray withdraw that veil once more,
And say, is she not lovely as before;
Hath not this brow, this cheek, this neck, this arm,
And this fair body, all some goodly charm
Hovering around them, though the soul is gone
On some far pilgrimage from this bright one?
Men say this maiden loved me,—simple me,
Even from the cradle and sweet infancy,
Till we had learned speech to speak our loves
As others do, by streams and shaded groves;
But that is false in part, for never word
Of love from either lip by us was heard;
The tongue is false and cogging, but the eye,
The vanishing, rosy smile, speak faithfully.
Yes, Love beneath these cold lids did repair,
As to a crystal palace, there to blend
His essence with the lights they did defend;
And when they oped their portals, what a light
Poured from the worlds they hid! Two bright,
All-radiant worlds,—two stars of living fire,
Having joint sway and majesty entire
Within their fair domains and beauteous spheres,
And gemmed with diamonds like to dropping tears.
And Love was there enshrined, and laughéd
through
The pensive glories of these eyes so blue.

SWEET EARLSBURN, BLITHE EARLSBURN.

Sweet Earlsburn, blithe Earlsburn,
Mine own, my native stream,
My heart grows young again, while thus
On thy green banks I dream.
Yes, dream! in sooth I can no more,
For as thy murmurs roll,
They wake the ancient melodies
That stirred my infant soul.

I've told thee, one by one, the thoughts—
Strange, shapeless forms were they—
That hung around me fearfully
In childhood's dreamy day.
And still thy mystic music spake,
Dimly articulate,
Yielding meet answer to the dreams
That shadowed forth my fate.

I've wept by thee, a sorrowing child;
I've sported, mad with glee;
And still thou wert the only one
That seemed to care for me;
For in whatever mood I came
To wander by thy brim,
Thy murmurs were most musical,
Soul-soothing as a hymn.

I've wandered far in other lands,
And mixed with stranger men,
But still my heart untravelled sought
Repose within thy glen.
The pictures of my memory
Were fresh as they were limned,
Nor change of scene, nor lapse of years,
Their lustre ever dimmed.

BEGONE, BEGONE, THOU TRUANT TEAR.

Begone, begone, thou truant tear,
That trembles on my cheek,
And far away be borne the sigh
That more than words can speak.

And cease, my merry harp, to wake
The song of former days,
And perish all the minstrel lyre
That framed these happy lays.

She loves me not who woke these strains,
Then wherefore should they be?
True, she doth smile as she was wont,
But doth she smile on me?

Her neck with kindly arch ne'er bends
When listening to my song,
Nor do her passion-moving lips
The trembling notes prolong.

Time was, indeed, when she would hang
Enamoured on my theme;
But ah! that happy time hath fled,
And vanished like a dream.

Peace, thou proud heart, and prate no more
Thy sun of joy hath set,
And dark and starless is the sky
The troubadour has met.

O, BABBLE NOT TO ME, GRAY EILD.

O, BABBLE not to me, Gray Eild,
Of days and years misspent,
Unless thou canst again restore
Youth's scenes of merriment.

Canst thou recall to me the heart
That bounded sorrow-free,
Or wake to life the lovely one
Who stole that heart from me?

Canst thou by magic art compel
The shrouded dead to rise,
And all the friends of early years
Again to glad my eyes?

Canst thou renew Hope's flattering dream,
That promised joys in store,
Or bid me taste again those few,
Alas! that are no more?

Then babble not to me, Gray Eild,
Of days and years misspent,
Unless thou canst again restore
Youth's dreams of sweet content.

SONNET.—THE PATRIOT'S DEATH.

His eye did lose its lustre for a space,
And a bright color mantled o'er his face;
His lips did tremulous move, as if to speak,
But no words came. On his brow did break
The heavy and cold dew of coming death;

And thick and difficult had grown his breath.
A moment's space, it was no more, for soon
Calmness and sunshine did again illume
His stern-resolvéd features, and a glow
Of deep but bridled wrath sat on his brow;
But it frowned not, nor did his piercing eye
Speak aught that wronged his proud heart's privacy
Fear did not there abide, nor yet did rage
Gleam in its fire. Far nobler moods assuage
Its potent brilliance and restrain its ire;
It nothing knew but the brave patriot's fire,
Who staketh life to grasp at liberty,
And dies, rejoicing that he has lived free,
Well knowing that his death to other men
Will be a gathering call,—a watchword, when
The brave on freedom look in after times.

SONNET.—PALE DAUGHTER OF THE NIGHT.

O THOU most beautiful and meek-eyed virgin,
Pale daughter of the night, how tempest-tost
And wildered in these thickening clouds thou art,
Yet smiling ever with so sweet a face
Of love around thee, that in truth, methinks,
Even at these clouds thou canst not take offence,
Knowing thy glory and majestic form
Cannot be sullied; and the innocent,
Even like to thee, with undiminished beam,
Burst through the clouds of envious calumny,
To shame the tongues, and give the lie to thoughts,
Having no saintlike charity! O, yes, like thee,
Thus shine on darkness with forgiving look,
For Innocence and Mercy are twin-born!

SONNET.—THE HAND'S WILD GRASP.

The hand's wild grasp, the dark flash of the eye,
Like the troubled gleam of a winter's sky,
The bosom's bitter throb, the half-choked sigh,
When the parting hour is hurrying nigh,
  Are known but to those who love.
Sad is that fateful hour, and pale the cheek,
And fain the tongue would, but it cannot, speak,
  And the cold lips will not move.

O, could the eyes find tears kind hope hath sprung,
And could the lips but syllable a sound,
Albeit to wail, the heart with passion wrung
Would to its prisoned feeling thus give vent;
But in an icy circle they are bound,
And when that breaks, the heart's last chord is rent!

SONNET.—SILVERY HAIRS.

Ha! on my brow, what straggling, silvery hairs
Be ye who curl and mingle in the throng
Of a more youthful race? Beshrew my heart!
Ye have a frosty aspect right severe,
And come to babble nonsense of the times
That once have been, and of the days that speed
With noiseless pinions o'er me,—of the grave
That hungers for me, and impatiently
Awaits my coming. Softly now, fair sirs,
Emblems of frail mortality; in sooth,
Are ye the fruits of time, or those chance weeds
That sorrow's sullen flood hath left to mock
The broken heart that it hath desolated,
And killed each bud of hope that blossomed there?

LADY MARGARET.

I LAY within the chamber lone
Where the Lady Margaret died;
And wildly there the midnight wind
Like hapless spirit sighed.

I mused upon that peerless One,
So beautiful of blee;
And marvelled much of her sad death's
Time-hallowed mystery:
For as a rainbow-tinted cloud,
Smote by a gentle wind,
Sails o'er the deep, slow-paced and proud,
Yet leaves no trace behind;
Nor can conjecture index true
Where one bright shadow lay,
Till all has melted from the view,
In nothingness away;
So did that lady vanish quite,
In her sad latter day!

It is a hundred years agone
Since living limb did rest
Within that chamber's chilling gloom,
And rose a living guest!
But many a brave and stately corpse
Of lord and lady tall
Have here lain cold and motionless
Ere their proud funeral:
For no sound or sight, however strange,
Can lifeless flesh appall.
But ancient crones have noted well
Of each corpse that lay there,
That writhen was each ghastly limb,
The eyelid opened wide and grim
Each cold, dead eye did glare.

It is a hundred years agone,
Even on this very night,
Since, in this unsunned room, and lone,
Reposed that lady bright,—
A miracle of loveliness,—
A very beam of light.
Blithe dawns the morn, her bridal morn,
And merry minstrels play;
The brisk bridegroom, and all his kin,
Came trooping with a joyous din,
In seemliest array.
The bridegroom came, but ah! the bride
Was missing and away!
And of that gentle lady's fate
None wot of till this day!
And, since that night, all tenantless
Of life hath been her room;
Till even I did madly break
Upon its sacred gloom.

It was a dull and eerie night
Of wind and bitter sleet,
When first that tomb-like chamber rung
With the echoes of my feet;
And on its narrow casements hard
The hail and rain did beat,
While through each crazed and time-worn chink
The hollow wind did moan,
As if a hundred harps were strung
Within that chamber lone,
And every minstrel there had been
Some disembodied one!

But it is a lofty chamber,
And passing rich withal,
When on its gilded mouldings huge
The quivering moonbeams fall.
And ever and anon, in sooth,
Even on that stormy night,

Would some pale, tempest-shattered ray
Through the dim windows find its way,—
A very thread of light,—
To glimmer on the needlecraft
And curious tapestry
Which moulder on the walls,—brave scrolls
Of dim antiquitye,
Embodying many a quaint device
Of love and chivalrye.

O, it is a lofty chamber!
But dull it is to see,
In the dead pause of the deep midnight,
When the fagots dying be,
And naught but embers red
Throw round a dubious gleam,
Like the indistinct forthshadowings
Of a sad and unquiet dream.
Then suddenly to wake from sleep,
To gaze round that dim room,
We're sure to feel as one whose pulse
Again beats in the tomb,
Swelling with idle life and strength
Within its stifling gloom.

'Twas even so that I awoke
(Sure awake I could not be),
Though with the lifelikeness of waking truths
Were all things clothed to me.
'Twas in terror I awoke
Within that chamber dim;
The sweat-drop burst on my cold brow,
Dull horror numbed each limb.
In agony my temples beat,
Life only throbbéd there;
And creeping cold, like living things,
Stood up each clammy hair.
It seemed as if a spell from hell
Were drugged deep with the air;

Yet wherefore should I fear
To me was all unknown ;
For that chamber was, as heretofore,
Dim, desolate, and lone.
And I heard the angry winter's wind
Still shrilly whistling by ;
I heard it stir the leafless trees,
And heard their faint reply.
While the ticking clock, right audibly,
Did note time's passing sigh,
And, like some dusky banner broad,
Loud flapping in the breeze,
The faded arras on the walls
Sung its own exequies.

Then, then, methought I heard a foot;
It sounded soft and still;
And slowly then it died away,
Like echo on the hill,
Or like the far, faint murmuring
Of a lone hermit rill.
Again that footstep sounded near,
Again it died away ;
And then I heard it gliding past
The couch on which I lay !
I raised my head, and wildly gazed
Into the glimmering gloom;
But nothing save the embers red,
That on the spacious hearth were spread,
I saw within that room.
And all was dusky round,
Save where those embers shed
A pale and sickly gleam of light
On the Lady Margaret's bed.

On the couch where I did lie
That sickly light did shine
With one bright flash, when, as a voice
Did cry, "Revenge is mine !"

Another answered straight,
And said, "The hour is come!"
I listened,—but these voices twain
For evermore were dumb.
But again the still, soft foot
Came creeping stealthy on;
And then, O God! mine ear upcaught
A deep and stifled groan.
It echoed through the lofty room
So loud, so clear, and shrill,
Methinks even to my dying day
I'll hear that echo still.
Again that deep and smothered groan,—
That rattle in the throat,—
That awful sob of struggling life,—
On my strained ear-strings smote.
In desperate fear I madly strove
To start from that witched bed,
But on my breast there seemed up-piled
A mountain-weight of lead.
And when I strove to speak aloud,
To dissipate that spell,
I shuddered at the shapeless sounds
That from mine own lips fell.
'Twas then, full filled with fear, I shut
Mine eyes t'escape the gaze
Of that dim chamber's arras'd walls,
With their tales of other days,
Lest ghastly shapes should start from them
To sport in horrid glee
Before my tortured sight—dark scenes
Of their life's tragedy,
And like exulting fiends proclaim
How black man's heart can be.

But visionless scant space I lay
With throbbing downshut lid,
When o'er my brow and cheek, dear Lord!
A clammy coldness slid.

O'er brow and cheek I felt it slide ;
And, like a frozen rill,
The blood waxed thick within my veins,
Grew pulseless, and stood still.
O'er brow and cheek I felt it slide,
So clammy and so cold,
Like the touch of one whose lifeless limbs
In winding-sheet are rolled.
Straight upward did I look, and then
From the thick obscurity—
O, horrible!—there downward gleamed
Two glittering eyes on me.
From the ceiling of that lofty room
These glittering eyes did stare;
They rested on me, under them,
With a fixed and fearful glare.
O, never human eyes did flash
So wild and strange a light,
As these twin eyes straight downward poured
On that unhappy night.
Their beams shot down like lances long,
Unutterably bright.
And still these glittering, living lights
Did steadfast gaze on me;
And each fibre of my heart shrunk up
Beneath their sorcery.
Still, still they gleam,—their searching glance
Has pierced into my brain.
I feel the stream of fire pass through,
I feel its cureless pain!

One moment seemed to pass, and then
My vision waxed more clear,
And livelier to my spell-fraught sight
These blazing eyes appear,
As with unholy light they lit
A pallid cheek and brow,
And quivered on a lip as cold
And blenched as driven snow.

And I did gaze on that pale brow,
And on that lovesome cheek;
I watched those cold, part-opened lips,—
Methought that they would speak;
But motionless, and void of life
As monumental stone,
Was every feature, save those eyes,
That evermore outshone
With a fearful lustre, that to life
On earth is never known.

That face was all a deadly white,
Yet beautiful to see;
And indistinctly floated down
Its body's symmetry,
In ample folds and wimples quaint
Of gorgeous drapery.
And gleaming forth, like spots of snow
On a sad colored field,
A small, white hand on either side
Was partially revealed.
O'er me a deeper horror,—
A marvellous rush of light,—
Long-perished memories returned
Upon that fearful night.
I heard the sounds of other times,
The tales of other years.
Reacted were their sharpest crimes;
Outpoured again their tears.

POSTHUMOUS POEMS.

PREFATORY NOTE.

When the Second Edition of Motherwell's Poems was published, in 1847, it was stated in the Preface that the fragments of poetry which he had left behind him in manuscript, and which were not included in that volume, might be given to the public at some future day, should any encouragement be offered for pursuing such a course. This the Publisher has now determined to do; but before taking such a step, he resolved to submit the pieces in question to the critical scrutiny of Motherwell's old friend and poetical ally, Mr. William Kennedy, who chanced to be in Scotland at the time. The reader will, therefore, be good enough to understand that these Poems have been selected by Mr. Kennedy, and are published under his express authority. The Publisher is gratified in being able to make this statement, as it relieves him from a responsibility which he feels that it would not be becoming in him to incur.

O THAT THIS WEARY WAR OF LIFE

O THAT this weary war of life
With me were o'er,
Its eager cry of woe and strife
Heard never more!
I've fronted the red battle field
Mine own dark day;
I fain would fling the helmet, shield,
And sword away.
I strive not now for victory—
That wish hath fled;

My prayer is now to numbered be
Among the dead—
All that I loved, alas!—alas!
Hath perished!
They tell me 'tis a glorious thing,
This wearing war;
They tell me joy crowns suffering
And bosom scar.
Such speech might never pass the lips
That could unfold
How shrinketh heart when sorrow nips
Affections old:
When they who cleaved to us are dust,
Why live to moan?
Better to meet a felon thrust
Than strive alone—
Better than loveless palaces
The churchyard stone!

CHOICE OF DEATH.

Might I, without offending, choose
The death that I would die,
I'd fall, as erst the Templar fell,
Aneath a Syrian sky.

Upon a glorious plain of war,
The banners floating fair,
My lance and fluttering pennoncel
Should marshal heroes there!

Upon the solemn battle-eve,
With prayer to be forgiven,
I'd arm me for a righteous fight,
Imploring peace of Heaven!

High o'er the thunders of the charge
Should wave my sable plume,
And where the day was lost or won,
There should they place my tomb!

LIKE MIST ON A MOUNTAIN TOP BROKEN AND GRAY.

Like mist on a mountain top broken and gray,
The dream of my early day fleeted away:
Now the evening of life, with its shadows, steals on,
And memory reposes on years that are gone!

Wild youth with strange fruitage of errors and tears—
A midday of bliss and a midnight of fears—
Though checker'd, and sad, and mistaken you've been,
Still love I to muse on the hours we have seen!

With those long-vanished hours fair visions are flown,
And the soul of the minstrel sinks pensive and lone;
In vain would I ask of the future to bring
The verdure that gladden'd my life in its spring!

I think of the glen where the hazel-nut grew—
The pine-covered hill where the heather-bell blew—
The trout-burn which soothed with its murmuring sweet,
The wild flowers that gleamed on the red deer's retreat!

I look for the mates full of ardor and truth,
Whose joys, like my own, were the sunbeams of youth—

They passed ere the morning of hope knew its close—
They left me to sleep where our fathers repose!

Where is now the wide hearth with the big fagot's blaze,
Where circled the legend and song of old days?
The legend's forgotten, the hearth is grown cold,
The home of my childhood to strangers is sold!

Like a pilgrim who speeds on a perilous way,
I pause, ere I part, oft again to survey
Those scenes ever dear to the friends I deplore,
Whose feast of young smiles I may never share more!

SONG.

If to thy heart I were as near
As thou art near to mine,
I'd hardly care though a' the year
Nae sun on earth suld shine, my dear,
Nae sun on earth suld shine!

Twin starnies are thy glancin' een—
A warld they'd licht and mair—
And gin that ye be my Christine,
Ae blink to me ye'll spare, my dear,
Ae blink to me ye'll spare!

My leesome May I've wooed too lang—
Aneath the trystin' tree,
I've sung till a' the plantins rang,
Wi' lays o' love for thee, my dear,
Wi' lays o' love for thee.

The dew-draps glisten on the green,
  The laverocks lilt on high,
We'll forth and doun the loan, Christine,
And kiss when nane is nigh, my dear,
  And kiss when nane is nigh!

TRUE WOMAN.

No quaint conceit of speech,
  No golden, minted phrase—
Dame Nature needs to teach
  To echo Woman's praise;
Pure love and truth unite
To do thee, Woman, right!

She is the faithful mirror
  Of thoughts that brightest be—
Of feelings without error,
  Of matchless constancie;
When art essays to render
  More glorious Heaven's bow—
To paint the virgin splendor
  Of fresh-fallen mountain snow—
New fancies will I find,
To laud true Woman's mind.

No words can lovelier make
  Virtue's all-lovely name,
No change can ever shake
  A woman's virtuous fame:
The moon is forth anew,
  Though envious clouds endeavor
To screen her from our view—
  More beautiful than ever:
So, through detraction's haze,
True Woman shines alwaies.

The many-tinted rose,
Of gardens is the queen,
The perfumed Violet knows
No peer where she is seen,
The flower of woman-kind
Is aye a gentle mind.

FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE.

Oft have I sighed for pleasure past,
Oft wept for secret smarting—
But far the heaviest drop of all
That ever on my cheek did fall
The tear was at our parting.

Why did our bosoms ever beat
Harmonious with each other,
If truest sympathies of soul
Might broken be, perhaps the whole
Concentred in another?

My fear it was when other scenes,
With other tongues, and faces,
Should greet thee, thou would'st haply be
Forgetful of our amity
In old frequented places.

'Tis even so—the thrall of love,
Past ties to thee seem common—
Well, hearts *must* yield to beauty rare,
And proud-souled friendship hardly dare
Contest the prize with woman!

Old friend, adieu! I blame thee not,
Since fair guest fills thy bosom—
Thy smiling love may flattered be

Our bonds to know, and feel that she
Thy pow'r had to unloose them!

Since thou surrenderest all for her,
May she, with faith unshaken,
Place every thought on thee alone,
While he who Friendship's dream hath known,
Must from that dream awaken!

AND HAE YE SEEN MY AIN TRUE LUVE?

'And hae ye seen my ain true luve
As ye cam thro' the fair?
Ae blink o' her's worth a' the goud
And gear that glistens there!'—
'And how suld I ken your true luve
Frae ither lasses braw
That trysted there, busked out like queens,
Wi' pearlins knots and a'?'

'Ye may ken her by her snaw-white skin,
And by her waist sae sma';
Ye may ken her by her searchin' ee,
And hair like glossy craw;
Ye may ken her by the hinnie mou,
And by the rose-dyed cheek,
But best o' a' by smiles o' licht
That luve's ain language speak!

'Ye may ken her by her fairy step—
As she trips up the street,
The very pavement seems to shine
Aneath her genty feet!
Ye may ken her by the jewell'd rings
Upon her fingers sma',

Yet better by the dignity
That she glides through them a'.

'And ye may ken her by the voice—
The music o' her tongue—
Wha heard her speak incontinent
Wad think an angel sung!
And such seems she to me, and mair,
That wale o' woman's charms—
It's bliss to press her dear wee mou
And daut her in my arms!'

THE SPELL-BOUND KNIGHT.

LADY, dar'st thou seek the shore
Which ne'er woman's footstep bore;—
Where beneath yon rugged steep,
Restless rolls the darksome deep?

Dar'st thou, though thy blood run chill,
Thither speed at midnight still—
And when horror rules the sky,
Raise for lover lost thy cry?

Dar'st thou at that ghastiest hour
Breathe the word of magic power—
Word that breaks the mermaid's spell,
Which false lover knows too well?

When affrighted spectres rise
'Twixt pale floods and ebon skies,
Dar'st thou, reft of maiden fear,
Bid the Water-Witch appear?

When upon the sallow tide
Pearly elfin boat does glide,

When the mystic oar is heard,
Like the wing of baleful bird—
Dar'st thou with a voice of might
Call upon thy spell-bound knight?

When the shallop neareth land,
Dar'st thou, with thy snow-white hand,
Boldly on the warrior's breast
Place the Cross by Churchman blest?—
When is done this work of peril,
Thou hast won proud Ulster's Earl!

CRUXTOUN CASTLE.

The reader will find a brief, but instructive, account of this relic of Baronial times—which, at different periods, has been written Cruxtoun, Croestoun, and Crookston—in a work entitled "Views in Renfrewshire," by Philip A. Ramsay, one of the Poet's earliest and truest friends. Of the objects of antiquity remaining in Renfrewshire, Cruxtoun Castle, according to Mr. Ramsay, is, in point of interest, second only to the Abbey of Paisley. "The ruins of this castle," he observes, "occupy the summit of a wooded slope, overhanging the south bank of the White Cart, about three miles southeast from Paisley, and close to the spot where that river receives the waters of a stream called the Levern. The scenery in this neighborhood is rich and varied, and although the eminence on which the Castle stands is but gentle, it is so commanding that our great Novelist has made Queen Mary remark, that, 'from thence you may see a prospect wide as from the peaks of Schehallion.' To Cruxtoun Castle, then the property of Darnley, Mary's husband, tradition tells us, the royal bride was conducted, soon after the celebration of their nuptials at Edinburgh."

Thou gray and antique tower,
Receive a wanderer of the lonely night,
Whose moodful sprite
Rejoices at this witching time to brood

Amid thy shattered strength's dim solitude!
It is a fear-fraught hour—
A death-like stillness reigns around,
Save the wood-skirted river's eerie sound,
And the faint rustling of the trees that shower
Their brown leaves on the stream,
Mournfully gleaming in the moon's pale beam:
O! I could dwell forever and forever
In such a place as this, with such a night!
When, o'er thy waters and thy waving woods,
The moonbeams sympathetically quiver,
And no ungentle thing on thee intrudes,
And every voice is dumb, and every object bright!
Forgive, old Cruxtoun, if, with step unholy,
Unwittingly a pilgrim should profane
The regal quiet, the august repose,
Which o'er thy desolated summit reign—
When the fair moon's abroad, at evening's close—
Or interrupt that touching melancholy—
Image of fallen grandeur—softly thrown
O'er every crumbling and moss-bedded stone,
And broken arch, and pointed turret hoar,
Which speak a tale of times that are no more;
Of triumphs they have seen,
When Minstrel-craft, in praise of Scotland's Queen,
Woke all the magic of the harp and song,
And the rich, varied, and fantastic lore
Of those romantic days was carped, I ween,
Amidst the pillared pomp of lofty hall,
By many a jewelled throng
Of smiling dames and soldier barons bold;
When the loud cheer of generous wassail rolled
From the high daïs to where the warder strode,
Proudly, along the battlemented wall,
Beneath his polished armor's ponderous load;
Who paused to hear, and carolled back again,
With martial glee, the jocund vesper strain:
Thou wilt forgive! Mine is no peering eye,
That seeks, with glance malign, the suffering part,

Thereby, with hollow show of sympathy,
To smite again the poor world-wounded heart:
No—thy misfortunes win from him a sigh
Whose soul towers, like thyself, o'er each lewd passer-by.

Relique of earlier days,
Yes, dear thou art to me!—
And beauteous, marvellously,
The moonlight strays
Where banners glorious floated on thy walls—
Clipping their ivied honors with its thread
Of half-angelic light:
And though o'er thee Time's wasting dews have shed
Their all consuming blight,
Maternal moonlight falls
On and around thee full of tenderness,
Yielding thy shattered frame pure love's divine caress.

Ah me! thy joy of youthful lustihood
Is gone, old Cruxtoun! Ever, ever gone!
Here hast thou stood
In nakedness and sorrow, roofless, lone,
For many a weary year—and to the storm
Hast bared thy wasted form—
Braving destruction, in the attitude
Of reckless desolation. Like to one
Who in this world no longer may rejoice,
Who watching by Hope's grave
With stern delight, impatient is to brave
The worst of coming ills—So, Cruxtoun! thou
Rear'st to the tempest thy undaunted brow;
When Heaven's red coursers flash athwart the sky—
Startling the guilty as they thunder by—
Then raisest thou a wild, unearthly hymn,
Like death-desiring bard whose star hath long been dim!

Neglected though thou art,
Sad remnant of old Scotland's worthier days,
When independence had its chivalrie,
There still is left one heart
To mourn for thee!
And though, alas! thy venerable form
Must bide the buffet of each vagrant storm,
One spirit yet is left to linger here
And pay the tribute of a silent tear;
Who in his memory registers the dints
That Time hath graved upon thy sorrowing brow;
Who of thy woods loves the Autumnal tints,
Whose voice—perforce indignant—mingles now
In all thy lamentations—with the tone,
Not of these paltry times, but of brave years long
gone.

Nor is't the moonshine clear,
Leming on tower, and tree, and silent stream,
Nor hawthorn blossoms which in Spring appear,
Most prodigal of perfume—nor the sweets
Of wood-flowers, peeping up at the blue sky;
Nor the mild aspect of blue hills which greet
The eager vision—blessed albeit they seem,
Each with its charm particular—To my eye,
Old Cruxtoun hath an interest all its own—
From many a cherished, intersociate thought—
From feelings multitudinous well known
To souls in whom the patriot fire hath wrought
Sublime remembrance of their country's fame:
Radiant thou art in the ethereal flame—
The lustrous splendor—which those feelings shed
O'er many a scene of this my father-land!
Thou, gray magician, with thy potent wand,
Evok'st the shades of the illustrious dead!
The mists dissolve—up rise the slumbering years—
On come the knightly riders cap-a-pie—
The herald calls—hark, to the clash of spears!
To Beauty's Queen each hero bends the knee;

Dreams of the Past, how exquisite ye be—
Offspring of heavenly faith and rare antiquity!

Light feet have trod
The soft, green, flowering sod
That girdles thy baronial strength, and traced,
All gracefully, the labyrinthine dance;
Young hearts discoursed with many a passionate glance,
While rose and fell the Minstrel's thrilling strain—
(Who, in this iron age, might sing in vain—
His largesse coarse neglect, and mickle pain!)
Waste are thy chambers tenantless, which long
Echoed the notes of gleeful minstrelsie—
Notes once the prelude to a tale of wrong,
Of Royalty and love.—Beneath yon tree—
Now bare and blasted—so our annals tell—
The martyr Queen, ere that her fortunes knew
A darker shade than cast her favorite yew,
Loved Darnley passing well—
Loved him with tender woman's generous love,
And bade farewell awhile to courtly state
And pageantry for yon o'ershadowing grove—
For the lone river's banks where small birds sing—
Their little hearts with summer joys elate—
Where tall broom blossoms, flowers profusely spring;
There he, the most exalted of the land,
Pressed, with the grace of youth, a Sovereign's peerless hand.

And she did die!—
Die as a traitor—in the brazen gaze
Of her—a kinswoman and enemy—
O well may such an act my soul amaze!
My country, at that hour, where slept thy sword?
Where was the high and chivalrous accord,
To fling the avenging banner of our land,
Like sheeted flame, forth to the winds of heaven?

O shame among the nations—thus to brook
The damning stain to thy escutcheon given!
How could thy sons upon their mothers look,
Degenerate Scotland! heedless of the wail
Of thy lorn Queen, in her captivity!
Unmov'd wert thou by all her bitter bale—
Untouch'd by thought that she had governed thee—
Hard was each heart and cold each powerful hand—
No harnessed steed rushed panting to the fight
O listless fell the lance when Mary laid
Her head upon the block—and high in soul,
Which lacked not then thy frugal sympathy,
Died—in her widowed beauty, penitent—
Whilst thou, by foul red-handed faction rent,
Wert falsest recreant to sweet majesty!

'Tis past—she rests—the scaffold hath been swept,
The headsman's guilty axe to rust consigned—
But, Cruxtoun, while thine aged towers remain,
And thy green umbrage wooes the evening wind—
By noblest natures shall her woes be wept,
Who shone the glory of thy festal day:
Whilst aught is left of these thy ruins gray,
They will arouse remembrance of the stain
Queen Mary's doom hath left on History's page—
Remembrance laden with reproach and pain,
To those who make, like me, this pilgrimage!

ROLAND AND ROSABELLE.

A TOMB by skilful hands is raised,
Close to a sainted shrine,
And there is laid a stalwart Knight,
The last of all his line.
Beside that noble monument,
A Squire doth silent stand,

Leaning in pensive wise upon
The cross-hilt of his brand.

Around him peals the harmony
Of friars at even-song,
He notes them not, as passing by
The hymning brothers throng:
And he hath watched the monument
Three weary nights and days,
And ever on the marble cold
Is fixed his steadfast gaze.

"I pray thee, wakeful Squire, unfold"—
Proud Rosabella said—
"The story of the warrior bold,
Who in this tomb is laid!"
"A champion of the Cross was he"—
The Squire made low reply—
"And on the shore of Galilee,
In battle did he die.

"He bound me by a solemn vow,
His body to convey
Where lived his love—there rests it now,
Until the judgment-day:
And by his stone of record here,
In loyalty I stand,
Until I greet his leman dear—
The Lady of the Land!"

"Fair stranger, I would learn of thee
The gentle warrior's name,
Who fighting fell at Galilee
And won a deathless name?"
The Squire hath fixed an eye of light
Full on the Lady tall—
"Men called," he said, "that hapless Knight
Sir Roland of the Hall!

"His foot was foremost in the fray,
And last to leave the field—
A braver arm in danger's day
Ne'er shivered lance on shield!"
"In death, what said he of his love—
Thou faithful soldier tell?"
"Meekly he prayed to Him above
For perjured Rosabelle."

"Thy task is done—my course is run—
(O fast her tears did fall!)
I am indeed a perjured one—
Dear Roland of the Hall!"
Even as the marble cold and pale,
Waxed Rosabella's cheek;
The faithful Squire resumed travail—
The Lady's heart did break!

SONG.

How I envy the ring that encircles thy finger!—
Dear daughter of beauty how happy were I
If, by some sweet spell, like that ring, I might linger
At ease in the light of thy heart-thrilling eye!

I would joy in the music thy light pulse is making,
I would press the soft cheek where the rose-buds unfold—
I would rest on the brow where pure thought's ever waking,
And lovingly glide through thy tresses of gold.

On the ripe smiling lip which young Cupid is steeping
In dews of love's day-dawn, I'd tenderly play—

And when in thy innocence, sweet, thou wert sleeping,
I'd watch thee, and bless thee, and guard thee for aye!

FOR BLITHER FIELDS AND BRAVER BOWERS.

For blither fields and braver bowers
The little bird, in Spring,
Quits its old tree and wintry hold,
With wanton mates to sing;
And yet awhile that wintry home
To branch and twig may cling;
But wayward blast, or truant boy,
May rend it soon away,
And scatter to the heedless winds
The toil of many a day—
And where, when Winter comes, shall then
The bird its poor head lay?

The moss, the down, the twisted grass,
The slender wands that bound
The dear warm nest, are parted now,
Or scattered far around—
Belike the woodman's axe hath felled
The old tree to the ground!
And now keen Winter's wreathing snows
O'er frozen nature lie—
The sun forgets to warm the earth,
Forgets to light the sky;
I fear me lest the wandering bird
May, houseless, shivering, die!

Forgive me, Helen—thou art free
To keep, or quit, the nest

I built for thee, and sheltered in
The foliage of my breast,
And fenced so well none other might
Be harbor'd there as guest.
Flee if thou wilt—if other love
Thy fickle heart enfold,
Thou'rt free to rove where fancy waves
Her wand of fairy gold—
But Helen, ere thou canst return,
This bosom will be cold!

HOPE AND LOVE.

Through life on journeying, by its thorny paths
Or pleasant ways—its rank green hemlock wastes,
Or roseate bowers—in utter loneliness,
Or 'mid the din of busy multitudes—
Two babes of beauty linger near us still—
Twin cherubim—that leave us not until
We've passed the threshold of that crowded inn
Which borders on Eternity! One doth point,
With gleaming eye and finger tremulous,
To clefts in azure, where the sunbeams slumber
On couch of vermeil dye and amethyst,
Bordered with flowers that never know decay;
Where living fountains, cool and argentine,
Trill on in measured cadence, night and morn:
The other, with an eye of sweet regard,
And voice the spirit of pure melody,
Sheds o'er the darkest track some ray of gladness—
To elevate the heart, and nerve the soul,
With unslacked sinews, vigorously to brave
The perils of the unattempted road:
Love, gentle Love—one fellow pilgrim is—
The other Hope—dear, never-dying Hope!—
And they to churle, as well as keysour yield
The tender ministering of faithful friends!

SONGE OF THE SCHIPPE.

When surly windes and grewsome cloudes
Are tilting in the skye,
And every little star's abed,
That glimmered cheerilie—
O then 'tis meet for mariners
To steer righte carefulie!
For mermaides sing the schippman's dirge,
Where ocean weddes the skye—
A blessing on our gude schippe as lustilie she sailes,
O what can match our gude schippe when blest with favoring gales!

Blythely to the tall topmast,
Up springs the sailor boy—
Could he but hail a distant port,
How he would leap with joy!
By bending yard and rope he swings—
A fair-haired child of glee—
But oh! a cruel saweie wave
Hath swept him in the sea!
There's sadness in the gude schippe that breasts the waters wild,
Though safe ourselves, we'll think with tears of our poor ocean-child!

Our mainmast now is clean cut downe,
The tackle torn away—
And thundering o'er the stout schippe's side,
The seas make fearful play!
Yet cheerlie cheerlie on we go,
Though fierce the tempest raves,
We know the hand unseen that guides
The schippe o'er stormie waves!

We'll all still stand by the old schippe as should a
trusty crew,
For He who rules the wasting waves may some port
bring to view!

Our gude schippe is a shapely schippe—
A shapely and a stronge—
Our hearts sang to our noble schippe,
As she careered along!
And fear ye not my sturdy mates
Though sayles and masts be riven—
We know, while drifting o'er the deep,
Above there's still a haven!
Though sorely we're benighted upon the weltering
foam,
The sun may rise upon the morn and guide us to a
home!

HE STOOD ALONE.

He stood alone in an unpitying crowd—
His mates fell from him, as the grub-worms drop
From the green stalk that once had nourished them,
But now is withered and all rottenness
Because it gave such shelter. Pleasure's train—
The light-winged tribes that seek the sunshine only—
No more endeavored from his eye to win
The smile of approbation. Grief and Care
Stalked forth upon the theatre of his heart,
In many a gloomy and misshapen guise,
Till of the glories of his earlier self
The world, his base and hollow auditory,
Left but a ghastly phantom. As a tree,
A goodly tree—that stricken is and wasted,
By elemental conflicts—falls at last,

Even in the fulness of its branching honors,
Prostrate before the storm—yet majestic
In its huge downfall, so, at last, fell he!

CUPID'S BANISHMENTE.

WHAT recke I now of comely dame?
What care I now for fair pucelle?
Unscorchde I meet their glance of flame,
Unmovede I mark their bosoms swel,
For Love and I have sayde farewel!

Go, prattlynge fool!—go, wanton wilde!
Seke thy fond mother this to tel—
That loveliest maydes on me have smyled,
And that I stoutly did rebel,
And bade thee and thy arts farewel!

With me thy tyrant reigne is o'er,
Thou hear'st thy latest warninge knel;
Speed, waywarde urchin, from my doore,—
My hert to thee gives no handsel,
For thou and I have sworne farewel!

So trimme thy bow, and fleche thy shafte,
And peer where sillie gallants dwel,
On them essaye thy archer crafte,
No more on me thy bolte schal tel—
False Love and I have sunge farewel!

THE SHIP OF THE DESERT.

"ONWARD, my Camel!—On, though slow;
Halt not upon these fatal sands!
Onward my constant Camel go—
The fierce Simoom hath ceased to blow,
We soon shall tread green Syria's lands!

"Droop not my faithful Camel! Now
The hospitable well is near!
Though sick at heart, and worn in brow,
I grieve the most to think that thou
And I may part, kind comrade, here!

"O'er the dull waste a swelling mound—
A verdant paradise—I see;
The princely date-palms there abound,
And springs that make it sacred ground
To pilgrims like to thee and me!"

The patient Camel's filmy eye,
All lustreless, is fixed in death!
Beneath the sun of Araby
The desert wanderer ceased to sigh,
Exhausted on its burning path.

Then rose upon the Wilderness
The solitary Driver's cry:
Thoughts of his home upon him press
As, in his utter loneliness,
He sees his burden-bearer die.

Hope gives no echo to his call—
Ne'er from his comrade will he sever!
The red sky is his funeral pall;
A prayer—a moan—'tis over, all—
Camel and lord now rest forever!

A three hours' journey from the spring
Loved of the panting Caravan—
Within a little sandy ring—
The Camel's bones lie whitening,
With thine, old, unlamented man!

THE POET'S WISH.

O WOULD that in some wild and winding glen
Where human footstep ne'er did penetrate,
And from the haunts of base and selfish men
Remote, in dreamy loneness situate,
I had my dwelling: and within my ken
Nature disporting in fantastic form—
Asleep in green repose, and thundering in the storm!

Then mine should be a life of deep delight,—
Rare undulations of ecstatic musing;
Thoughts calm, yet ever-varying, stream bedight
With flowers immortal of quick Fancy's choosing—
And like unto the ray of tremulous light,
Blent by the pale moon with the entranced water,
I'd wed thee, Solitude, dear Nature's first-born daughter!

ISABELLE.

A SERENADE.

HARK! sweet Isabelle, hark to my lute,
As softly it plaineth o'er
The story of one to whose lowly suit
Thy heart shall beat no more!
List to its tender plaints, my love,
Sad as the accents of saints, my love,
Who mortal sin deplore!

Awake from your slumber, Isabelle, wake,
'Tis sorrow that tunes these strings;
A last farewell would the minstrel take
Of her whose beauty he sings:
The moon seems to weep on her way, my love,
And, shrouded in clouds, seem to say, my love,
No hope with the morning springs!

Deep on the breeze peals the hollow sound
Of the dreary convent bell;
Its walls, ere a few short hours wheel round,
Will girdle my Isabelle!
They'll take thee away from these arms, love,
And bury thy blossoming charms, love,
Where midnight requiems swell.

At the high altar I see thee kneel,
With pallid and awe-struck face;
I see the veil those looks conceal
That shone with surpassing grace—
The shade will prey on thy bloom, my love,
While I shall wend to the tomb, my love,
And leave of my name no trace.

We lov'd and we grew, we grew and we lov'd,
Twin flowers in a dewy vale;
The churchman's cold hand hath one remov'd,
The other will soon wax pale:
O fast will be its decline, my love,
As this dying note of mine, my love,
Lost in the evening gale!

WHAT IS THIS WORLD TO ME?

What is this world to me?
A harp sans melodie;
A dream of vain idlesse,
A thought of bitterness,
That grieves the aching brain,
And gnaws the heart in twain!

My spirit pines alwaie,
Like captive shut from day;
Or like a sillie flower,
Estranged from sun and shower—
Which, withering, soon must die,
In love-lorne privacie.

No joye my hearte doth finde,
With those they calle my kinde;
O dull it is and sad,
To see how men waxe bad:
As Autumn leaves decay,
So verteue fades away!

TO A LADY'S BONNET.

Invidious shade! why thus presume,
O'er face so fair to cast thy gloom;
And hide from the enamored sight,
Those lips so sweet and eyes so bright?
Why veil those blushes of the cheek,
Which purity of soul bespeak?
Why shroud that brow in hermit cell,
On which high thoughts serenely dwell?
Why chain severe the clustering hair,
That whilome shed a radiance rare—
A golden mist—o'er neck and brow,
Like sunset over drifted snow?

O kindly shade, forever be
Between me and love's witchery!
Forever be to Ellen's eyes,
Like grateful cloud in summer skies,
Mellowing the fervor of the day:
For should they dart another ray
Of their enchanting light on me,
Farewell the proud boast—I am free!

THE WANDERER.

No face I look upon doth greet me
With smile that generous welcome lends;
No ready hand, with cheerful glow,
Is now stretched out, all glad, to meet me
A chill distrust on every brow,
Assures me I have here no friends!

I miss the music of home voices,
  The rushing of the mountain flood,
My country's birds that blithely sung
  In woodlands where green May rejoices,
Discoursing love when life was young,
  And mirthful ever was my mood.

The breezes soft that fan my cheek,
  The bower that shades the sun from me,
The sky that spans this Southern shore,
  Do all a different language speak
From breeze and bower I loved of yore,
  And sky that spans my own countree.

They bring not health to exiled men—
  They light not up the home-bent eye;
No, piecemeal wastes the way-worn frame
  That longs to tread its native gleu—
That trembles when it hears the name
  Of that land where its fathers lie!

The sun which shines seems not the sun
  That rose upon my native fields;
Majestic rolls he on his way,
  A cloudless course hath he to run—
But beams he with the kindly ray
  He to our Northern landscape yields?

The moon that trembles in these skies,
  Like to an argent mirror sheen—
Ruling with mistless splendor here—
  Does she above the mountains rise,
And smile upon the waters clear,
  As in my days of youth I've seen?

O beautiful and peerless light,
  That thou should'st seem unlovely now,
That thou should'st fail to wake anew
  Those looks of heartfelt pure delight,

Which youthful Fancy upward threw,
While gazing on thy cold, pale brow!

But this is not a kindred land,
Nor this the old familiar stream;
And these are not the friends of youth—
O heartless, loveless, seems this strand—
Its people lack the kindly ruth,
The soother of life's turbid dream!

Away regret! Here must I die,
Remote from all my soul held dear—
My grave, upon an alien shore,
Will ne'er attract the passer-by
The lonely sleeper to deplore—
No flower will grace the stranger's bier!

Winds of the melancholy night,
Begin your solemn dirge and bland!
The giant clouds are gathering fast,
The fearful moon withdraws her light—
In mournful visions of the past,
Again I'll seek my native land!

SONG.

I LOOK on thee once more,—
I gaze on thee and sigh,
To think how soon some hearts run o'er
With love, and then run dry.

I need not marvel long
That love in thee expires,
For shallowest streams have loudest song,
Most smoke the weakest fires.

I deemed thee once sincere,—
Once thought thy breast must be
A fountain gushing through the year
With living love for me!

For so it was with mine,
The well-springs of my soul
Were opened up, and streamed to thine,
As their appointed goal.

And now they wander on,
O'er barren sands unblest,
Since falsehood placed its seal upon
Thy fair, but frozen, breast!

THE HUNTER'S WELL.

Life of this wilderness,
Pure gushing stream,
Dear to the Summer
Is thy murmuring!
Note of the song-bird,
Warbling on high,
Ne'er with my spirit made
Such harmony
As do thy deep waters,
O'er rock, leaf, and flower,
Bubbling and babbling
The long sunny hour!

Tongue of this desert spot,
Spelling sweet tones,
To the mute listeners—
Old mossy stones;
Who ranged these stones near
Thy silver rim,

Guarding the temple
Where rises thy hymn?
Some thirst-stricken Hunter—
Swarth priest of the wood,
Around thee hath strewn them,
In fond gratitude.

Orb of the green waste,
Open and clear,
Friend of the Hunter,
Loved of the deer;
Brilliantly breaking
Beneath the blue sky,
Gladdening the leaflets
That tremulous sigh;
Star of my wandering,
Symbol of love,
Lead me to dream of
The Fountain above!

IT DEEPLY WOUNDS THE TRUSTING HEART.

It deeply wounds the trusting heart
That ever throbs to good,
To know that by a perverse art
It still is misconstrued:

And thus the beauties of the field,
The glories of the sky,
To lofty natures often yield
Sole solace ere they die.

The things that harmless couch on earth,
Or pierce the blue of heaven,
Have mystic reasons in their birth
Why they should be sin-shriven.

The secrets of the human breast
No human eye may scan;
With Him alone those secrets rest
Who made and judgeth man.

Nor lightly should we estimate
The Hand which rules it so,
Nor idly seek to penetrate
What angels may not know.

Enough that with a righteous will,
In this disjointed scene,
The upright one, through good and ill,
Will be as he hath been.

And should a ribald multitude
Repay with hate his love,
He still can smile: man's ways are viewed
By Him who rules above.

THE ETTIN O' SILLARWOOD.

"O, SILLARWOOD! sweet Sillarwood,
Gin Sillarwood were mine,
I'd big a bouir in Sillarwood
And theik it ower wi' thyme;
At ilka door, and ilka bore,
The red, red rose, wud shine!"

It's up and sang the bonnie bird,
Upon her milk-white hand—
"I wudna lig in Sillarwood,
For all a gude Earl's land;
I wadna sing in Sillarwood,
Tho' gowden glist ilk wand!

" The wild boar rakes in Sillarwood,
The buck drives thro' the shaw,
And simmer woos the Southern wind
Thro' Sillarwood to blaw.

" Thro' Sillarwood, sweet Sillarwood,
The deer hounds run so free;
But the hunter stark of Sillarwood
An Ettin lang is he!"

" O, Sillarwood! sweet Sillarwood,"
Fair Marjorie did sing,
" On the tallest tree in Sillarwood,
That Ettin lang will hing!"

The Southern wind it blaws fu' saft,
And Sillarwood is near;
Fair Marjorie's sang in Sillarwood,
The stark hunter did hear.

He band his deer hounds in their leash,
Set his bow against a tree,
And three blasts on his horn has brocht
The wood elf to his knee.

" Gae bring to me a shapely weed,
Of silver and of gold,
Gae bring to me as stark a steed,
As ever stepped on mold;
For I maun ride frae Sillarwood
This fair maid to behold!"

The wood elf twisted sunbeams red
Into a shapely weed,
And the tallest birk in Sillarwood
He hewed into a steed;
And shod it wi' the burning gold
To glance like ony glede.

The Ettin shook his bridle reins
And merrily they rung,
For four and twenty sillar bells
On ilka side were hung.

The Ettin rade, and better rade,
Some thretty miles and three,
A bugle horn hung at his breast,
A lang sword at his knee;
"I wud I met," said the Ettin lang,
"The maiden Marjorie!"

The Ettin rade, and better rade,
Till he has reached her bouir,
And there he saw fair Marjorie
As bricht as lily flouir.

"O Sillarwood!—Sweet Sillarwood!—
Gin Sillarwood were mine,
The sleuthest hawk o' Sillarwood
On dainty flesh wud dine!"

"Weel met, weel met," the Ettin said,
"For ae kiss o' that hand,
I wud na grudge my kist o' gold
And forty fees o' land!

"Weel met, weel met," the Ettin said,
"For ae kiss o' that cheek,
I'll big a bower wi' precious stanes,
The red gold sal it theik:

"Weel met, weel met," the Ettin said,
"For ae kiss o' thy chin,
I'll welcome thee to Sillarwood
And a' that grows therein!"

"If ye may leese me Sillarwood
Wi' a' that grows therein,

Ye're free to kiss my cheek," she said,
" Ye're free to kiss my chin—
The Knicht that hechts me Sillarwood
My maiden thocht sal win !

" My luve I've laid on Sillarwood—
Its bonnie aiken tree—
And gin that I hae Sillarwood
I'll link alang wi' thee ! "

Then on she put her green mantel
Weel furred wi' minivere :
Then on she put her velvet shoon,
The silver shining clear.

She proudly vaulted on the black—
He bounded on the bay—
The stateliest pair that ever took
To Sillarwood their way !

It's up and sang the gentil bird
On Marjorie's fair hand—
" I wudna wend to Sillarwood
For a' its timbered land—
Nor wud I lig in Sillarwood
Tho' gowden glist ilk wand !

" The Hunters chace thro' Sillarwood
The playfu' herte and rae ;
Nae maiden that socht Sillarwood
E'er back was seen to gae ! "

The Ettin leuch, the Ettin sang,
He whistled merrilie,
" If sic a bird," he said, " were mine,
I'd hing it on a tree."

" Were I the Lady Marjorie,
Thou hunter fair but free,

My horse's head I'd turn about,
And think nae mair o' thee!"

It's on they rade, and better rade,
They shimmered in the sun—
'Twas sick and sair grew Marjorie
Lang ere that ride was done!

Yet on they rade, and better rade,
They neared the Cross o' stane—
The tall Knicht when he passed it by
Felt cauld in every bane.

But on they rade, and better rade,
It evir grew mair mirk,
O loud, loud nichered the bay steed
As they passed Mary's Kirk!

"I'm wearie o' this eerie road,"
Maid Marjorie did say—
"We canna weel greet Sillarwood
Afore the set o' day!"

"It's no the sinkin' o' the sun
That gloamins sae the ground,
The heicht it is o' Sillarwood
That shadows a' around."

"Methocht, Sir Knicht, broad Sillarwood
A pleasant bield wud be,
With nuts on ilka hazel bush,
And birds on ilka tree—
But oh! the dimness o' this wood
Is terrible to me!"

"The trees, ye see, seem wondrous big,
The branches wondrous braid,
Then marvel nae if sad suld be
The path we hae to tread!"

Thick grew the air, thick grew the trees,
Thick hung the leaves around,
And deeper did the Ettin's voice
In the dread dimness sound—
"I think," said Maiden Marjorie,
"I hear a horn and hound!"

"Ye weel may hear the hound," he said,
"Ye weel may hear the horn,
For I can hear the wild halloo
That freichts the face o' Morn!

"The Hunters fell o' Sillarwood
Hae packs full fifty-three:
They hunt all day, they hunt all nicht,
They never bow an ee:

"The Hunters fell o' Sillarwood
Hae steeds but blude or bane:
They bear fiert maidens to a weird
Where mercy there is nane!

"And I the Laird o' Sillarwood
Hae beds baith deep and wide,
(Of clay-cauld earth) whereon to streik
A proud and dainty bride!

"Ho! look beside yon bonny birk—
The latest blink of day
Is gleamin' on a comely heap
Of freshly dug red clay;

"Richt cunning hands they were that digged
Forenent the birken tree
Where every leaf that draps, frore maid,
Will piece a shroud for thee—
It's they can lie on lily breist
As they can lie on lea!

" And they will hap thy lily breist
Till flesh fa's aff the bane—
Nor tell thy freres how Marjorie
To Sillarwood hath gane!

" The bed is strewed, Maid Marjorie,
Wi' bracken and wi' brier,
And ne'er will gray cock clarion wind
For ane that slumbers here—
Ye wedded have the Ettin stark—
He rules the Realms of Fear!"

LIKE A WORN GRAY-HAIRED MARINER.

Like a worn gray-haired mariner whom the sea
Hath wrecked, then flung in mockery ashore,
To clamber some gaunt cliff, and list the roar
Of wave pursuing wave unceasingly;
His native land, dear home, and toil-won store
Inexorably severed from his sight;
His sole companions Hopelessness and Grief—
Who feels his day will soon be mirkest night—
Who from its close alone expects relief—
Praying life's sands, in pity, to descend
And rid him of life's burden,—So do I
Gaze on the world, and time fast surging by,
Drifting away each hope with each tried friend—
Leaving behind a waste where desolate I may die.

THE LAY OF GEOFFROI RUDEL.

With faltering step would I depart,
From home and friend that claimed my heart--
And the big tear would dim mine eye,
  Fixed on the scenes of early years,
  (Each spot some pleasure past endears)
And I would mingle with a sigh
The accents of the farewell lay—
But for my love that's far away!

Friends and dear native land, adieu!
In hope we part—no tears bedew
My cheek—no dark regrets alloy
  The buoyant feelings of the hour
  That leads me to my ladye's bower—
My breast throbs with a wondrous joy,
While every life-pulse seems to say—
"Haste to thy love that's far away!"

ENVIE.

Ane plante there is of the deidliest pouir
  Quhilk flourischis deeply in the hert;
Its lang rutis creip and fald outoure
  Ilka vive and breathen part:
Lustilie bourgenis the weid anon
Till hert hath rottit and lyf hath flown.

Blak is the sap of its baleful stem,
  Lyk funeral blicht its leavis do fal;
In its moistoure is quenchit luve's pure flame,
  It drappis rust on inmost saul:
Lustilie bourgenis the weid anon,
Till hert hath rottit and lyf hath flown.

Evir it flourischis meikel and hie,
  Nae stay, nae hindraunce will it bruik;
In ae nicht sprynging up, a burdlie tree,
  Schedding its bale at ae single luik:
Lustilie bourgenis the weid anon,
Till hert hath rottit and lyf hath flown.

It canna be kythit to the gudely sun,
  It pynyth sae at his nobil sicht;
It shrinkyth quyte like a thing undone
  Quhan luikit on by the blessit licht:
In hert whence heevinlie luve hath gone
Thilke evil weid aye bourgenis on.

Fell Envie's th' plant of mortal pouir
  Quhilk flourischis grenelye in the hert—
Raining the slawe and poisonous shouir
  Quhilk cankereth the vertuous part:
Black Envie wherever its seed is sawin,
Fashion is a hert like the foul Fiend's awin!

LOVE'S TOKENS.

Love's herald is not speech—
  His fear-fraught tongue is mute—
His presence is bewrayed
  By blushes deep that shoot
Athwart the conscious brow,
  And mantle on the cheek,
Then fleet for tints of snow
  Which soft confusion speak;
Thus red and white have place
By turns on true love's face.

Love vaunteth not his worth
  In gaudy, glozing phrase,

His home is not in breast
  Where thought of worldling stays;
In modest loyaltie
  His fountain doth abide;
In bosom greatly good
  The lucid pulses tide
That ebb and flow there ever,
Till soul and body sever.

Trust not the ready lip
  Whence flows the fulsome song—
True love aye gently hymns,
  False love chants loud and long.
Young Beauty, cherish well
  The bashful, anxious eye,
The lip that may not move,
  The breast that stills the sigh—
A recreant to thee
Their lord will never be!

O SAY NOT PURE AFFECTIONS CHANGE!

O SAY not pure affections change
  When fixed they once have been,
Or that between two noble hearts
  Hate e'er can intervene!

Though coldness for a while may freeze
  The love-springs of the soul,
Though angry pride its sympathies
  May for a time control,

Yet such estrangement cannot last—
  A tone, a touch, a look,
Dissolves at once the iciness
  That crisp'd affection's brook:

Again they feel the genial glow
Within the bosom burn,
And all their pent-up tenderness
With tenfold force return!

THE ROSE AND THE FAIR LILYE

THE Earlsburn Glen is gay and green,
The Earlsburn water cleir,
And blythely blume on Earlsburn bank
The broom and eke the brier!

Twa Sisters gaed up Earlsburn glen—
Twa maidens bricht o' blee—
The tane she was the Rose sae red,
The tither the Fair Lilye!

"Ye mauna droop and dwyne, Sister"—
Said Rose to fair Lilye—
"Yer heart ye mauna brek, Sister—
For ane that's ower the sea:

"The vows we sillie maidens hear
Frae wild and wilfu' man,
Are as the words the waves wash out
When traced upon the san'!"

"I mauna think yer speech is sooth,"
Saft answered the Lilye—
"I winna dout mine ain gude Knicht
Tho' he's ayont the sea!"

Then scornfully the Rose sae red
Spake to the pure Lilye—
"The vows he feigned at thy bouir door,
He plicht in mine to me!"

"I'll hame and spread the sheets, Sister,
And deck my bed sae hie—
The bed sae wide made for a bride,
For I think I sune sal die!

"Your wierd I sal na be, Sister,
As mine I fear ye've bin—
Your luve I wil na cross, Sister,
It were a mortal sin!"

Earlsburn Glen is green to see,
Earlsburn water cleir—
Of the siller birk in Earlsburn Wood
They framit the Maiden's bier!

There's a lonely dame in a gudely bour,
She nevir lifts an ee—
That dame was ance the Rose sae red,
She is now a pale Lilye.

A Knicht aft looks frae his turret tall,
Where the kirk-yaird grass grows green;
He wonne the weed and lost the flouir,
And grief aye dims his een:

At noon of nicht, in the moonshine bricht,
The warrior kneels in prayer—
He prays wi' his face to the auld kirk-yaird,
And wishes he were there!

YOUNG LOVE.

It seems a dream the infant love
That tamed my truant will,
But 'twas a dream of happiness,
And I regret it still!

Its images are part of me,
A very part of mind—
Feelings and fancies beautiful
In purity combined!

Time's sunset lends a tenderer tinge
To what those feelings were,
Like the cloud-mellow'd radiance
Which evening landscapes bear:

They wedded are unto my soul,
As light is blent with heat,
Or as the hallowed confluence
Of air with odors sweet.

Though she, the spirit of that dream,
Lacks of the loveliness
Young fancy robed her in, yet I
May hardly love her less:

Even when as in my boyish time
I nestled by her side,
Her ever gentle impulses
Thorrow my being glide!

TO THE TEMPEST.

Chant on, ye stormy voices, loud and shrill
Your wild tumultuous melody—strip
The forest of its clothing—leave it bare,
As a deserted and world-trampled foundling!
Lash on, ye rains, and pour your tide of might
Unceasingly and strong, and blench the Earth's
Green mantle with your floods: Suddenly swell
The brawling torrent in the sleep-locked night,
That it may deluge the subjacent plain,
And spread destruction where security

Had fondly built its faith, and knelt before
The altar of its refuge—Sweep ye down
Palace and mansion, hall and lofty tower,
And creeping shed, into one common grave

Ye lightnings that are flashing fitfully—
(Heaven's messengers) askant the lurid sky,
Burst forth in one vast sheet of whelming fire—
Pass through the furnace the base lords of earth,
With subtile fury inextinguishable—
That, purified, they may again appear
As erst they were, free of soul-searing sin
And worldly-mindedness! For mailed they be,
Obdurate all, in selfish adamant,
So riveted, that it would need a fire
Potential as the ever-burning pit,
To overcome and melt it, so that hearts
Might beat and spirits move to chords sublime,
Tuned by the hand of the Omnipotent,
As when man, from His Hands, in His beauty came

GOE CLEED WI' SMYLIS THE CHEEK!

Goe cleed wi' smylis the cheek,
  Goe fill wi' licht the eye—
O vain when sorrows seek
  The fontis of bliss to drie!

Quhan Hope hath pyned away,
  Quhan carke and care haif sprung,
Quhan hert hath fann a prey
  To grief that hed nae tongue;
O then it is nae tyme
  To feinzie quhat we fele,
Or wi' ane merrie chime,
  To droun the solemne peal

Quhilk ringis dreir and dul,
Quhan hert and eyne ar ful.

Nae joy is thair for me
In lyf againe to knowe—
Nae plesuir can I see
In its fals and fleetinge schew!—
Lyk wyld and fearful waste
Of wavis and bollen sand,
Apperis the path I've tracit
Inwith my natif land:
Fra it I must depairt,
And fra al quhilk hed mie hert.

Fareweil to kith and kin,
Fareweil to luve untrew,
Fareweil to burn and lin,
Fareweil to lift sua blew—
Fareweil to banck and brae,
Fareweil to sang and glee—
Fareweil to pastyme gay,
Quhilk ance delytit me—
Fareweil thou sunny strand,
Fareweil ance kinde Scotland!

Fresch flouirs beare mie frend,
Unto mie earlie graive,
Thair bid them nevir dwyne,
But ower mie headstane waive;
Perchance to sume they'll wake
Remembrance o' mie dome—
And though fading, they maye make
Less lonesum-lyk mie tombe—
Sins they will emblems be
Of thy luvinge sympathye.

Now fareweil day's dear licht—
Now fareweil frend and fae—
Hail to the starrie nicht,
Whair travailit saul maun gae!

THE POET'S DESTINY.

DARK is the soul of the Minstrel—
  Wayward the flash of his eye;
The voice of the proud is against him,
  The rude sons of earth pass him by.

Low is the grave of the Minstrel—
  Ungraced by the chisel of art;
Yet his name will be blazoned forever
  On the best of all 'scutcheons—the heart!

Strong is the soul of the Minstrel—
  He rules in a realm of his own;
His world is peopled by fancies
  The noblest that ever were known.

Light is the rest of the Minstrel,
  Though heavy his lot upon earth;
From the sward that lies over his ashes
  Spring plants of a heavenly birth!

I MET WI' HER I LUVED YESTREEN.

I MET wi' her I luved yestreen,
  I met her wi' a look o' sorrow;
My leave I took o' her for aye,
  A weddit bride she'll be the morrow!

She durst na gie ae smile to me,
  Nor drap ae word o' kindly feelin',
Yet down her cheeks the bitter tears,
  In monie a pearly bead, were stealin'.

I could na my lost luve upbraid,
Altho' my dearest hopes were blighted,
I could na say—"ye're fause to me!"—
Tho' to anither she was plighted.

Like suthfast friens whom death divides,
In Heaven to meet, we silent parted;
Nae voice had we our griefs to speak,
We felt sae lone and broken-hearted.

I'll hie me frae my native lan',
Far frae thy blythesome banks o' Yarrow!
Wae's me, I canna bide to see
My winsume luve anither's marrow!

I'll hie me to a distant lan',
Wi' downcast ee and life-sick bosom,
A weary waste the warld's to me,
Sin' I hae lost that bonnie blossom!

TO THE LADY OF MY HEART.

They oft have told me that deceit
Lies hid in dimpled smiles,
But eyes so chaste and lips so sweet
Conceal not wanton wiles!

I'll trust thee, lady!—To deceive,
Or guileful tale to speak,
Was never fashioned I believe
The beauty of thy cheek!

Yes, I will trust the azure eye
That thrilled me with delight,
The loving load-star of a sky
Which erst was darkest night.

Ever, dear maid, in weal or woe,
In gladness and in sorrow,
Hand clasped in hand, we'll forward go,
Both eventide and morrow!

THE FAUSE LADYE.

"The water weets my toe," she said,
"The water weets my knee;
Haud up, Sir Knicht, my horse's head,
If you a true luve be!"

"I luved ye weel, and luved ye lang,
Yet grace I failed to win;
Nae trust put I in ladye's troth
Till water weets her chin!"

"Then water weets my waist, proud lord,
The water weets my chin;
My achin' head spins round about,
The burn maks sik a din—
Now, help thou me, thou fearsome Knicht,
If grace ye hope to win!"

"I mercy hope to win, high dame,
Yet hand I've nane to gie—
The trinklin' o' a gallant's blude
Sae sair hath blindit me!"

"Oh! help!—Oh! help!—If man ye be
Have on a woman ruth—
The waters gather round my head
And gurgle in my mouth!"

"Turn round and round, fell Margaret,
Turn round and look on me—

The pity that ye schawed yestreen
I'll fairly schaw to thee!

"Thy girdle-knife was keen and bricht—
The ribbons wondrous fine—
'Tween every knot o' them ye knit
Of kisses I had nine!

"Fond Margaret! Fause Margaret!
You kissed me cheek and chin—
Yet, when I slept, that girdle-knife
You sheathed my heart's blude in!

"Fause Margaret! Lewde Margaret!
The nicht ye bide wi' me—
The body, under trust, you slew,
My spirit weds wi' thee!"

MY AIN COUNTRIE.

Ye bonnie haughs and heather braes
Whair I hae daft youth's gladsome days,
A dream o' by-gane bliss ye be
That gars me sigh for my ain countrie!

Lang dwinin' in a fremit land
Doth feckless mak' baith heart and hand,
And starts the tear-drap to the ee
That aye was bricht in the auld countrie.

Tho' Carron Brig be gray and worn,
Where I and my forebears were born,
Yet dearer is its time-touched stone
Than the halls of pride I now look on.

As music to the lingerin' ear
Were Carron's waters croonin' clear;
They call to me, where'er I roam,
The voices o' my long-lost home!

And gin I were a wee wee bird,
Adown to licht at Randie Ford,
In Kirk O'Muir I'd close mine ee,
And fald my wings in mine ain countrie!

TO A FRIEND AT PARTING.*

Farewell, my friend!—Perchance again
I'll clasp thee to a faithful heart—
Farewell my friend!—We part in pain,
Yet we must part!

Were this memento to declare
All that the inward moods portray,
Dark boding grief were pictured there,
And wild dismay!

For thee, my fancy paints a scene
Of peace on life's remoter shore—
Thy wishes long fulfilled have been,
Or even more:

And when success hath crowned thy toil,
And hope hath raised thy heart to Heaven—
Thou well mayst love the generous soil
Where love was given.

* The "Friend at Parting" was Mr. Robert Peacock, at present (July, 1848) resident, I believe, in Germany.—K.

For me, my friend, I fear there's naught,
In dim futurity, of gladness;
There ever rises on my thought
A dream of sadness:

Yet gazing upon guileless faces,
Sunned by the light of laughing eyes,
I recreant were to own no traces
Of social ties.

Even I may borrow from another
The smile I fain would call my own,
Striving, with childish art, to smother
The care unknown.

Farewell! Farewell!—All good attend thee—
At home, abroad—on land, or sea—
That Heaven may evermore befriend thee,
My prayer shall be!

Should a dark thought of him arise
Whose parting hand thou must resign,
Let it go forth to stormy skies,
Not tarnish thine:

Never may Melancholy's brood
Disturb the fountain of thy joy,
Nor dusky Passion's fitful mood
Thy peace alloy!

"Up, anchor! up!"—The mariner
Thus hymns to the inconstant wind—
Heave not one sigh, where'er you steer,
For me behind!

I PLUCKED THE BERRY.

I'VE plucked the berry from the bush, the brown nut from the tree,
But heart of happy little bird ne'er broken was by me;
I saw them in their curious nests, close couching, slyly peer
With their wild eyes, like glittering beads, to note if harm were near:
I passed them by, and blessed them all; I felt that it was good
To leave unmoved the creatures small whose home is in the wood.

And here, even now, above my head, a lusty rogue doth sing,
He pecks his swelling breast and neck, and trims his little wing.
He will not fly; he knows full well, while chirping on that spray,
I would not harm him for a world, or interrupt his lay:
Sing on, sing on, blithe bird! and fill my heart with summer gladness,
It has been aching many a day with measures full of sadness!

SONG.

O LICHT, licht was maid Ellen's fit—
It left nae print behind,
Until a belted Knicht she saw
Adown the valley wind!

And winsome was maid Ellen's cheek,
As is the rose on brier,
Till halted at her father's yett
A lordly cavalier.

And merrie, merrie was her sang,
Till he knelt at her bouir—
As lark's rejoicin' in the sun,
Her princely paramour.

But dull, dull now is Ellen's eye,
And wan, wan is her cheek,
And slow an' heavy is her fit,
That lonesome paths would seek:

And never sang does Ellen sing
Amang the flowers sae bricht,
Since last she saw the dancin' plume
Of that foresworne Knicht!

TO * * * *

I NEVER dreamed that lips so sweet,
That eyes of such a heavenly hue,
Were framed for falsehood and deceit,
Would prove, as they have proved—untrue.

Methought if love on earth e'er shone,
'Twas in the temple of thine eyes,
And if truth's accents e'er were known,
'Twas in the music of thy sighs.

Has then thy love been all a show,
Thy plighted truth an acted part—
Did no affection ever glow
In the chill region of that heart?

And could'st thou seem to me to cling
Like tendril of the clasping vine,
Yet all prove vain imagining,
Thy soul yield no response to mine?

It has been so—so let it be—
Rejoice, thou false one, in thy guile,
Others, perhaps, may censure thee,
I would not dim thy fickle smile.

Farewell!—In kindness I would part,
As once I deemed in love we met—
Farewell!—This wrong'd and bleeding heart
Can thee Forgive, but not Forget!

THE KNIGHT'S REQUIEM.

They have waked the knight so meikle of might,
They have cased his corpse in oak;
There was not an eye that then was dry,
There was not a tongue that spoke.
The stout and the true lay stretched in view,
Pale and cold as the marble stone;
And the voice was still that like trumpet shrill,
Had to glory led them on;
And the deadly hand whose battle brand
Mowed down the reeling foe,
Was laid at rest on the manly breast,
That never more mought glow.

With book, and bell, and waxen light,
The mass for the dead is sung;
Thorough the night in the turret's height,
The great church-bells are rung.

Oh woe! oh woe! for those that go
From light of life away,
Whose limbs may rest with worms unblest,
In the damp and silent clay!

With a heavy cheer they upraised his bier,
Naker and drum did roll;
The trumpets blew a last adieu
To the good knight's martial soul.
With measured tread thro' the aisle they sped,
Bearing the dead knight on,
And before the shrine of St. James the divine,
They covered his corpse with stone:
'Twas fearful to see the strong agony
Of men who had seldom wept,
And to hear the deep groan of each mail-clad one,
As the lid on the coffin swept.

With many a groan, they placed that stone
O'er the heart of the good and brave,
And many a look the tall knights took
Of their brother soldier's grave.
Where banners stream and corslets gleam
In fields besprent with gore,
That brother's hand and shearing brand
In the van should wave no more:
The clarions call on one and all
To arm and fight amain,
Would never see, in chivalry,
Their brother's make again!

With book, and bell, and waxen light,
The mass for the dead is sung,
And thorough the night in the turret's height,
The great church bells are rung.
Oh woe! oh woe! for those that go
From the light of life away,
Whose limbs must rest with worms unblest,
In the damp and silent clay!

THE ROCKY ISLET.

PERCHANCE, far out at sea, thou may'st have found
Some lean, bald cliff—a lonely patch of ground,
Alien amidst the waters:—some poor Isle
Where summer blooms were never known to smile,
Or trees to yield their verdure—yet, around
That barren spot, the dimpling surges throng,
Cheering it with their low and plaintive song,
And clasping the deserted cast-away
In a most strict embrace—and all along
Its margin, rendering freely its array
Of treasured shell and coral. Thus we may
Note love in faithful woman; oft among
The rudest shocks of life's wide sea she shares
Man's lot, and more than half his burden bears
Around whose path are flowers, strewn by her tender cares.

THE PAST AND THE FUTURE.

I'VE looked, and trusted, sighed, and loved my last!
The dream hath vanished, the hot fever's past
That parched my youth!
Though cheerless was the matin of my years,
And dim life's dawning through a vale of tears,
Yet Hope, in ruth,
With smile persuasive, evermore would say—
"Live on, live on!—Expect Joy's summer day"—
Vain counsel, void of truth!

Yes, to the world I've clung with fond embrace,
And each succeeding day did more efface
Its hollow joys,

And friends died out around me everywhere,
And I was left to be the idle stare
Of vagrant boys—
A landmark on the ever-shifting tide
Of fashion, folly, impudence and pride,
And ribald noise.

Yes, I have lived, and lived until I knew
The world ne'er alters its ungrateful hue,
And glance malign;
And though, at times, some chance-sown noble spirit
Its wilderness a season may inherit,
In want and pine,
Yet these be weeded soon, and pass away,
All unbefriended, to their funeral clay!

Array thyself for flight, my soul, nor tarry—
Thou bird of glory ne'er wert doomed to marry
A sphere so rude—
But to be mated with some hermit star,
O'er heaven's soft azure keeping watch afar,
In pulchritude:
Uplift thy pinions, seek thy resting-place,
Where kindred spirits long for thy embrace—
Dear brotherhood.

OH, TURN FROM ME THOSE RADIANT EYES!

Oh, turn from me those radiant eyes,
With love's dark lightning beaming,
Or veil the power that in them lies
To set the young heart dreaming!
Oh, dim their fire, or look no more,
For sure 'tis wayward folly
To make a spirit, gay before,
To droop with melancholy!

Ungen'rous v'·tor! not in vain
Thy wild wish to subdue me—
To woo once more thy glance I'm fain,
Even should that glance undo me:
What pity that thy lips of rose
So fitted for heart healing,
Should not, with tenderest kisses, close
The wounds thine eyes are dealing!

O THINK NAE MAIR O' ME, SWEET MAY!

O THINK nae mair o' me, sweet May!
O think nae mair o' me!
I'm but a wearied ghaist, sweet May,
That hath a wierd to dree;
That langs to leave a warld, sweet May,
O' eerie dull and pain,
And pines to gang the gate, sweet May,
That its first luve hath gane!

Although the form is here, sweet May,
The spirit is na sae;
It wanders to anither land—
A far and lonely way.
My bower is near a ruined kirk,
Hard by a grass-green grave,
Where, fed wi' tears, the gilliflowers
Above a true heart wave!

Then think nae mair o' me, sweet May,
If I had luve to gie,
It suld na need a glance but ane
To bind me, dear, to thee.
But blossoms twa o' life's best flower
This heart it canna bear—
It cast its leaves on Mary's grave,
And it can bloom nae mair!

THE LOVE-LORN KNIGHT AND THE DAMSEL PITILESS.

"Uplift the Gonfanons of war—exalt the ruddy Rood—
Arise ye winds and bear me on against the Paynim brood!
Farewell to forest-cinctured halls, farewell to song and glee,
For toilsome march and clash of swords in glorious Galilee!
And grace to thee, haught damoisel—I ask no parting tear—
Another love may greet thee when I'm laid upon my bier!

"My bark upon the foaming flood shall bound before the gale,
Like arrow in its flight, until the Holy Land we hail;
Then firmly shall our anchors grasp the belt of Eastern land,
For planks will shrink and cordage rot ere we regain this strand;
And welcome be the trumpet's sound, the war steed's tramp and neigh,
And death, for Palestina's cause, in the battle's hot mellay!"

O never for that love-lorn youth did vessel cleave the seas!
The hand of death was on the lips that wooed the ocean breeze;
They bare him to the damoisel, they laid him at her knee,
Though knight and pilgrim wept aloud—no tear dropt that ladye—

Three times she kissed the clay-cold brow of her
unbidden guest,
Then took the vows at Mary's shrine, and there her
ashes rest.

LOVE IN WORLDLYNESSE.

The gentle heart, the truthful love,
Have flemed this Earth and fled to Heaven—
The noblest spirits earliest prove
Not Here below, but There above,
Is Hope no shadow—Bliss no sweven!

There was a time, old Poets say,
When the crazed world was in its nonage,
That they who loved were loved alwaye,
With faith transparent as the day,
But this, meseems, was fiction's coinage.

We cannot mate here as we ought,
With laws opposed to simple feeling;
Professions are, like lutestring, bought,
And worldly ties soon breed distraught,
To end in cold congealing!

Forms we have worshipped oft become,
If haply they affect our passion,
Though faultless, icy cold and dumb,
Because we are not rich, like some,
Or proud—Such is this strange world's fashion

Rapt Fancy lends to unchaste eyes
Ideal beauty, and on faces
Where red rose blent with lily tries
For mastery, in wanton wise,
Bestows enchanting graces:

Yet, as we gaze, the charms decay
That promised long with these to linger;
Of love's delight we're forced to say,
It melts like dreamer's wealth away,
Which cheers the eye but mocks the finger!

And, therefore, move I calmly by
The siren bosom softly heaving,
And mark, untouched, the tempter's sigh,
Or make response with tranquil eye—
"Kind damsel, I am past deceiving!"

Long sued I as a man should do,
With cheek high flushed by deep emotion—
My lady's love had no such hue,
Hard selfishness would still break through
The glowing mask of her devotion!

No land had I—but I had health—
No store was mine of costly raiment—
My lady glided off by stealth
To wed a lozel for his wealth—
And this was Loyalty's repayment!

The language of the trusting heart,
The soothfast fondness firm, but tender—
Are now to most a studied part,
A tongue assumed, a trick of art,
Whereof no meaning can I render.

And hence I say that loyal love
Hath flemed the Earth and fled to Heaven;
And that not Here, but There above,
Souls may love rightfully, and prove
Hope is no shadow—Bliss no sweven!

A NIGHT VISION.

Lucina shyning in silence of the nicht;
The hevin being all full of starris bricht;
To bed I went, bot there I take no rest,
With hevy thocht I was so sair oppressed,
That sair I langit after dayis licht.
Of fortoun I complainit hevely,
That echo to me stude so contrarously;
And at the last, quhen I had turnyt oft
For werines, on me ane slummer soft
Came, with ane dreming and a fantesy.
Dunbar.

I HAD a vision in the depth of night—
A dream of glory—one long thrill of gladness—
A thing of strangest meaning and delight;
And yet upon my heart there came such sadness,
And dim forebodings of my after years,
That I awoke in sorrow and in tears!

There stood revealed before me a bright maid,
Clad in a white silk tunic, which displayed
The beautiful proportions of her frame;
And she did call upon me by my name—
And I did marvel at her voice, and shook
With terror, but right soon the smiling look
Of gentleness, that radiant maiden threw
From her large sparkling eyes of deepest blue,
Did reassure me. Breathless, I did gaze
Upon that lovely one, in fond amaze,
And marked her long white hair as it did flow,
With wanton dalliance, o'er the pillared snow
Of her swan-like neck;—and then my eye grew dim
With an exceeding lustre, for the slim
And gauze-wove raiment of her bosom fair,
Was somewhat ruffled by the midnight air;
And as it gently heaved, there sprung to view
Such glories underneath—such sisters two

Of rival loveliness! Oh, 'twere most vain
For fond conceit to fancy such again.
The robe she wore was broidered fetouslye
With flour and leaf of richest imagerye;
And threads of gold therein were entertwined
With quaintest needlecraft; and to my mind
It seemed, the waist of this most lovely one
Was clipped within a broad and azure zone,
Studded with strange devices--One small hand
Waved gracefully a slender ivory wand,
And with the other, ever and anon,
She shook a harp, which, as the winds sighed past,
Gave a right pleasant and bewitching tone
To each wild vagrant blast.

Meseems,
After this wondrous guise, that maiden sweet
Stood visible before me, while the beams
Of Dian pale, laughed round her little feet
With icy lustre, through the narrow pane;
And this discourse she held in merry vein;
Although methought 'twas counterfeited, and
The matter strange, that none might understand.

She told me, that the moon was in her wane—
And life was tiding on, and that the world
Was waxen old—that nature grew unkind,
And men grew selfish quite, and sore bechurled—
That Honor was a bubble of the mind—
And Virtue was a nothing undefined—
And as for Woman, She, indeed, *could claim*
A title all her own—She *had* a name
And place in Time's long chronicles, DECEIT—
And Glory was a phantom—Death a cheat!

She said I might remember her, for she
Had trifled with me in mine infancy;
And in those days, that now are long agone,
Had tended me, as if I were her own

And only offspring. When a very child,
She said, her soothing whispers oft beguiled
The achings of my heart—that in my youth,
She, too, had given me dreams of Honor, Truth,
Of Glory and of Greatness—and of Fame—
And the bright vision of a deathless name!
And she had turned my eye, with upward look,
To read the bravely star-enamelled book
Of the blue skies—and in the rolling spheres
To con strange lessons, penned in characters
Of most mysterious import—she had made
Life's thorny path to be all sown with flowers
Of diverse form and fragrance, of each shade
Of loveliness that glitters in the bowers
Of princely damoisels,—Nay, more, her hand
Had plucked the bright flowers of *another* land,
Belike of Faerye, and had woven them
Like to a chaplet, or gay diadem,
For *me* to wear in triumph—But that she
Had fostered me so long, she feared, I'd spoil
With very tenderness, nor ever be
Fit for this world's coarse drudgery and moil:
Did she not even now take leave of me,
And her protecting, loving arms uncoil
Forever and forever,—and though late,
Now leave me to self-guidance, and to fate.

Then passed that glorious spirit, and the smile
She whilom wore fled from her beauteous cheek:
And paleness, and a troubled grief the while
Subdued her voice.—Methought I strove to speak
Some words of tender sympathy, and caught
Her small white trembling hand, but, she, distraught,
Turned her fair form away, and nearer drew
To where the clustering ivy leaves thick grew,
And shaded half the casement—There she stood,
Like a tall crystal column, in the flood
Of the fair moonshine, and right thoughtful-wise

She seemed to scan the aspect of the skies;
Sudden a tremulous tear filled either eye,
Yet fell not on her cheek, but dubiously,
Like dew gems upon a flower, hung quivering there;
And, like a love-crazed maiden, she half sang,
Half uttered mournful fancies in despair;
And indistinctly in my ear there rung
Something of years to be,—of dark, dark years,
Laden with sorrow, madness, fury, tears—
Of days that had no sunshine—and of nights
Estranged from slumber—of harsh worldly slights—
Of cruel disappointments—of a hell
That gloweth in the bosom, fierce and fell,
Which may not be extinguished—of the pains
Of journeying through lone and trackless plains
Which have no limits—and of savage faces,
That showed no trait of pity!

Then that maid
Stretched her long arms to heaven, and wept for shame;
And as upon her soul dim bodements came,
Once more, in veriest sadness, thus she said:
"I may not cheer him more! I may not breathe
Life in his wasting limbs, nor healthy fire
In his grief-sunken eye—I may not wreathe
Fresh flowers for *him* to gaze on, nor inspire
Delicious dreamings, when the paly host
Of cares and troubles weigh his spirit down,
And hopes delayed, in worse despair are lost;
Unaided, he may sink upon the path,
No hand of succor near, nor melting eye
To yield its pittance poor of sympathy;
Already, too successful have I weaved
My tiny web of folly; undeceived,
At length, he'll view its baseless fabric pass,
Like fleeting shadows o'er the brittle glass,
Leaving no substance there; and he may curse,

With bitter malison, his too partial nurse,
And charge *her* with *his* sufferings!"

So wept
That maid, in seeming sorrow, till there fell
From her lips Grief's volume-word—Farewell!
And then, methought, she softly passed away,
As a thin mist of glory on a ray
Of purest moonshine; or like starlet bright
Sailed onward through the ocean of the night!

And then, meseems, I heard the wailing sound
Of a wind-harp afar, and voice of one
Who sung thereto a plaintive melody;
And some words reached me, but the rest were drowned
In dimmest distance, and the hollow moan
Of the night-breezes fitful sweeping by;
Yet these stray words, erewhile on earth they fell,
Told Hope had pitying smiled before her last farewell.

Then all grew dark and loveless, and afar
I saw the falling down of many a star,
As the moon paled in sorrow—And the roar
Of darkly tumbling floods I heard, that dashed
Through the deep fissures of the rifted rock—
While phantoms flitted by with ghastly mock,
And jeers malign—and demons on me glar'd
Looks of infernal meaning; then in silence
Troop'd onwards to their doom!

Starting, I broke
Sleep's leaden bonds of sorrow, and awoke,
Wondering to find my eyeballs red with tears!
And my breast heaving with sepulchral fears.

THIS IS NO SOLITUDE.

This is no Solitude; these brown woods speak
In tones most musical—this limpid river
Chants a low song, to be forgotten never!—
These my beloved companions are so meek,
So soul-sustaining, I were crazed to seek
Again the tumult, the o'erpowering hum,
Which of the ever busy hiving city come—
Parting us from ourselves.—Still let us breathe
The heavenly air of contemplation here;
And with old trees, gray stones, and runnels clear,
Claim kindred and hold converse. He that seeth
Upon this vesper spot no loveliness,
Nor hears therein a voice of tenderness,
Calling him friend, Nature in vain would bless!

THE LONE THORN.

Beneath the scant shade of an aged thorn,
Silvered with age, and mossy with decay,
I stood, and there bethought me of its morn
Of verdant lustihood, long passed away;
Of its meridian vigor, now outworn
By cankering years, and by the tempest's sway
Bared to the pitying glebe.—Companionless,
Stands the gray thorn complaining to the wind—
Of all the old wood's leafy loveliness
The sole memorial that lags behind;
Its compeers perished in their youthfulness,
Though round the earth their roots seem'd firmly twined:
How sad it is to be so anchored here
As to outlive one's mates, and die without a tear!

THE SLAYNE MENSTREL.

Ane harper there was—ane harper gude—
Cam' harpin' at the gloamin' ta'—
And he has won to the bonnie bield
Quhilk callit is the Newtoun Ha'.

"Brume, brume on hil"—the harper sang—
"And rose on brier are blythe to see—
I would I saw the brume sae lang,
Quhilk cleidis the braes o' my ain countree!"

"Out on ye, out, ye prydefu' loun,
Wi' me ye winna lig the nicht—
Hie to some bordel in borrowe toun:
Of harpand craft I haud but licht!

"Out on ye, out, ye menstrel lewde"—
Sayd the crewel Laird o' the Newtoun Ha'—
"Ye'll nae bide here, by blessit Rude,
Gif harpe or lyf ye reck ava'!"

"I care na for mie lyf ane plack"—
Quoth that auld harper sturdilie—
"But this gude harpe upon mie back
Sal ne'er be fylit by ane lyk thee!"

"Thou liest there, thou menstrel wicht!"
Outspak the Laird o' the Newtoun Ha'—
"For ye to death bedene are dicht,
Haif at thee here and mend thy saw!"

Alace, Alace, the harper gude
Was borne back aganis the wa',
And wi' the best o' his auld hertis blude,
They weetit hae the Newtoun Ha'!

Yet did he die wi' harpe in han',
Maist lyk ane menstrel o' degree—
There was na ane in a' the land
Might matche wi' him o' the North countree!

Erle Douglas chauncit to ryde therebye—
Ane gallant gentleman was he—
Wi' four score o' weel harnessit men,
To harrie in the South countree.

He haltit at the Newtoun Ha'—
"Quhat novelles now, bauld Laird, hae ye?"
"It's I haif slayne a worthlesse wicht,
Ane menstrel lewde, as you may see!"

"Now schaw to me the harper's heid,
And schaw to me the harper's hand,
For sair I fear you've causeless spilt
As gentil blude as in a' Scotland!"

"Kep then his heid, thou black Douglas—
Sayd boastfullie fase Newtoun Ha'—
"And kep his hand, thou black Douglas,
His fingers slim his craft may schaw!"

The stout Erle vysit first the heid,
Then neist he lukit on the hand—
"It's foul befa' ye, Newtoun Ha',
Ye've slayne the pryde o' gude Scotland!

"Now stir ye, stir, my merrie men,
The faggot licht, and bete the flame,
A fire sal rise o'er this buirdly bield,
And its saulless Laird in the lowe we'll tame!"

The bleeze blew up, the bleeze clipt roun'
The bonny towers o' the Newtoun Ha',
And evir as armit men ran out,
Black Douglas slewe them ane and a'.

The bleeze it roarit and wantonit roun'
The weel-pilet wawis o' the Newtoun Ha',
And ruif and rafter, bauk and beam,
Aneath the bauld fyris doun did fa'!

Now waly for the crewel Laird—
As he cam loupin' through the lowe,
Erle Douglas swappit aff his heid
And swung it at his saddil bowe!

THE MERMAIDEN.

"The nicht is mirk, and the wind blaws schill,
And the white faem weets my bree,
And my mind misgi'es me, gay maiden,
That the land we sall never see!"
Then up and spak' the mermaiden,
And she spak' blythe and free,
"I never said to my bonnie bridegroom,
That on land we sud weddit be.

"Oh! I never said that ane erthlie priest
Our bridal blessing should gi'e,
And I never said that a landwart bouir
Should hauld my love and me."
"And whare is that priest, my bonnie maiden,
If ane erthlie wicht is na he?"
"Oh! the wind will sough, and the sea will rair
When weddit we twa sall be."

"And whare is that bouir, my bonnie maiden,
If on land it sud na be?"
"Oh! my blythe bouir is low," said the mermaiden,
"In the bonnie green howes of the sea:
My gay bouir is biggit o' the gude ships' keels,
And the banes o' the drowned at sea;

The fisch are the deer that fill my parks,
And the water waste my dourie.

"And my bouir is sklaitit wi' the big blue waves,
And paved wi' the yellow sand,
And in my chaumers grow bonnie white flowers
That never grew on land.
And have ye e'er seen, my bonnie bridegroom,
A leman on earth that wud gi'e
Aiker for aiker o' the red plough'd land,
As I'll gi'e to thee o' the sea?

"The mune will rise in half ane hour,
And the wee bright starns will schine;
Then we'll sink to my bouir, 'neath the wan water
Full fifty fathom and nine!"
A wild, wild skreich gi'ed the fey bridegroom,
And a loud, loud lauch, the bride;
For the mune raise up, and the twa sank down
Under the silver'd tide.

SONG.

He courted me in parlor, and he courted me in ha',
He courted me by Bothwell banks, amang the flowers sae sma',
He courted me wi' pearlins, wi' ribbons, and wi' rings,
He courted me wi' laces, and wi' mony mair braw things;
But O he courted best o' a' wi' his black blythesome ee,
Whilk wi' a gleam o' witcherie cuist glaumour over me.

We hied thegither to the Fair—I rade ahint my joe,
I fand his heart leap up and doun, while mine beat faint and low;
He turn'd his rosy cheek about, and then, ere I could trow,
The widdifu' o' wickedness took arles o' my mou!
Syne, when I feigned to be sair fleyed, sae pawkie as he
Bann'd the auld mare for missing fit, and thrawi i him ajee.

And aye he waled the loanings lang, till we dre v near the town,
When I could hear the kimmers say—"There rides a comely loun!"
I turned wi' pride and keeked at him, but no as to be seen,
And thought how dowie I wad feel, gin he made love to Jean!
But soon the manly chiel, aff-hand, thus frankly said to me,
"Meg, either tak me to yoursel, or set me fairly free!"

To Glasgow Green I link'd wi' him, to see the ferlies there,
He birled his penny wi' the best—what noble could do mair?
But ere ae fit he'd tak me hame, he cries—"Meg, tell me noo:
Gin ye will hae me, there's my lufe, I'll aye be leal an' true."
On sic an honest, loving heart how could I draw a bar?
What could I do but tak Rab's hand, for better or for waur?

THE LEAN LOVER.

I PACED, an easy rambler,
Along the surf-washed shore—
And watched the noble freightage
The swelling ocean bore.
I met a moody fellow
Who thus discoursed his woe—
'Across the inconstant waters,
Deceitful woman, go!

"I loved that beauteous lady—
More truly wight ne'er loved—
I loved that high-born lady,
My faith she long had proved:
Her troth to me she plighted
With passion's amorous show—
Go o'er the inconstant waters,
Ungrateful worldling, go!

"Be mine yon cliff-perched chapel
Which beetles o'er the deep;
There, like some way-worn palmer,
I'll sit me down and weep.
I'll note upon the billows
Her lessening sail of snow,
And waft across the waters—
Go, fleeting fair one, go!"

He clambered to the chapel
That toppled o'er the deep—
There, like a way-worn palmer,
He laid him down to weep:
And still I heard his wailing
Upon the strand below—
"Go o'er the inconstant waters,
Go, faithless woman, go!"

AFFECTEST THOU THE PLEASURES OF THE SHADE?

Affectest thou the pleasures of the shade,
And pastoral customs of the olden time,
When gentle shepherd piped to gentle maid,
On oaten reed, his quaint and antique rhyme?
Then welcome to the green and mossy nook,
The forest dark and silver poppling brook,
And flowers in fragrant indolence that blossom
On the sequestered valley's sloping bosom—
Where in the leafy halls glad strains are pealing,
The woodland songsters' amorous thoughts revealing
Look how the morning's eager kisses wake
The clouds that guard the Orient, blushing red—
Behold heaven's phantom-chasing Sovereign shake
The golden honors of his graceful head
Above that earth his day-dawn saw so fair!—
Now damsels lithe trip lightsomely away,
To bathe their clustered brows and bosoms bare
In virgin dews of budding, balmy May!

MUSIC.

Strange how the mystically mingled sound
Of voices rising from these rifted rocks
And unseen valleys—whence no organ ever
Thundered harmonious its stupendous notes,
Nor pointed arch, nor low-browed darksome aisle,
Rolled back their mighty music—seems to me
An ocean vast, divinely undulating,
Where, bathed in beauty, floats the enraptured soul:
Now borne on the translucent deep, it skirts
Some dazzling bank of amaranthine flowers,

Now on a couch of odors cast supine,
It pants beneath o'erpowering redolence:—
Buoyant anon on a rejoicing surge,
It heaves, on tides tumultuous, far aloft,
Until it verges on the cope of heaven,
Whence issued, in their unity of joy,
The anthems of the earth-creating Morn:
Yielding again to an entrancing slumber,
In sweet abandonment, it glideth on
To amber caves and emerald palaces,
Where the lost Seraphs—welcomed by the main—
Their lyres suspended in their time of sorrow,
Amid the deepening glories of the flood;—
There the rude revels of the boisterous winds
The tranquillous waves afflict not, nor dispart
The passionate clasping of their azure arms!

THE SHIPWRECKED LOVER.

The Port-Reeve's maid has laid her down
Upon a restless pillow,
But wakeful thought is wandering
Ayont the ocean billow.
Her love's away—he's far away—
A world of waves asunder—
Around him now the storm may burst
With fearful peals of thunder!

But yet—the night-wind's breath is faint,
The night-beam entereth meekly;
But when the moon's fair face is free,
Strange she should shine so weakly!—
Yet guided by her waning beam
His ship must swim securely—
Beneath so fair a sky as this
He'll strike his haven surely!

There came a knocking to the door,
That hour so lone and stilly;
And something to the maiden said—
"Arise for true love Willie!"
Another knock! another still—
Three knocks were given clearly—
Then quickly rose the Port-Reeve's maid—
Her seaman she loved dearly!

And first she saw a streak of light,
Like moonshine cold and paly;
And then she heard a well-known step—
The maiden's pulse beat gayly!
She saw a light, she heard a step,
She marked a figure slender
Across the threshold pass like thought,
And stand in her lone chamber.

It paced the chamber once and twice,
It crossed it three times slowly—
But when she to her Maker prayed,
It fled like sprite unholy.
The form the vanished shadow wore
Was of her true love Willie—
O not a breath escaped the lips
That pallid looked and chilly!

Long motionless the maiden stood,
In wonder, fear, and sorrow—
A tale of wreck, a tale of woe
Was told her on the morrow!
The ship of her returning hopes
Had sunk beneath the billow—
The ocean-shell, the ocean-weed
Were now her lover's pillow!

HOLLO, MY FANCY!

Hollo, my Fancy! Thou art free—
Nor bolt nor shackle fetters thee!
Thy prison door is cleft in twain,
And Nature claims her child again;
Doff the base weeds of toil and strife,
And hail the world's returning life!

Up and away! 'Tis Nature's voice
Bids thee hie fieldward and rejoice;
She calls thee from unhallowed mirth
To walk with beauty o'er the earth;
Proudly she calls thee forth, and now
Prints blandest kisses on thy brow;
On lip, on cheek, on bosom bare,
She pours the balmy morning air:
The fulness of a mother's breast
Swells for thee in this gracious hour;
Up, Sluggard, up! from dreams unblest,
And let thy heart its love outpour!
Up, Sluggard, up! all is awake
With song and smile to welcome thee;
The flower its timid buds would break
Wert thou but once abroad to see!
Teeming with love, earth, ocean, air
Are musical with grateful prayer!
Each measured sound, each glorious sight,
Personifies intense delight!
The breeze that crisps the summer seas,
Or softly plains through leafy trees,
Or, on the hill-side, stoops to chase
The wild kid in its giddy race—
The breeze that, like a lover's sigh,
Of mingled fear and ecstasy,
Plays amorous over brow and cheek,
Methinks it has a voice to speak

The joys of the awakening morn—
When, on exulting pinion borne,
The lark, sole monarch of the sky,
Pours from his throat rich melody.

Hollo, my Fancy! Fast a-field,
Aurora's face is just revealed:
Night's shadows yet have scantly sped
Midway up yonder mountain's head—
While in the valley far below,
The misty billows, ebbing, show
Where fairy isles in beauty glow;
Delicious spots of elfin green,
Emerging from a world unseen,
Of dreams and quaintest fantasies—
Spots that would the Faerye Queen
To a very tittle please!
Away the shadowy phantoms roll,
Up-borne by the rising breeze,
Fluttering like some banner scroll;
While, peering o'er the silent seas
Of yon far shore, thou may'st descry
The red glance of the Day-Star's eye!

Hollo, my Fancy! Let us trace
The breaking of the vestal dawn!
Through dappled clouds, with stealthy pace,
It travels over mount and lawn.
Lacings of crimson and of gold,
Threaded and twined an hundred-fold,
Bar the far Orient, while the sea
Of molten brass appears to be.
And lo! upon that glancing tide
Vessels of snowy whiteness glide:
Some portward, self-impelled are steering,
Some in the distance disappearing;
And some, through mingled light and shade,
Like visions gleam—like visions fade.
Strange are these ocean mysteries!

No helmsman on the poop one sees,
No sailor nestled in the shrouds,
Singing to the passing clouds,
But let us leave old Neptune's show,
And to the dewy uplands go!
Now skyward, in a checkered crowd,
Rolls each rosy-edgéd cloud,
Flaunting in the upper air
Many a tabard rich and rare;
And mantling, as they onward rush,
Every hill-top with a blush,
To dissolve, streak after streak,
Like rose tints on a maiden's cheek,
When, in wanton waggish folly,
The chord of love's sweet melancholy
Is rudely smitten, and the cheek
Tells tales the lip might never speak.

Hollo, my fancy! It is good
To seek soul-soothing solitude;
To leave the city, and the mean,
Cold, abject things that crawl therein;
Flee crowded street and painted hall,
Where sin rules rampant over all;
To roam where greenwoods thickest grow,
Where meadows spread and rivers flow,
Where mountains loom in mist, or lie
Clad in a sunshine livery;
Wander through dingle and through dell,
Which the sweet primrose loveth well;
And where, in every ivied cranny
Of mouldering crag, unseen by any,
Clouds of busy birds are dinning
Anthems that welcome day's beginning:
Or, like lusty shepherd groom,
Wade through seas of yellow broom;
And, with foot elastic tread
On the shrinking floweret's head,
As it droops with dew-drops laden,

Like some tear-surcharged maiden:
Skip it, trip it deftly, till
Every flower-cup liquor spill,
And green earth grows bacchanal,
Freed from night's o'ershadowing pall;
Or let us climb the steep, and know
How the mountain breezes blow.

Hither, brave Fancy! Speed we on,
Like Judah's bard to Lebanon!
Every step we take, more nigh
Mounts the spirit to the sky.
Sounds of life are waxing low
As we high and higher go,
And a deeper silence given
For choice communing with heaven;
On this eminence awhile
Rest we from our vigorous toil:
Forth our eyes, mind's scouts that be,
Cull fresh food for fantasy!
Like a map, beneath these skies,
Fair the summer landscape lies—
Sea, and sand, and brook, and tree,
Meadow broad, and sheltered lea,
Shade and sunshine intermarried,
All deliciously varied:
Goodly fields of bladed corn,
Pastures green, where neatherd's horn
Bloweth through the livelong day,
Many a rudely jocund lay:
There be rows of waving trees,
Hymning saintliest homilies
To the weary passer-by,
Till his heart mount to his eye,
And his tingling feelings glow
With deep love for all below,
While his soul, in rapturous prayer,
Finds a temple everywhere.
See, each headland hath its tower,

Every nook its own love bower—
While, from every sheltered glen,
Peep the homes of rustic men;
And apart, on hillock green,
Is the hamlet's chapel seen:
Mingled elms and yews surround
Its most peaceful burial-ground;
Like sentinels the old trees stand,
Guarding death's sleep-silent land.
Adown the dell a brawling burn,
With wimple manifold, doth spurn
The shining pebbles in its course,
Foaming like spur-fretted horse—
A mighty voice in puny form,
Miniature of blustering storm,
It rates each shelving crag and tree
That would abridge its liberty,
And roundly swears it will be free!
'Tis even so, for now along
The plain it sweeps with softened song;
And there, in summer, morn and noon,
And eve, the village children wade,
Oft wondering if the streamlet's tune
Be by wave or pebble made;
But, unresolved of doubt, they say
Thus it tunes its pipe alway.

Woodward, brave Fancy! Overhead
The sun is waxing fiery red;
No cloud is floating on the sky
To interrupt his brilliancy,
Or mar the glory of his ray
While journeying on his lucid way.
But here, within this forest chase,
We'll wander for a fleeting space,
'Mid walks beneath whose clustering leaves
Bright noontides wane to sober eves;
And where, 'mong roots of timbers old,
Pale flowers are seen like virgins cold—

(Virgins fearful of the Sun,
Most beautiful to look upon)—
In some soft and mossy nook,
Where dwells the wanderer's eager look.
Until the Sun hath sunken down
Over the folly-haunting town,
And curious Stars are forth to peer
With frost-like brilliance, silvery clear,
From the silent firmament—
Here be our walk of sweet content.
Around is many a sturdy oak
Never scathed by woodman's stroke;
Many a stalwart green-wood tree,
Loved of Waithman bold and free.
When the arrow at his side,
And the bow he bent with pride,
Gave the right to range at will,
And lift whate'er broad shaft might kill.
Here, belike famed Robin Hood,
Or other noble of the wood,
Clym of the Cleuch, or Adam Bell,—
Young Gandelyn that shot full well,—
Will Cloudeslie, and Little John,
Or Bertram, wight of blood and bone,
Plied their woodcraft, maugre law:
Raking through the green-wood shaw,
Bow in hand, and sword at knee,
They lived true thieves, and Waithmen free.
In the twilight of this wood—
And, awe-breathing solitude—
Heathens of majestic mind,
Might a fitting temple find
Underneath some far-spread oak,
Nature blindly to invoke.
What is groined arch to this
Mass of moveless leafiness?
What are clustered pillars to
The gnarled trunk of silvery hue,
That, Titan-like, heaves its huge form

Through centuries of change and storm,
And stands as it were planted there,
Alike for shelter and for prayer?

Hither, my jocund Fancy! Turn,
And note how heaven's pure watchfires burn
In yonder fields of deepest blue,
Investing space with glories new!
And hark how in the bosky dell
Warbles mate-robbed Philomel!
Every sound from that glade stealing
Sadness wooes with kindred feeling—
The notes of a love-broken heart
Surpass the dull appeal of art;
Here rest awhile, for everywhere,
On lake, lawn, tower, and forest tree,
Falleth in floods the moonshine fair—
How beautiful night's glories be!
No stir is heard upon the land,
No murmur from the sea;
The pulse of life seems at a stand
As nature quaffeth, rapturously,
From yonder ambient worlds of light,
Deep draughts of passionate delight.

Hollo, my Fancy! It is well
To ponder on the spheres above—
To bid each fount of feeling swell
Responsive to the glance of love.
See! trooping in a gladsome row,
How steadfastly these tapers glow;
And light up hill and darksome glen
To cheer the path of wand'ring men,
And eke of frolic elf and fay
That haunt the hollow hill, or play
By crystal brook, or gleaming lake,
Or dance until the green wood shake
To fits of choicest minstrelsie,
Under the cope of the witch elm-tree.
When all is hush around and above,

Then is the hour to carp of love;
When not an eye but ours is waking.
Nor even the lightest leaflet shaking—
When, like a newly-captured bird,
The fluttering of the heart is heard;
When tears come to the eye unbidden,
And blushing cheeks are in bosom hidden!
While hand seeks softer hand, and there
Seems spell-bound by the amorous air—
When love, in very silence, finds
The tone that pleads, the pledge that binds.

Hollo, my Fancy! Whither bounding?
Go where rolling orbs are sounding,
This dull nether world astounding
With celestial symphonies;
Inhale no more the soft replies
Which gurgling rills and fountains make,
Nor feed upon the fervid sighs
Of winds that fan the reedy lake;
Leave all terrestrial harmonies
That flow for pining minstrel's sake.

Skyward, adventurous Fancy! Dare
To cleave the ocean of the air;
Soaring on thy vane-like wings
Rise o'er earth and clod-like things.
Smite the rolling clouds that bar
Thy progress to those realms afar;
Career it with the Sisters seven,
Pace it through the star-paved heaven;
Snatch Orion's baldric,—then,
Astride, upon the Dragon, dare
To hunt the lazy-footed Bear
Around the pole and back again;
Scourge him tightly, scourge him faster,
Let the savage know his master!
And, to close the mighty feat,
Light thy lamp of brave conceit

With some grim, red-bearded star,
(Sign of Famine, Fire, and War,)
And hang it on the young moon's horn
To show how poet thought is born.

LOVE'S POTENCIE.

If men were fashioned of the stone,
Then might they never yield to love—
But fashioned as they are, they owne
(On earth, as in the realme above,)
That Beauty, in perfection, stil
Controls the thoughts, impels the wil.

And sure 'twere vaine to stemme the tide
Of passion surging in the breast—
Since fierce ambition, stubborn pryde
Have each the sovereigne power confest;
Which rolleth on, despite all staie,
Sweeping ilk prudent shifte awaye.

What though the mayden that we love
May fail to meet the troth we bear—
Nor once its generous warmth approve,
Nor bate one jot of our despaire—
Doth not the blind dictator say—
"Thou foolish wichte pyne on alwaie!"

We cannot read the wondrous lawes
That knit the soul to lovelinesse;
We feel their influence, but their cause
Remains a theme of mysticknesse—
We only know Love may not be
O'ermastered by Wil's energie.

Nor would I wish to break the dream
Of troubled joy; that still is mine—

Albeit that the cheering gleam
Of hope hath almost ceased to shine—
So long as Beauty light doth give,
My heart must feel, its love must live!

LIFE.

O LIFE! what is thy quest?—What owns this world
Of stalking shadows, fleeting fantasies,
Enjoyments substanceless—to wed the mind
To its still querulous, ever-faltering mate—
Or crib the pinion of the aspiring soul
(Upborne ever by the mystical)
To a poor nook of this sin-stricken earth,
Or sterile point of time?—The Universe,
My spirit, is thy birth-right—and thy term
Of occupance, thou river, limitless—
Eternity!

SUPERSTITION.

DIM power! by very indistinctness made
More potent, as the twilight's shade
Gives magnitude to objects mean;
Thou power, though deeply felt, unseen,
That with thy mystic, undefined,
And boundless presence, fills my mind
With unimaginable fears, and chills
My aching heart, and all its pulses stills
Into a silence deeper than the grave,
That erst throbbed quick and brave!

Wherefore, at dead of night, by some lone stream,
Dost thou, embodying its very sound
In thy own substance, seem
To speak of some lorn maiden, who hath found
Her bridal pillow deftly spread
Upon the tall reeds' rustling head,
And the long green sedges graceful sweep,
Where the otter and the wild drake sleep?
And wherefore, in the moonshine clear,
Doth her wan form appear
For ever gliding on the water's breast
As shadowy mist that hath no rest,
But wanders idly to and fro
Whithersoe'er the wavering winds may blow?

Thou mystic spirit, tell,
Why in the hollow murmurs of that bell
Which load the passing wind,
Each deep full tone but echoes to my mind
The footfall of the dead—
The almost voiceless, nameless tread,
And restless stirring to and fro of those
To whom the grave itself can never yield repose,
But whose dark, guilty sprites
Wander and wail with glowworm lights
Within the circle of the yew-tree's shade,
Until the gray cock flaps his wings,
And the dubious light of morn upsprings
O'er yonder hoar hill's dewy head?

And say, while seated under this gray arch
Where old Time oft in sooth
Hath whet his pitiless tooth,
And gnawed clean through
Its ivy and moss-velvet coat of greenest hue,
I watch the moon's swift march
Through paths of heavenly blue:
Methinks that there are eyes which gaze on me,
And jealous spirits breathing near, who be

Floating around me, or in pensive mood
Throned on some shatter'd column's ivied head,
Hymning a warning lay in solitude,
Making the silent loneness of the place
More chilly, deep, and dead,
And more befitting haunt for their aerial race?

Terribly lovely power! I ask of thee,
Wherefore so lord it o'er my fantasye,
That in the forest's moaning sound,
And in the cascade's far-off muttered noise,
And in the breeze of midnight, and the bound
And leap of ocean billows heard afar,
I still do deem these are
The whispering melodies of things that be
Immortal, viewless, formless—not of earth,
But heaven descended, and thus softly
At midnight mingling their wild mirth:
Or, when pale Dian loves to shroud
Her fair and glittering form, beneath the veil
Of watery mist or dusky fire-edged cloud,
And giant shadows sail
With stately march athwart the heaven's calm face
Say then, why unto me is given
A clearer vision, so that I do see
Between the limits of the earth and heaven
A bright and marvellous race—
A goodly shining company—
Flaunting in garments of unsullied snow,
That ever and anon do come and go
From star to hill-top, or green hollow glen,
And so back again?

Those visions strange, and portents dark and wild,
That in fond childhood had a painful pleasure,
Have not, by reason's voice, been quite exiled,
But still possess their relish in full measure;
And by a secret and consummate art
At certain times benumb my awe-struck heart—

Making it quail, but not with dastard fear,
But strange presentiment and awe severe,
With curious impertinence to pry
Behind the veil of dim futurity,
And that undying hope that we may still
Grasp at the purpose of the Eternal Will.

YE VERNAL HOURS!

Ye vernal hours, glad days that once have been!
When life was young, and hopes were budding seen!
When hearts were blithe, and eyes were glistening bright,
And each new morn awoke to new delight;
Ye happy days that softly passed away
In boyish frolic and fantastic play!
Why have ye fled? why left no more behind,
Ye sunbright relics of my earlier years,
Than that faint music which, the viewless wind
At midnight, to the lonely wanderer bears
From sighing woods, to melt him into tears?
The bridled stream by art may backwards flow,
Youth's fires, once spent, again shall never glow;
The flower-stalk broke, each blossom must decay,
And youth, once past, for aye hath past away!

COME, THOU BRIGHT SPIRIT!

Come, thou bright spirit of the skies,
With witching harp or potent lyre,
And bid those magic notes arise
That kindle souls, and tip with fire

The prophet's lips. Begin the strain,
That like the trumpet's stirring sound
Makes the lone heart to bound
From death-like lethargy to life again,
Bracing the slackened nerve and limb,
And calling from the eye, all sunk and dim,
Unwonted fire and noble daring;
Or wake that soothing melody
That stills the tumults of the heart despairing,
With all its many murmurings small,
Of soft and liquid sounds that be
Like to the music of a water-fall,
Heard from the farthest depths of some green wood,
In quiet moonlit night, that stills the mood
Of painful thought, and fills the soul
With pleasant musings, such as childhood knows
When basking on some green-wood shady knoll,
And weaving garlands with the drooping boughs.
Or dost thou sing of woman—of the eye
That pierces through the heart, and wrays
Its own fond secrets by a sympathy
That scorns slow words and idle phrase?
Or of the lips that utter wondrous love,
And yet do scarcely move
Their ruby portals to emit a sound,
Or syllable a name, but round and round
Irradiate themselves with pensive smiles?
Or of the bosom, stranger to the wiles
And thoughts of worthless worldlings, which doth swell
With soft emotion underneath its cover,
And speaks unto the keen-eyed conscious lover
Thoughts, feelings, sympathies, tongue ne'er could tell?
Sing'st thou of arms—of glory in the field—
Where patriots meet in death's embrace,
To reap high honors where the clanging shield
And gleaming spear—the swayful ponderous mace,

And the shrill trumpet rings aloud its peal
Of martial music furious and strong;
Where ardent souls together throng
And struggle in the press of griding steel,
And fearful shout and battle cry,
Herald the quivering spirit's sigh,
That leaves the strife in agony,
And as it fleets away, still throws
Its stern defiance on its conquering foes,
Shrieking in wrath, not fear?

LAYS OF THE LANG BEIN RITTERS.

Among the ungarnered Poems left by the late Mr. Motherwell, I have found certain wild, romantic, and melancholy measures, fittingly enshrined in a story of Teutonic spirit and coloring, entitled, "The Doomed Nine, or the Lang Bein Ritters." To publish the prose narrative lies not within the purpose of this selection—but the songs, which conveyed to us a very singular pleasure in days endeared to memory by the delights of friendship, may not inaptly form the concluding strains of a volume whose general aspect accords well (too well) with the Poet's cast of thought and premature departure.—K.

THE RITTERS RIDE FORTH.

"On the eastern bank of the noble Rhine stood a lofty tower, named the Ritterberg; and, in the pleasant simple days of which we speak, it was held by nine tall knights, men of huge stature and prodigious strength, whose principal amusement was knocking off the heads of the unfortunate serfs who inhabited the fruitful valleys circumjacent to their stronghold. They madly galloped over meadow and mountain, through firth and forest, blowing their large crooked hunting horns, and ever and anon uplifting their stormy voices in song."—MOTHERWELL.

O BEAUTIFUL valley,
We scar not thy bosom;

O bright gleaming lake, we
Disturb not thy slumber;
O tall hill, whose gray head
Is weeping in heaven,
We come not to pierce thro'
Thy dim holy chambers—
We see thee and love thee,
And never will mar thee:—
O beautiful valley,
Bright lake, and tall mountain,
The Ritters ride forth!

Churls scratch, with the base share,
The flower-girdled valley;
And sheer with the sharp keel,
The dream-loving billow;
They pierce to the heart of
The grand giant mountain,
And fling on the fierce flame
His pale yellow life-strings.
We come to avenge thee,
To slay the destroyer.
O beautiful valley,
Bright lake, and tall mountain,
The Ritters ride forth!

LAY OF THE BROKEN-HEARTED AND HOPE-BEREAVED MEN.

"Some of those who had been bereaved by these merciless marauders, and would not be comforted, then paced towards the hills, and looked back on the scenes of their youth. They sang with melancholy scorn and embittered passion, this querulous ditty, which later generations have remembered as the 'Lay of the Broken-hearted and Hope-bereaved men,' who went up to the hollowed mountain, where they shut themselves up in a cavern, building

up its mouth strongly with huge stones; and there, in sunlessness and unavailing sorrow, these broken-hearted ones died."—MOTHERWELL.

THE rude and the reckless wind,
ruthlessly strips
The leaf that last lingered on
old forest tree;
The widowed branch wails for
the love it has lost;
The parted leaf pines for
its glories foregone
Now sereing, in sadness, and
quite broken-hearted,
It mutters mild music, and
swan-like on-fleeteth
A burden of melody,
musing of death,
To some desert spot where,
unknown and unnoted,
Its woes and its wanderings may
both find a tomb,
Far, far from the land where
it grew in its gladness,
And hung from its brave branch,
freshly and green,
Bathed in blithe dews and
soft shimmering in sunshine,
From morn until even-tide,
a beautiful joy!

DREAM OF LIFE'S EARLY DAY, FAREWELL FOREVER.

"Others of the 'Broken-hearted and Hope-bereaved men,' as they went on their way, poured forth these melancholy measures."—MOTHERWELL.

BRIGHT mornings! of beauty and bloom, that, in boyhood,
Gleamed gay with the visionings glorious of glad hope;
Dear days! that discoursed of delights never-dying,
And painted each pastime with tints of pure pleasure;
Bright days, when the heart leapt like kid o'er the mountain,
And gazed on the fair fields—one full fount of feeling—
When wood and when water, flower, blossom, and small leaf,
Were robed in a sunshine that seemed everlasting;
Ye were but a dream, and like dream have departed!
Oh! Dream of Life's early day, farewell forever.

As the pale cloud that circled in morning the hill-top,
Flitteth, in fleecy wreaths, fast in the sun-blaze;
Or, as the slim shadows steal silently over
The gray walls at noon-tide, so ghost-like on-gliding,
And leave not a line for remembrance to linger on;
So soon and so sadly have terribly perished
The joys we did muse of in youth's mildest morn;

Time spreads o'er the brow soon his pale sheaf of sorrow,
And freezes each heart-fount that whilom gushed freely;
Oh! Dream of Life's early day, farewell forever.

The woods and the waters, the great winds of heaven,
Sound on and forever their grand solemn symphonies;
The moon gleams with gladness,—the wakeful stars wander,
With bright eyes of beauty, that ever beam pleasure;
The sun scatters golden fire—bright rays of glory—
Till proud glows the earth, graithed in harness from heaven;
The fields flourish fragrant with summer flower blossoms;
Time robs not the earth of its brightness and braveries,
But he strips the lorn heart of the loves that it lived by.
Oh! Dream of Life's early day, farewell forever.

We have sought for the smiles that shed sunshine around us,
For the voices that mingled mind-music with ours;
For hearts whose roots grew where the roots of our own grew,
While pulse sang to pulse the same lay of love-longing.
In the fair forest firth, on the wide waste of waters,
By brooks that gleam brightest, and banks that blush bravest,
On hill and in hollow, green holm, and broad meadow,

We have sought for these loved things, but never could find them,
We have shouted their names, and sad echoes made answer.
Oh! Dream of Life's early day, farewell forever.

THE RITTERS RIDE HOME.

As eagles return to their eyrie,
Gorged with the flesh of the young kid,
Even so we return from the battle—
The banquet of noble blood.
We are drunk with that ruddy wine;
We are stained with its droppings all over;
We have drunk till our full veins are bursting,
Till the vessel was drained to its dregs—
Till the tall flagons fell from our hands,
That were wearied with ever uplifting them:
We have drank till we no longer could find
The liquor divine of heroes.
The Ritters ride home!

Ask where great glory is won?
Inquire of the desolate land;
Of the city that hath no life,
Of the bay that hath no white sail,
The land that is trenched with mad feet,
Which turned up the soil in despair;
The city is silent and fireless,
And each threshold is crowded with dry bones;
The bay glitters sheenly in sunlight,
No oar shivers now its clear mirror;
The mast of the bark is not there,
Nor the shout of the mariner bold.

But the sea-maidens know of strange men,
Beclasped in strong plaits of iron:
They know of the pale-faced and silent,
Who sleep underneath the waves,
And never shall waken again
To stride o'er the beautiful dales,
The green and the flower-studded land.
The Ritters ride home!

We have come from the strife of shields;
From the bristling of mighty spears;
From the smith-shop, where brynies were anvils,
And the hammers were long swords and axes.
We have come from the mounds of the dead,
Where hero forms lay like hewn forests;
Where rivers run red in the sun,
And the ravens of heaven were made glad!
The Ritters ride home!

The small ones of earth pass away,
As chaff they have drifted and gone.
When the angry winds rush from the North,
And sound their great trumpets of wrath,
The tempest-steeds rush forth to battle,
They plough up the earth in their course,
They hollow a grave for the dead,
As the share scoops a bed for the seed.
The Ritters ride home!

Beautiful! beautiful! beautiful!
Is the home-coming of the War-faring;
Of them who have swam on the ocean;
Of fountains that spring from great hearts.
The sunshine of glory's around them;
Their names are the burthen of songs
Their armor and banners become
The richest adornments of halls.
The Ritters ride home!

Beautiful! beautiful! beautiful!
Sounds the home-coming of the War-faring
And their triumph-song echoes forever
'Mid the vastness of gloomy Valhalla.
The Ritters' last home!

THE END.

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